PORTOBELLO
BURNS CLUB

Prize

Presented to

Ruth Fleming,

{ Class 1A.2 }

Hugh C. Brown
President

June 1966

The Poetical Works of
ROBERT BURNS

Robert Burns was born at Alloway, Ayrshire, on January 25, 1759. His first volume of poems, the famous Kilmarnock Burns, was published in 1786. He died at Dumfries on July 21, 1796.

The Poetical Works of

Robert Burns

With an Appreciation by
Lord Rosebery

Biographical Sketch and a Glossary

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS LTD
LONDON EDINBURGH PARIS MELBOURNE JOHANNESBURG
TORONTO AND NEW YORK

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS LTD
Parkside Works Edinburgh 9
36 Park Street London W1
117 Latrobe Street Melbourne C1

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS (AFRICA) (Pty) LTD
P.O. Box 9881 Johannesburg

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS (CANADA) LTD
91–93 Wellington Street West Toronto 1

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
18 East 41st Street New York 17, N.Y.

SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE D'ÉDITIONS NELSON
97 rue Monge Paris 5

CONTENTS

Robert Burns: An Appreciation by Lord Rosebery xxi
Biographical Sketch xli
The Cotter's Saturday Night, ... 1
The Twa Dogs: A Tale, ... 7
The Twa Herds; or, The Holy Tulzie, ... 14
Holy Willie's Prayer, ... 17
Epitaph on Holy Willie, ... 20
Scotch Drink, ... 21
The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons, ... 25
The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie, ... 32
Poor Mailie's Elegy, ... 34
A Prayer in the Prospect of Death, ... 36
Stanzas on the same Occasion, ... 36
A Prayer, left by the Author at a Reverend Friend's House, in the Room where he slept, ... 37
The First Psalm, ... 38
The First Six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm, ... 39
To a Mouse, ... 40
Halloween, ... 42
Man was Made to Mourn: A Dirge, ... 51
Address to the De'il, ... 53
The Jolly Beggars: A Cantata, ... 57
The Vision, ... 69
A Winter Night, ... 77
The Holy Fair, ... 80
The Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie, ... 88
To a Louse, ... 92
The Inventory, ... 94
Death and Doctor Hornbook: A True Story, ... 96
To a Mountain Daisy, ... 102
Ode, Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive, ... 104
To Ruin, ... 106
Address of Beelzebub to the President of the Highland Society, ... 107
To Miss Logan, with Beattie's Poems, as a New-Year's Gift, January 1, 1787, ... 109
The Lament, occasioned by the Unfortunate Issue of a Friend's Amour, ... 109

On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies, ... 112
The Farewell, ... 114
Lines written on a Bank-Note, ... 115
Verses to an old Sweetheart after her Marriage, ... 115
Verses written under Violent Grief, ... 116
Despondency: An Ode, ... 116
Winter: A Dirge, ... 118
The Ordination, ... 119
The Calf, ... 124
Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous, ... 125
A Dream, ... 127
The Brigs of Ayr, ... 131
Lines on Meeting with Lord Daer, ... 138
Address to Edinburgh, ... 140
To a Haggis, ... 142
Prologue, spoken by Mr. Woods on his Benefit Night, April 16, 1787, 144
Nature's Law, ... 145
Verses on Reading in a Newspaper the Death of John M'Leod, Esq., 147
Elegy on the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair, ... 148
To Miss Ferrier, enclosing the Elegy on Sir J. H. Blair, ... 149
Lines written with a Pencil over the Chimney-piece in the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth, ... 150
The Humble Petition of Bruar Water, ... 151
Written with a Pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers, near Loch Ness, ... 153
On Scaring some Waterfowl in Loch Turit, ... 154
Castle Gordon, ... 155
To Miss Cruickshank (a very young lady), ... 156
Poetical Address to Mr. William Tytler, ... 157
Elegy on the Death of Robert Dundas, Esq. of Arniston, Lord President of the Court of Session, ... 158
Written in Friars' Carse Hermitage, on Nith-side, ... 160
To Clarinda, on the Poet's leaving Edinburgh, ... 162
To Clarinda, with a Present of a Pair of Drinking-glasses, ... 163
To Clarinda, ... 164
To Clarinda, ... 164
A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son, ... 165
Elegy on the Year 1788: A Sketch, ... 166
To Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, ... 167
To John Taylor, ... 167
Sketch, inscribed to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, ... 168
Verses on Seeing a Wounded Hare limp by me which a Fellow had just shot at, ... 170
Delia: An Ode, ... 171
Address to the Toothache, ... 172
The Kirk's Alarm: A Satire, ... 173
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland, ... 177
Lines written in a Wrapper, enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose, ... 179
Sketch—New-Year's Day [1790], ... 181
Sketch of a Character, ... 182

Prologue, spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries, on New-Year's Day evening [1790], ... 183
Prologue, for Mr. Sutherland's Benefit Night, Dumfries, ... 184
To the Owl, ... 186
Verses on an Evening View of the Ruins of Lincluden Abbey, ... 187
Verses to my Bed, ... 189
Stanzas on the Duke of Queensberry, ... 189
Elegy on Peg Nicholson, ... 190
Lines written to a Gentleman who had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to continue it free of Expense, ... 191
Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, ... 192
Tam o' Shanter: A Tale, ... 196
On the Birth of a Posthumous Child, ... 203
Elegy on Miss Burnet of Monboddo, ... 204
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the Approach of Spring, ... 205
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn, ... 207
Lines sent to Sir John Whitefoord of Whitefoord, Bart., with the Foregoing Poem, ... 210
Address to the Shade of Thomson, ... 210
Verses to John Maxwell of Terraughty, on his Birthday, ... 211
On Sensibility, ... 212
The Rights of Woman, ... 212
On seeing Miss Fontenelle in a Favourite Character, ... 214
To Miss Jessy Lewars, Dumfries, ... 214
Sonnet, written on the Birthday of the Author, on Hearing a Thrush Sing in a Morning Walk, ... 215
Sonnet on the Death of Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, ... 215
On Pastoral Poetry, ... 216
Poem on Life, ... 218
A Vision, ... 219
Tam Samson's Elegy, ... 221
On the Death of a Favourite Child, ... 224
Remorse: A Fragment, ... 225
Liberty: A Fragment, ... 226
Bruce: A Fragment, ... 227
Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice, ... 227
Verses to Miss Graham of Fintry, with a Present of Songs, ... 228
Verses intended to be written below a noble Earl's Picture, ... 229
Lines sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended, ... 229
Verses on the Destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig, ... 230
To Chloris, ... 231
The Vowels: A Tale, ... 232
The Hermit, ... 233
Poem addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise, Dumfries, 1796, ... 235
To a Kiss, ... 236
Address, spoken by Miss Fontenelle on her Benefit Night, Dec. 4, 1795, at the Theatre, Dumfries, ... 236
The Toast, ... 238
A Tragic Fragment, ... 238

The Tarbolton Lasses, ... 239
The Ronalds, ... 240
The Poet's Welcome to his Illegitimate Child, ... 242
Willie Chalmers, ... 244
The Tree of Liberty, ... 245
A Prayer, under the Pressure of Violent Anguish, ... 248
Though Fickle Fortune has deceived me, ... 249
A Bard's Epitaph, ... 249

EPISTLES.

Epistle to Davie, a brother Poet, ... 251
Second Epistle to Davie, ... 256
Epistle to John Lapraik, an old Scottish Bard, ... 257
Second Epistle to Lapraik, ... 262
To William Simpson, Ochiltree, ... 265
Epistle to John Rankine, ... 271
Third Epistle to John Lapraik, ... 273
Epistle to the Rev. John M'Math, ... 275
Epistle to John Goudie, Kilmarnock, ... 278
Epistle to Gavin Hamilton, Esq., ... 279
Poetical Invitation to Mr. John Kennedy, ... 281
Epistle to a Young Friend, ... 282
Epistle to James Smith, ... 285
Epistle to Mr. M'Adam of Craigengillan, ... 290
Epistle to Major Logan, ... 291
To the Guidwife of Wauchope House, ... 294
Epistle to William Creech, ... 296
Epistle to Dr. Blacklock, ... 298
Letter to James Tennant of Glenconner, ... 300
First Epistle to R. Graham, Esq. of Fintry, ... 302
Epistle to Hugh Parker, ... 305
Second Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry, ... 307
Third Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry, ... 311
Fourth Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry, ... 313
Epistle from Esopus to Maria, ... 314
Answer to a Poetical Epistle, ... 316
A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq., ... 318

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, EXTEMPORE POEMS, ETC.

Epitaph on my Father, ... 323
On John Dove, ... 323
On John Bushby, ... 324
On a Wag in Mauchline, ... 324

On a Celebrated Ruling Elder, ... 324
On Robert Aiken, Esq., ... 324
On Gavin Hamilton, Esq., ... 325
On a Friend, ... 325
A Grace before Dinner, ... 325
On Tam the Chapman, ... 325
A Farewell, ... 326
On Burns's Horse being impounded by the Mayor of Carlisle, ... 326
On a Noted Coxcomb, ... 326
On Wee Johnny, ... 327
Epigram on Bacon, ... 327
Verses to J. Rankine, ... 327
Verses to the Same, ... 328
On a Noisy Polemic, ... 328
On Miss Jean Scott of Ecclefechan, ... 328
On a Henpecked Country Squire, ... 329
On the Same, ... 329
On the Same, ... 329
The Highland Welcome, ... 329
Verses written on a Window of the Inn at Carron, on being refused Permission to visit the Iron-works, ... 330
Lines on Viewing Stirling Palace, ... 330
Reply to the Minister of Gladsmuir, ... 330
The Toad-Eater, ... 331
Epitaph on Mr. Burton, ... 331
The Poet's Self-Reproof, ... 331
Lines written under the Picture of the celebrated Miss Burns, ... 331
Johnny Peep, ... 332
The Henpecked Husband, ... 332
On Incivility shown him at Inveraray, ... 332
On Elphinstone's Translations of Martial's Epigrams, ... 333
On a Schoolmaster, ... 333
On Andrew Turner, ... 333
On Mr. W. Cruickshank, ... 334
On Wat, ... 334
On Captain Francis Grose, ... 334
On the Kirk of Lamington, ... 334
Lines written on a Pane of Glass in the Inn at Moffat, ... 335
Lines spoken Extempore, on being appointed to the Excise, ... 335
Verses addressed to the Landlady of the Inn at Rosslyn, ... 335
Epitaph on W——, ... 336
On Mrs. Kemble, ... 336
Inscription on a Goblet, ... 336
Poetical Reply to an Invitation, ... 336
Another, ... 337
A Mother's Address to her Infant, ... 337
The Creed of Poverty, ... 337
Written in a Lady's Pocket-book, ... 337
The Parson's Looks, ... 338
Extempore, pinned to a Lady's Coach, ... 338

On Robert Riddel, ... 338
Impromptu, on Mrs. Riddel's Birthday, November 4, 1793, ... 338
Extempore, on the late Mr. William Smellie, ... 339
Extempore to Mr. Syme, on Refusing to Dine with him, ... 339
To Mr. Syme, with a Present of a Dozen of Porter, ... 340
On a Person nicknamed "The Marquis," 340
On Excisemen, ... 340
Lines written on a Pane of Glass, ... 340
Verse written on a Window of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, ... 341
Invitation to a Medical Gentleman, ... 341
War, ... 341
Drinking, ... 342
The Selkirk Grace, ... 342
Innocence, ... 342
On the Poet's Daughter, ... 342
On Gabriel Richardson, ... 343
On the Death of a Lap-dog named "Echo," 343
On Seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord Galloway, ... 343
On the Same, ... 344
On the Same, ... 344
To the Same, ... 344
On a Country Laird, ... 344
The True Loyal Natives, ... 345
On a Suicide, ... 345
To Mrs. C——, on Receiving a Work of Hannah More's, ... 345
To Miss Jessy Lewars, ... 346
The Toast, ... 346
On the Sickness of Miss Jessy Lewars, ... 346
On the Recovery of Jessy Lewars, ... 346
The Black-headed Eagle, ... 347
A Bottle and an Honest Friend, ... 347
Grace after Dinner, ... 347
Another Grace, ... 348
To the Editor of the "Star," 348
To Dr. Maxwell, on Miss Jessie Staig's Recovery, ... 348
The Piper: A Fragment, ... 348
Jenny M'Craw: A Fragment, ... 349
The Book-worms, ... 349
The Solemn League and Covenant, ... 349
Lines written at Loudon Manse: A Fragment, ... 349
The Two Lawyers, ... 350
To a Painter, whom he found Painting a Picture of Jacob's Dream, ... 350
To John M'Murdo, Esq., ... 351
To the Same, ... 351
Epitaph on Robert Fergusson, Poet, ... 351
On a Sheep's Head, ... 352
To a Young Lady, who was Looking up the Text during Sermon, 352
On the Illness of a Favourite Child, ... 352
Verses written under the Portrait of Fergusson the Poet, ... 353

Lines written on a Tumbler, ... 353
Epitaph on William Nicol, ... 353
Elegy on the Death of Robert Ruisseaux, ... 354
Lines to John Rankine, ... 354

BALLADS.

The Whistle, ... 355
John Barleycorn, ... 358
The American War: A Fragment, ... 360
The Laddies by the Banks o' Nith, ... 363
The Five Carlins: An Election Ballad, ... 364
The Dean of Faculty, ... 367
Poetical Inscription, for an Altar to Independence, ... 368
The Heron Election Ballads, ... 368
Ballad I., ... 369
Ballad II., ... 370
Ballad III., ... 373
Ballad IV., ... 375

SONGS.

My Handsome Nell, ... 378
Luckless Fortune, ... 379
I dreamed I lay where Flowers were springing, ... 380
O Tibbie, I ha'e seen the Day, ... 380
My Father was a Farmer, ... 381
The Rigs o' Barley, ... 384
Montgomery's Peggy, ... 385
The Mauchline Lady, ... 385
The Highland Lassie, ... 386
Peggy, ... 387
Oh that I had ne'er been Married! 388
The Rantin' Dog the Daddie o't, ... 389
My Heart was ance as Blithe and Free, ... 390
Gude'en to you, Kimmer, ... 391
A Fragment, ... 392
O why the Deuce should I Repine? 392
Robin shure in Hairst, ... 393
Sweetest May, ... 393
When I think on the Happy Days, ... 394
My Nannie, O! 394
Green grow the Rashes, ... 395
Menie, ... 396
The Bonnie Banks of Ayr, ... 397
My Jean, ... 398
Rantin' Rovin' Robin, ... 399
Bonnie Peggy Alison, ... 400

Mauchline Belles, ... 401
The Belles of Mauchline, ... 401
Hunting Song, ... 402
Young Peggy, ... 402
The Cure for all Care, ... 403
The Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton, ... 405
Eliza, ... 406
The Sons of Old Killie, ... 406
Katherine Jaffray, ... 407
On Cessnock Banks, ... 407
Mary, ... 411
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary? 411
Highland Mary, ... 412
The Lass of Ballochmyle, ... 413
Bonnie Dundee, ... 415
The Joyful Widower, ... 415
There was a Wife, ... 416
Whistle, and I 'll come to you, my Lad, ... 417
There 's News, Lasses, News, ... 418
I'm o'er Young to Marry yet, ... 419
Damon and Sylvia, ... 420
The Birks of Aberfeldy, ... 420
Macpherson's Farewell, ... 421
The Chevalier's Lament, ... 422
Braw Lads of Gala Water, ... 423
Stay, my Charmer, ... 424
Strathallan's Lament, ... 425
My Hoggie, ... 425
Her Daddy Forbade, ... 426
Up in the Morning Early, ... 426
The Young Highland Rover, ... 427
Hey, the Dusty Miller, ... 428
Bonnie Peg, ... 428
There was a Lass, ... 429
Shelah O'Neil, ... 429
Theniel Menzies' Bonnie Mary, ... 430
The Banks of the Devon, ... 431
There 'll never be Peace till Jamie comes Hame, ... 431
Ye ha'e lien wrang, Lassie, ... 432
Raving Winds around her Blowing, ... 433
Women's Minds, ... 433
How Lang and Dreary is the Night, ... 434
Musing on the Roaring Ocean, ... 435
Blithe was She, ... 436
Song of Death, ... 437
The Poor and Honest Sodger, ... 437
Meg o' the Mill, ... 439
Auld Rob Morris, ... 441
Duncan Gray, ... 441
Weary Fa' you, Duncan Gray, ... 443

The Ploughman, ... 443
Landlady, Count the Lawin', ... 444
To Daunton Me, ... 445
Come, Boat me o'er to Charlie, ... 446
A Rosebud by my Early Walk, ... 447
Rattlin', Roarin' Willie, ... 447
Braving Angry Winter's Storms, ... 448
My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing, ... 449
Bonnie Lesley, ... 450
Tibbie Dunbar, ... 451
My Harry was a Gallant Gay, ... 451
The Tailor, ... 452
Bonnie Jean, ... 453
Simmer's a Pleasant Time, ... 454
Beware o' Bonnie Ann, ... 455
When Rosy May comes in wi' Flowers, ... 456
Blooming Nelly, ... 456
The Day Returns, ... 457
My Love she's but a Lassie yet, ... 458
Jamie, Come try Me, ... 458
My Bonnie Mary, ... 459
The Lazy Mist, ... 460
The Captain's Lady, ... 460
Wee Willie Gray, ... 461
O Guid Ale comes, ... 461
Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw, ... 462
Whistle o'er the Lave o't, ... 463
O can ye Labour Lea? 463
O were I on Parnassus Hill, ... 464
O were my Love yon Lilac Fair, ... 465
There's a Youth in this City, ... 465
My Heart's in the Highlands, ... 466
Blithe ha'e I been on yon Hill, ... 467
Come, let Me take Thee, ... 467
John Anderson, my Jo, ... 468
Our Thrissles flourished Fresh and Fair, ... 469
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes, ... 470
Brose and Butter, ... 472
O Merry ha'e I been Teethin' a Heckle, ... 472
The Braes o' Ballochmyle, ... 473
Lament, written at a Time when the Poet was about to leave Scotland, ... 474
To Mary in Heaven, ... 474
Evan Banks, ... 476
Eppie Adair, ... 477
The Battle of Sheriff-Muir, ... 477
Young Jockey, ... 479
Oh, Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut, ... 480
The Battle of Killiecrankie, ... 481
The Blue-eyed Lass, ... 481

The Banks of Nith, ... 482
Tam Glen, ... 483
Frae the Friends and Land I Love, ... 484
Sweet closes the Evening, ... 484
Come Rede me, Dame, ... 485
Cock up your Beaver, ... 486
My Tocher 's the Jewel, ... 487
Guidwife, Count the Lawin', ... 487
The Bonnie Lad that 's Far Awa', ... 488
I do confess Thou art sae Fair, ... 489
Yon Wild Mossy Mountains, ... 490
It is na, Jean, thy Bonnie Face, ... 491
O saw ye my Dearie? 491
Wha is that at my Bower Door? 492
What can a Young Lassie do? 493
The Bonnie Wee Thing, ... 494
The Tither Morn, ... 494
Ae Fond Kiss, ... 495
Lovely Davies, ... 496
The Weary Pund o' Tow, ... 497
Banks of Cree, ... 498
Behold the Hour, ... 499
Logan Braes, ... 500
O Poortith Cauld and Restless Love, ... 501
Lord Gregory, ... 502
Mary Morison, ... 503
Wandering Willie, ... 504
Open the Door to Me, O! 505
Young Jessie, ... 506
I ha'e a Wife o' my Ain, ... 506
O for Ane-and-twenty, Tam, ... 507
O Kenmure 's On and Awa', ... 508
My Collier Laddie, ... 509
Nithsdale's Welcome Hame, ... 510
As I was a-wand'ring, ... 511
Bess and her Spinning-wheel, ... 511
The Posie, ... 512
Country Lassie, ... 513
Fair Eliza, ... 515
Ye Jacobites by Name, ... 515
The Banks of Doon, ... 516
Sic a Wife as Willie had, ... 519
Lady Mary Ann, ... 520
Fareweel to a' our Scottish Fame, ... 521
Gloomy December, ... 522
Wilt Thou be my Dearie? 523
She 's Fair and Fause, ... 523
Afton Water, ... 524
My Bonnie Bell, ... 525
The Gallant Weaver, ... 526

Jeanie's Bosom, ... 526
For the Sake of Somebody, ... 527
The Lovely Lass of Inverness, ... 527
The Mirk Night o' December, ... 528
Oh, wat ye wha 's in Yon Town? 528
Jockey 's ta'en the Parting Kiss, ... 530
Lady Onlie, ... 530
The Carles of Dysart, ... 531
The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie, O! 532
The De'il 's awa' wi' th' Exciseman, ... 532
Dainty Davie, ... 533
By Allan Stream, ... 534
Phillis the Fair, ... 535
Had I a Cave, ... 536
Thou hast left me ever, ... 536
Auld Lang Syne, ... 537
Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn, ... 538
My Spouse Nancy, ... 539
Fair Jenny, ... 540
Lovely Polly Stewart, ... 541
The Highland Laddie, ... 541
Anna, thy Charms, ... 542
Cassillis' Banks, ... 542
A Red, Red Rose, ... 543
O Philly! Happy be that Day, ... 544
Contented wi' little, ... 545
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy? 546
Chloris, ... 547
Had I the Wyte? 548
Coming through the Rye, ... 549
The Winter it is Past, ... 549
Young Jamie, Pride of a' the Plain, ... 550
Out over the Forth, ... 551
The Lover's Morning Salutation to his Mistress, ... 551
The Lass of Ecclefechan, ... 552
The Cooper o' Cuddie, ... 553
Ah, Chloris! 553
The Cardin' o 't, ... 554
The Lass that made the Bed to Me, ... 555
Sae Far Awa', ... 556
I 'll aye ca' in by yon Town, ... 557
Let not Woman e'er complain, ... 558
Saw ye my Phely? 558
On the Seas and Far Away, ... 559
She says she lo'es me best of a', ... 560
To thee, Loved Nith, ... 562
Bannocks o' Barley, ... 562
Hee Balou! 562
Wae is my Heart, ... 563
Here 's his Health in Water, ... 563

My Peggy's Face, ... 564
The Charming Month of May, ... 565
Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks, ... 565
My Lady's Gown, there 's Gairs upon 't, ... 566
Amang the Trees, where Humming Bees, ... 567
The Gowden Locks of Anna, ... 568
Oh, wat ye what my Minnie did? 569
My Nannie 's Awa', ... 570
The Last Braw Bridal: A Fragment, ... 571
Here 's to thy Health, my Bonnie Lass, ... 571
The Farewell, ... 572
O steer her up, ... 573
Oh, aye my Wife she dang Me, ... 573
Oh, wert Thou in the Cauld Blast, ... 574
Oh, wha is she that lo'es Me? 575
Oh, lay thy Loof in mine, Lass, ... 576
The Fête Champêtre, ... 576
Here 's a Health to Them that 's Awa', ... 578
The Dumfries Volunteers, ... 580
The Winter of Life, ... 581
To Mary, ... 581
The Highland Widow's Lament, ... 582
Welcome to General Dumourier, ... 583
Caledonia, ... 584
Is there, for Honest Poverty, ... 586
O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet? 587
Bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay, ... 588
There was a Bonnie Lass: An Unfinished Sketch, ... 589
Oh, Mally 's Meek, Mally 's Sweet, ... 589
Address to the Woodlark, ... 590
On Chloris being Ill, ... 591
Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtle, ... 591
'Twas na her Bonnie Blue Ee, ... 592
How Cruel are the Parents! 593
Mark yonder Pomp, ... 593
This is no my ain Lassie, ... 594
Now Spring has clad the Grove in Green, ... 595
Oh, Bonnie was yon Rosy Brier, ... 596
Forlorn, my Love, no Comfort near, ... 597
Last May a Braw Wooer, ... 597
Chloris, ... 599
Adown Winding Nith, ... 599
The Ruined Maid's Lament, ... 600
Song, ... 601
Her Flowing Locks, ... 602
The Discreet Hint, ... 603
Deluded Swain, the Pleasure, ... 603
Farewell, thou Stream! 604
Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher! 605
My ain Kind Dearie, O! 605

My Lovely Nancy, ... 606
Jessy, ... 607
Craigieburn Wood, ... 608
Happy Friendship, ... 608
The Carle of Kellyburn Braes, ... 609
Song, in the Character of a Ruined Farmer, ... 611
Fairest Maid on Devon Banks, ... 612

GLOSSARY, ... 614
INDEX TO FIRST LINES, ... 647

ROBERT BURNS.

Two Addresses delivered at Dumfries and Glasgow on the Centenary of the Poet's Death, July 21, 1896, by

LORD ROSEBERY.

I.

I COME here as a loyal burgess of Dumfries to do honour to the greatest burgess of Dumfries. You, Mr. Provost, have laid upon me a great distinction but a great burden. Your most illustrious burgess obtained privileges for his children in respect of his burgess-ship, but you impose on your youngest burgess an honour that might well break anybody's back—that of attempting to do justice in any shape or fashion to the hero of to-day's ceremony. But we citizens of Dumfries have a special claim to be considered on this day. We are surrounded by the choicest and the most sacred haunts of the poet. You have in this town the house in which he died, the "Globe" where we could have wished that some phonograph had then existed which could have communicated to us some of his wise and witty and wayward talk. You have the street commemorated in M'Culloch's tragic anecdote when Burns was shunned by his former friends, and you have the paths by the Nith which are associated with some of his greatest work. You have near you the room in which the whistle was contended for, and in which, if mere legend is to be trusted, the immortal Dr. Gregory was summoned to administer his first powders to the survivors of that memorable debauch. You have the stackyard in which, lying on his back and contemplating—

> "Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
> That lov'st to greet the early morn"—

he wrote the lines to "Mary in Heaven," perhaps the most pathetic of his poems. You have near you the walk by the river where, in his transport, he passed his wife and children without seeing them, "his brow flushed and his eyes shining" with the lustre of "Tam o' Shanter." "I wish you had but seen him," said his wife; "he was in such ecstasy that the tears were happing down his cheeks." That is why we are in Dumfries to-day. We come to honour Burns among these immortal haunts of his.

But it is not in Dumfries alone that he is commemorated to-day, for all Scotland will pay her tribute. And this, surely, is but right. Mankind owes him a general debt. But the debt of Scotland is special. For Burns exalted our race; he hallowed Scotland and the Scottish tongue. Before his time we had for a long period been scarcely recognized, we had been falling out of the recollection of the world. From the time of the union of the Crowns, and still more from the time of the legislative union, Scotland had lapsed into obscurity. Except for an occasional riot or a Jacobite rising, her existence was almost forgotten. She had, indeed, her Robertsons and her Humes writing history to general admiration, but no trace of Scottish authorship was discoverable in their works; indeed, every flavour of national idiom was carefully excluded. The Scottish dialect, as Burns called it, was in danger of perishing. Burns seemed at this juncture to start to his feet and reassert Scotland's claim to national existence; his Scottish notes rang through the world, and he thus preserved the Scottish language for ever; for mankind will never allow to die that idiom in which his songs and poems are enshrined. That is a part of Scotland's debt to Burns.

But this is much more than a Scottish demonstration; it is a collection of representatives from all quarters of the globe to own a common allegiance and a common faith. It is not only Scotsmen honouring the greatest of Scotsmen; we stretch far beyond a kingdom or a race; we are rather a sort of poetical Mohammedans gathered at a sort of poetical Mecca.

And yet we are assembled in our high enthusiasm under

circumstances which are somewhat paradoxical. For with all the appearance of joy, we celebrate not a festival, but a tragedy. It is not the sunrise, but the sunset that we commemorate. It is not the birth of a new power into the world, the subtle germ of a fame that is to survive and inspire the generations of men; but it is perhaps more fitting that we celebrate the end and not the beginning. For the coming of these figures is silent; it is their disappearance that we know. At this instant that I speak there may be born into the world the equal of a Newton or a Cæsar, but half of us would be dead before he had revealed himself. Their death is different. It may be gloomy and disastrous; it may come at a moment of shame or neglect; but by that time the man has carved his name somewhere on the Temple of Fame. There are exceptions, of course—cases where the end comes before the slightest, or any but the slightest, recognition,—Chatterton choking in his garret, hunger of body and soul all unsatisfied; Millet selling his pictures for a song; nay, Shakespeare himself. But, as a rule, death in the case of genius closes the first act of a public drama; criticism and analysis may then begin their unbiased work free from jealousy or friendship or personal consideration for the living. Then comes the third act, if third act there be.

No, it is a death, not a birth, that we celebrate. This day a century ago, in poverty, delirium, and distress, there was passing the soul of Robert Burns. To him death comes in clouds and darkness, the end of a long agony of body and soul; he is harassed with debt, his bodily constitution is ruined, his spirit is broken, his wife is daily expecting her confinement. He has lost almost all that rendered his life happy—much of friendship, credit, and esteem. Some score years before, one of the most charming of English writers, as he lay dying, was asked if his mind was at ease, and with his last breath Oliver Goldsmith owned that it was not. So it was with Robert Burns. His delirium dwelt on the horrors of a jail; he uttered curses on the tradesman who was pursuing him for debt. "What business," said he to his physician in a moment of consciousness—"what business has a physician to waste his time upon me? I am a poor pigeon

not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough to carry me to my grave." For a year or more his health had been failing. He had a poet's body as well as a poet's mind—nervous, feverish, impressionable: and his constitution, which, if nursed and regulated, might have carried him to the limit of life, was unequal to the storm and stress of dissipation and a preying mind. In the previous autumn he had been seized with a rheumatic attack: his digestion had given way: he was sunk in melancholy and gloom. In his last April he wrote to his friend Thomson, "By Babel's streams I've sate and wept almost ever since I saw you last: I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time by the repercussions of pain. Rheumatism, cold, and fever have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope." It was sought to revive him by sea bathing, and he went to stay at Brow Well. There he remained three weeks, but was under no delusion as to his state. "Well, madam," he said to Mrs. Riddell on arriving, "have you any commands for the other world?" He sat that evening with his old friend, and spoke manfully of his approaching death, of the fate of his children, and his fame; sometimes indulging in bitter-sweet pleasantry, but never losing the consciousness of his condition. In three weeks he wearied of the fruitless hunt for health, and he returned home to die. He was only just in time. When he re-entered his home on the eighteenth he could no longer stand; he was soon delirious; in three days he was dead. "On the fourth day," we are told, "when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly, rose almost wholly up, spread out his hands, sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed, fell on his face, and expired."

I suppose there are many who can read the account of these last months with composure. They are more fortunate than I. There is nothing much more melancholy in all biography. The brilliant poet, the delight of all society, from the highest to the lowest, sits brooding in silence over the drama of his spent life: the early innocent home, the plough and the savour of fresh-turned earth, the silent

communion with nature and his own heart, the brief hour of splendour, the dark hour of neglect, the mad struggle for forgetfulness, the bitterness of vanished homage, the gnawing doubt of fame, the distressful future of his wife and children an endless witch-dance of thought without clue or remedy, all perplexing, all soon to end while he is yet young, as men reckon youth; though none know so well as he that his youth is gone, his race is run, his message is delivered.

His death revived the flagging interest and pride that had been felt for him. As usual, men began to realize what they had lost when it was too late. When it was known that he was dying, the townspeople had shown anxiety and distress. They recalled his fame and forgot his fall. One man was heard to ask, with a touch of quaint simplicity, "Who do you think will be our poet now?" The district set itself to prepare a public funeral for the poet who died penniless among them. A vast concourse followed him to his grave. The awkward squad, as he had foreseen and deprecated, fired volleys over his coffin. The streets were lined with soldiers, among them one who, within sixteen years, was to be Prime Minister. And while the procession wended its gloomy way, as if no element of tragedy were to be wanting, his widow's hour of travail arrived, and she gave birth to the fatherless child that had caused the father so much misgiving. In this place and on this day it all seems present to us—the house of anguish, the thronged churchyard, the weeping neighbours. We feel ourselves part of the mourning crowd. We hear those dropping volleys and that muffled drum; we bow our heads as the coffin passes, and acknowledge with tears the inevitable doom. Pass, heavy hearse, with thy weary freight of shattered hopes and exhausted frame; pass, with thy simple pomp of fatherless bairns and sad moralizing friends; pass, with the sting of death to the victory of the grave; pass, with the perishable, and leave us the eternal.

It is rare to be fortunate in life; it is infinitely rarer to be fortunate in death. "Happy in the occasion of his death," as Tacitus said of Agricola, is not a common epitaph. It is comparatively easy to know how to live, but it is beyond all option and choice to compass the more difficult art of knowing when and how to die. We can generally, by looking

back, choose a moment in a man's life when he had been fortunate had he dropped down dead. And so the question arises naturally to-day, Was Burns fortunate in his death—that death which we commemorate? There can, I fancy, be only one answer: it was well that he died when he did; it might even have been better for himself had he died a little earlier. The terrible letters that he wrote two years before to Mrs. Riddell and Mr. Cunningham betoken a spirit mortally wounded. In those last two years the cloud settles, never to be lifted. "My constitution and frame were *ab origine* blasted with a deep incurable taint of hypochondria which poisons my existence." He found, perhaps, some pleasure in the composition of his songs, some occasional relief in the society of boon companions; but the world was fading before him.

There is an awful expression in Scotland which one never hears without a pang—"So-and-so is *done*," meaning that he is physically worn out. Burns was "done." He was struggling on like a wounded deer to his death. He had often faced the end, and not unwillingly. "Can it be possible," he once wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, "that when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence? When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those who know me, and the few who loved me; when the cold unconscious corse is resigned to the earth, to be the prey of reptiles, and become a trodden clod, shall I be yet warm in life, enjoying or enjoyed?" Surely that reads as if he foresaw this day and would fain be with us—as indeed he may be. Twelve years before he had faced death in a less morbid spirit.

> "Why [he asked] am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
> Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
> Some days of joy with draughts of ill between,
> Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms."

He had, perhaps, never enjoyed life so much as is supposed, though he had turned to it a brave, cheerful, unflinching face, and the last years had been years of misery. "God have mercy on me," he wrote years before the end,

poor damned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool; the rt, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac gination, agonizing sensibility, and bedlam passions!" ere was truth in this outburst. At any rate, his most oted friends—and to be an admirer of Burns is to be friend—may wish that he had not lived to write the r to Mr. Clark, piteously pleading that a harmless st may not be visited hardly upon him; or that to s. Riddell, beginning: "I write you from the regions hell and the horrors of the damned;" or to be ied by his official superiors as a political suspect; nned by his fashionable friends for the same reason; ndering like a neglected ghost in Dumfries, avoided l ignored. "That's all over now, my young friend," he d, speaking of his reign in society, "and werena my heart ht I wad dee." All this was in 1794. Had he died before n, it might have been happier for himself, and we should ve lost some parts of his life which we would rather forget; t posterity could not have spared him; we could not have st the exquisite songs which we owe to those years; but, ove all, the supreme creed and comfort which he be-eathed to the world—

"A man's a man for a' that"—

uld have remained undelivered.

One may, perhaps, go farther, and say that poets—or those om the gods love—should die young. This is a hard say-g, but it will not greatly affect the bills of mortality. And applies only to poets of the first rank; while even here it s its exceptions, and illustrious exceptions they are. But rely the best poetry is produced before middle age, before e morning and its illusions have faded, before the heaviness noon and the baleful cool of evening. Few men, too, n bear the strain of a poet's temperament through many ars. At any rate, we may feel sure of this, that Burns had oduced his best, that he would never again have produced "Tam o' Shanter," or a "Cotter's Saturday Night," or a Jolly Beggars;" and that long before his death, though e could still write lines affluent with tenderness and grace,

"the hand of pain and sorrow and care," to use his own words, "had lain heavy upon" him.

And this leads to another point. To-day is not merely the melancholy anniversary of death, but the rich and incomparable fulfilment of prophecy. For this is the moment to which Burns looked when he said to his wife—"Don't be afraid; I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present!" To-day the hundred years are completed, and we can judge of the prediction. On that point we must all be unanimous. Burns had honour in his lifetime, but his fame has rolled like a snowball since his death, and it rolls on. There is, indeed, no parallel to it in the world; it sets the calculations of compound interest at defiance. He is not merely the watchword of a nation that carries and implants Burns-worship all over the globe as birds carry seeds, but he has become the champion and patron saint of Democracy. He bears the banner of the essential equality of man. His birthday is celebrated—one hundred and thirty-seven years after its occurrence—more universally than that of any human being. He reigns over a greater dominion than any empire that the world has ever seen. Nor does the ardour of his devotees decrease. Ayr and Ellisland, Mauchline and Dumfries, are the shrines of countless pilgrims. Burns statues are a hardy annual. The production of Burns manuscripts was a lucrative branch of industry until it was checked by untimely intervention. The editions of Burns are as the sands of the sea. No canonized name in the calendar excites so blind and enthusiastic a worship. Whatever Burns may have contemplated in his prediction, whatever dream he may have fondled in the wildest moments of elation, must have fallen utterly short of the reality. And it is all spontaneous. There is no puff, no advertisement, no manipulation. Intellectual cosmetics of that kind are frail and fugitive; they rarely survive their subject; they would not have availed here. Nor was there any glamour attached to the poet; rather the reverse. He has stood by himself; he has grown by himself. It is himself and no other that we honour.

But what had Burns in his mind when he made this prediction? It might be whimsically urged that he was con-

scious that the world had not yet seen his masterpiece, for the "Jolly Beggars" was not published till some time after his death. But that would not be sufficient, for he had probably forgotten its existence. Nor do I think he spoke at haphazard. What were perhaps present to his mind were the fickleness of his contemporaries towards him, his conviction of the essential splendour of his work, the consciousness that the incidents of his later years had unjustly obscured him, and that his true figure would be perceived as these fell away into forgetfulness or were measured at their true value. If so, he was right in his judgment, for his true life began with his death; with the body passed all that was gross and impure; the clear spirit stood revealed, and soared at once to its accepted place among the fixed stars, in the firmament of the rare immortals.

II.

We are here to-day to celebrate Burns. What the direct connection of Burns with Glasgow may be I am not exactly sure; but, at any rate, I am confident of this, that in the great metropolis of the west there is a clear claim that we should celebrate the genius of Robert Burns. I have celebrated it already elsewhere. I cannot, perhaps, deny that the day has been a day of labour, but it has been a labour of love. It is, and it must be, a source of joy and pride to us to see our champion Scotsman receive the honour and admiration and affection of humanity; to see, as I have seen this morning, the long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead. But these have only been signs and symptoms of the world-wide passion of reverence and devotion. That generous and immortal soul pervades the universe to-day. In the humming city and in the crowd of man; in the backwood and in the swamp; where the sentinel paces the bleak frontier, and where the sailor smokes his evening pipe; and, above all, where the farmer and his men pursue their summer toil, whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack—the thought and sympathy of men are directed to Robert Burns.

I have sometimes asked myself, if a roll-call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time to their names. But of our poet there is no doubt or question. The *adsum* of Burns rings out clear and unchallenged. There are few before him on the list, and we cannot now conceive a list without him. He towers high, and yet he lived in an age when the average was sublime.

It sometimes seems to me as if the whole eighteenth century was a constant preparation for, a constant working up to, the great drama of the revolution which closed it. The scenery is all complete when the time arrives—the dark volcanic country; the hungry desperate people; the firefly nobles; the concentrated splendour of the Court—in the midst, in her place as heroine, the dazzling Queen. And during long previous years brooding nature had been producing not merely the immediate actors, but figures worthy of the scene. What a glittering procession it is! We can only mark some of the principal figures. Burke leads the way; then come Fox and Goethe; Nelson and Mozart; Schiller, Pitt, and Burns; Wellington and Napoleon. And among these Titans, Burns is a conspicuous figure, the figure which appeals most of all to the imagination and affection of mankind. Napoleon looms larger to the imagination, but on the affection he has no hold. It is in the combination of the two powers that Burns is supreme.

What is his secret? We are always discussing him and endeavouring to find it out. Perhaps, like the latent virtue of some medicinal baths, it may never be satisfactorily explained. But, at any rate, let us discuss him again. That is, I presume, our object to-night. What pleasanter or more familiar occupation can there be for Scotsmen? But the Scotsmen who enjoy it have generally perhaps more time than I. Pardon then the imperfections of my speech, for I speak of a subject which no one can altogether compass, and which a busy man has perhaps no right to attempt.

The clue to Burns's extraordinary hold on mankind is possibly a complicated one; it has, perhaps, many developments. If so, we have not time to consider it to-night. But I personally believe the causes are, like most great causes,

simple; though it might take long to point out all the ways in which they operate. The secret, as it seems to me, lies in two words—inspiration and sympathy. But, if I wished to prove my contention, I should go on quoting from his poems all night, and his admirers would still declare that I had omitted the best passages. I know that profuse quotation is a familiar form of a Burns speech; but I am afraid to begin, lest I should not end, and I am sure that I should not satisfy. I must proceed then in a more summary way.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, there seem to me to be two great natural forces in British literature. I use the safe adjective of British, and your applause shows me that I was right to do so. I use it partly because hardly any of Burns's poetry is strictly English; partly because he hated, and was perhaps the first to protest against, the use of the word English as including Scottish. Well, I say, there are in that literature two great forces of which the power seems sheer inspiration and nothing else—I mean Shakespeare and Burns. This is not the place or the time to speak of that miracle called Shakespeare, but one must say a word of the miracle called Burns.

Try to reconstruct Burns as he was. A peasant, born in a cottage that no sanitary inspector in these days would tolerate for a moment; struggling with desperate effort against pauperism, almost in vain; snatching at scraps of learning in the intervals of toil, as it were with his teeth; a heavy silent lad, proud of his ploughing. All of a sudden, without preface or warning, he breaks out into exquisite song, like a nightingale from the brushwood, and continues singing as sweetly—with nightingale pauses—till he dies. A nightingale sings because he cannot help it; he can only sing exquisitely, because he knows no other. So it was with Burns. What is this but inspiration? One can no more measure or reason about it than measure or reason about Niagara.

Under the limitations which I have imposed on myself to-night, we must take for granted the incomparable excellence of his poetry. But I must ask you to remember that the poetry is only a fragment of Burns. Amazing as it may seem, all contemporary testimony is unanimous that the man was far more wonderful than his works. "It will

be the misfortune of Burns's reputation," writes an accomplished lady, who might well have judged him harshly, "in the records of literature, not only to future generations and to foreign countries, but even with his native Scotland and a number of his contemporaries, that he has been regarded as a poet, and nothing but a poet.....Poetry," she continues "(I appeal to all who had the advantage of being personally acquainted with him), was actually not his forte.....None, certainly, ever outshone Burns in the charms—the sorcery, I would almost call it—of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, or the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee." And she goes on to describe the almost superhuman fascination of his voice and of his eyes, those balls of black fire which electrified all on whom they rested.

It seems strange to be told that it would be an injustice to judge Burns by his poetry alone; but as to the magnetism of his presence and conversation there is only one verdict. "No man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet," said the Duchess of Gordon, the friend of Pitt and of the London wits, the queen of Scottish society. Dugald Stewart says that "all the faculties of Burns's mind were, so far as I could judge, equally vigorous, and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities." And of his prose compositions the same severe judge speaks thus—"Their great and varied excellences render some of them scarcely less objects of wonder than his poetical performances. The late Dr. Robertson used to say that, considering his education, the former seemed to him the more remarkable of the two." "I think Burns," said Principal Robertson to a friend, "was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, and his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and prose." We are told, too, that "he felt a strong call towards oratory, and all who heard

im speak—and some of them were excellent judges—dmitted his wonderful quickness of apprehension and adiness of eloquence." All this seems to me marvellous. t surely ratifies the claim of inspiration without the necessity f quoting a line of his poetry.

I pass then to his sympathy. If his talents were universal, is sympathy was not less so. His tenderness was not a ere selfish tenderness for his own family, for he loved all ankind except the cruel and the base. Nay, we may go rther and say that he placed all creation, especially the ffering and despised part of it, under his protection. The ppressor in every shape, even in the comparatively innocent mbodiment of the factor and the sportsman, he regarded ith direct and personal hostility. But above all, he saw he charm of the home; he recognized it as the basis of l society; he honoured it in its humblest form; for he new, as few know, how unpretentiously, but how sincerely, he family in the cottage is welded by mutual love and steem. "I recollect once," said Dugald Stewart, speaking of Burns, "he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and worth which they contained." He dwells repeatedly on the primary sacredness of the home and the family, the responsibility of fatherhood and marriage. "Have I not," he once wrote to Lord Mar, "a more precious stake in my country's welfare than the richest dukedom in it? I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more." The lines in which he tells his faith are not less memorable than the stately stanzas in which Gray sings the "short and simple annals of the poor." I must quote them again, often quoted as they are—

> "To mak a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

His verses, then, go straight to the heart of every home; hey appeal to every father and mother. But that is only the

beginning, perhaps the foundation, of his sympathy. There is something for everybody in Burns. He has a heart even for vermin; he has pity even for the arch-enemy of mankind. And his universality makes his poems a treasure-house in which all may find what they want. Every wayfarer in the journey of life may pluck strength and courage from it as he passes. The sore, the weary, the wounded, will all find something to heal and soothe. For this great master is the universal Samaritan. Where the priest and the Levite may have passed by in vain, this eternal heart will still afford a resource. But he is not only for the sick in spirit. The friend, the lover, the patriot will all find their choicest refreshment in Burns. His touch is everywhere, and it is everywhere the touch of genius. Nothing comes amiss to him. What was said of the debating power of his eminent contemporary, Dundas, may be said of his poetry—"He went out in all weathers." And it may be added that all weathers suited him; that he always brought back something precious, something we cherish, something that cannot die.

He is, then, I think, the universal friend in a unique sense. But he was, poetically speaking, the special friend of Scotland, in a sense which recalls a profound remark of another eminent Scotsman; I mean Fletcher of Saltoun. In an account of a conversation between Lord Cromarty, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, and himself, Fletcher writes—"I said I knew a very wise man, so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." This may be rudely paraphrased, that it is more important to make the songs of a nation than to frame its laws; and this again may be interpreted to mean that in the days of Fletcher, at any rate as in the days of Burns, it is the familiar songs of a people that mould their thoughts, their manners, and their morals. If this be true, can we exaggerate the debt that we Scotsmen owe to Burns? He has bequeathed to his country the most exquisite casket of songs in the world; primarily to his country, though others cannot be denied their share. I will give only one example, but that is a signal one. From

distant Roumania the queen of that country wrote to Dumfries to-day that she has no copy of Burns with her, but that she knows his songs by heart.

We must remember, too, that there is more than this to be said. Many of Burns's songs were already in existence on the lips and minds of the people, rough and coarse and obscene. Our benefactor takes them, and with a touch of inspired alchemy transmutes them and leaves them pure gold. He loved the old catches and the old tunes, and into these gracious moulds he poured his exquisite gifts of thought and expression. But for him those ancient airs, often wedded to words which no decent man could recite, would have perished from that corruption if not from neglect. He rescued them for us by his songs, and in doing so he hallowed the life and sweetened the breath of Scotland.

I have also used the words patriot and lover. These draw me to different lines of thought. The word "patriot" leads me to the political side of Burns. There is no doubt that he was suspected of being a politician; and he is even said to have sometimes wished to enter Parliament. That was perhaps an excusable aberration, and my old friend Professor Masson has, I think, surmised that had he lived he might have been a great Liberal pressman. My frail thought shall not dally with such surmise, but it conducts us naturally to the subject of Burns's politics. From his sympathy for his own class, from his indignation against nobles like the Duke of Queensberry, and from the toasts that cost him so dear, it might be considered easy to infer his political opinions. But Burns should not be claimed for any party. A poet, be it remembered, is never a politician, and a politician is never a poet—that is to say, a politician is never so fortunate as to be a poet, and a poet is so fortunate as never to be a politician. I do not say that the line of demarcation is never passed—a politician may have risen for a moment, or a poet may have descended; but where there is any confusion between the two callings, it is generally because the poet thinks he discerns, or the politician thinks he needs, something higher than politics. Burns's politics were entirely governed by his imagination. He was at once a Jacobite and a Jacobin. He had the

sad sympathy which most of us have felt for the hapless house of Stuart, without the least wish to be governed by it. He had much the same sort of abstract sympathy with the French Revolution, when it was setting all Europe to rights; but he was prepared to lay down his life to prevent its putting this island to rights. And then came his official superiors of the Excise, who, notwithstanding Mr. Pitt's admiration of his poetry, snuffed out his politics without remorse.

The name of Pitt leads me to add that Burns had some sort of relation with three Prime Ministers. Colonel Jenkinson, of the Cinque Ports Fencible Cavalry—afterwards Minister for fifteen years under the title of Liverpool—was on duty at Burns's funeral, though we are told—the good man—that he disapproved of the poet, and declined to make his acquaintance. Pitt, again, passed on Burns one of his rare and competent literary judgments, so eulogistic, indeed, that one wonders that a powerful Minister could have allowed one whom he admired so much to exist on an exciseman's pay when well, and an exciseman's half-pay when dying. And from Addington, another Prime Minister, Burns elicited a sonnet, which, in the Academy of Lagado, would surely have been held a signal triumph of the art of extracting sunshine from cucumbers.

So much for politics in the party sense. "A man's a man for a' that" is not politics—it is the assertion of the rights of humanity in a sense far wider than politics. It erects all mankind; it is the charter of its self-respect. It binds, it heals, it revives, it invigorates; it sets the bruised and broken on their legs; it refreshes the stricken soul; it is the salve and tonic of character; it cannot be narrowed into politics. Burns's politics are indeed nothing but the occasional overflow of his human sympathy into past history and current events.

And now, having discussed the two trains of thought suggested by the words "friend" and "patriot," I come to the more dangerous word "lover." There is an eternal controversy which, it appears, no didactic oil will ever assuage, as to Burns's private life and morality. Some maintain that these have nothing to do with his poems;

some maintain that his life must be read into his works; and here again some think that his life damns his poems; while others aver that his poems cannot be fully appreciated without his life. Another school thinks that his vices have been exaggerated, while their opponents scarcely think such exaggeration possible. It is impossible to avoid taking a side. I walk on the ashes, knowing the fire beneath, and unable to avoid it, for the topic is inevitable. I must confess myself, then, one of those who think that the life of Burns doubles the interest of his poems; and I doubt whether the failings of his life have been much exaggerated, for contemporary testimony on that point is strong; though a high authority, Mr. Wallace, has recently taken the other side with much power and point.

But the life of Burns, which I love to read with his poems, does not consist in his vices; they lie outside it. It is a life of work, and truth, and tenderness. And though, like all lives, it has its light and shade, remember that we know it all, the worst as well as the best. His was a soul bathed in crystal; he hurried to avow everything. There was no reticence in him. The only obscure passage in his life is the love passage with Highland Mary, and as to that he was silent not from shame, but because it was a sealed and sacred episode. "What a flattering idea," he once wrote, "is a world to come! There shall I with speechless agony of rapture again recognize my lost, my ever dear Mary, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love." He had, as the French say, the defects of his qualities. His imagination was a supreme and celestial gift. But his imagination often led him wrong, and never more than with women. The chivalry that made Don Quixote see the heroic in all the common events of life made Burns (as his brother tells us) see a goddess in every girl that he approached. Hence many love affairs, and some guilty ones; but even these must be judged with reference to time and circumstance. This much is certain, that had he been devoid of genius they would not have attracted attention. It is Burns's pedestal that affords a target. And why, one may ask, is not the same measure meted out to Burns as to others? The bastards of great captains and statesmen

and princes are treated as historical and ornamental incidents. They strut the scene of Shakespeare, and ruff it with the best. It is for the unlawful children of Burns, though he and his wife cherished them as if born in wedlock, that the vials of wrath are reserved. Take two brilliant figures, both of royal ancestry, who were alive during Burns's life. We occupy ourselves endlessly and severely with the lapses of Burns. We heave an elegant sigh over the kindred frailties of Charles James Fox and Charles Edward Stuart.

Again, it is quite clear that, though exceptionally sober in his earlier years, he drank too much in later life. But this, it must be remembered, was but an occasional condescendence to the vice and habit of the age. The gentry who pressed him to their houses, and who were all convivial, have much to answer for. His admirers who thronged to see him, and who could only conveniently sit with him in a tavern, are also responsible for this habit, so perilously attractive to men of genius. From the decorous Addison and the brilliant Bolingbroke onward, the eighteenth century records hard drinking as the common incident of intellectual eminence. To a man who had shone supreme in the most glowing society, and who was now an exciseman in a country town, with a home that cannot have been very exhilarating, and with a nervous system highly strung, the temptation of the warm tavern, and the admiring circle there, may well have been almost irresistible. Some attempt to say that his intemperance was exaggerated. I neither affirm nor deny. It was not as a sot he drank; that no one insinuated; if he succumbed, it was to good fellowship.

Remember, I do not seek to palliate or excuse, and indeed, none will be turned to dissipation by Burns's example; he paid too dearly for it. But I will say this that it all seems infinitely little, infinitely remote. Why do we strain, at this distance, to discern this dim spot on the poet's mantle. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson took their cool tankard at the Mermaid: we cannot afford, in the strictest view of literary responsibility, to quarrel with them for that. When we consider Pitt and Goethe we do not concentrate our vision on Pitt's bottles of port or Goethe's bottles of Moselle. Then why, we ask, is there

such a chasm between the Mermaid and the Globe, and why are the vintages of Wimbledon and Weimar so much more innocent than the simple punch-bowl of Inveraray marble and its contents?

I should like to go a step farther and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weaknesses of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world, we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. Is it not then, when all seems blank and lightless and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems as remote as a star—is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses like ours, their temptations, their hours of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? Where they failed we feel it a less dishonour to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from infinite imperfection to infinite perfection. Man, after all, is not ripened by virtue alone. Were it so, this world were a paradise of angels. No! Like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all the seasons—the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery, moving through the seen to the unseen. He is sown in dishonour; he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold,—in mist and wrath, in snow and vapours, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter, as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer, or the balmy affluence of the spring—its breath, its sunshine, its dew. And at the end he is reaped—the product, not of one climate, but of all; not of good alone, but of evil; not of

joy alone, but of sorrow—perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge any one? How, at any rate, shall we judge a giant, great in gifts and great in temptation, great in strength and great in weakness? Let us glory in his strength and be comforted in his weakness. And when we thank Heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect, we cannot bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

ROBERT BURNS was born in Ayrshire on the twenty-fifth o January 1759. In his own words,—

> "Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
> Was five-and-twenty days begun,
> 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
> Blew hansel in on Robin."

His father was William Burnes or Burness, the poet himself being the first to adopt the shorter form of Burns for the family surname. William Burnes was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, and left his native county to work as a gardener first in Edinburgh, and afterwards in Ayrshire. Near the town of Ayr he rented a few acres of ground as a market-garden, and on it he built with his own hands a humble cottage. It was to this home that he brought as his bride, in December 1757, Agnes Brown, a native of Ayrshire, and it was here that Robert Burns the poet was born.

To "Burns's Cottage" hundreds of pilgrims now annually gather from every land where the English tongue is spoken. The house so named is not, however, the actual birthplace of the poet, and occupies a different site. Yet the inscription is verbally correct which informs visitors that Robert Burns was born "under this *roof*," for the roof was transferred from the cottage built by William Burnes to that now dedicated to the memory of his immortal son.

William Burnes was a man remarkable not only for those moral qualities which were the heritage of his race, but also for acquirements which, in one of higher social standing, would be described as culture, and which cannot well be described otherwise. He was greatly esteemed by all who knew him; as the principal figure in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," his portrait has become a national heritage. Despite

his industry and integrity, his undertakings were never successful. In the hope of being able better to provide for a growing family, he rented a neighbouring farm, Mount Oliphant; but after a few years of continual struggle with a niggardly soil, he relinquished the lease. He then removed to the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton; but this venture had even more disastrous results. Broken down by privations and disappointments, William Burnes died in 1784.

Robert Burns, meanwhile, was receiving such an education as would have been impossible for one in his position in any country but his own. When six years of age, he was sent to a small school near his home, taught by a man of considerable ability. After the removal to Mount Oliphant, school attendance was impossible, and his education was continued at home under his father's superintendence, when the long evenings brought respite from toil. When about thirteen, he attended for a few months the parish school of Dalrymple, and the succeeding year he studied in Ayr under his former teacher, then English master in the Academy of that town. A few years later, when about nineteen, he attended the parish school of Kirkoswald for a short time to learn surveying.

These terms of school attendance were, however, merely incidents in the poet's education, which was largely due to his own efforts, inspired by his father's example. Books were not numerous, and were on that account treasured the more. They were not merely read, but studied. Happily, we have on record the books which helped to form and develop the mind of Burns. The *Life of Hannibal* was the first which he read for himself. Somewnat later came a modernized edition of Blind Harry's *Life of Sir William Wallace*. Among others were *Salmon's Geographical Grammar*, *Derham's Physico-Theology*, *Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation*, and *Stackhouse's History of the Bible*. Later he read *Pope*, some plays of *Shakespeare*, the works of *Allan Ramsay* and *Smollett*, *Boyle's Lectures*, *Locke on the Human Understanding*, *Hervey's Meditations*, and *Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin*. His favourite volume and constant companion, both during working hours and leisure

was *A Collection of English Songs*, which in his own opinion did more than aught else to form his taste and develop his judgment in literature.

The education acquired by the means we have summarized was much wider and more thorough than that of many men in more favourable circumstances. Robert Burns was neither illiterate nor ignorant. His school studies, though extremely brief and desultory, included a very thorough grounding in the principles of English grammar and composition, a little Latin, and a fair knowledge of French. His reading, as determined more by circumstances than by choice, was at least varied, and by no means superficial; he was in a position to receive from a few books the aid which a multitude can never give. He saw early the value of discussion and debate, and by practice in this, both when at school and, later, among the members of a small club formed for this end, he laid the foundations of that wonderful readiness and brilliancy in conversation and discussion which those who knew him considered more marvellous than even his poetic gifts.

The stern poverty and unremitting labour amid which his whole youth was passed were not favourable to the formation of academic or bookish habits of mind. In the rough school of daily toil, and in the strenuous life and character of those around him, there was an educative influence whose results are plain throughout his works; yet he was not ignorant of the wider world, with its social and political problems. On all such questions his views were practical, shrewd, and liberal.

Thus we can trace in the poet's early surroundings the influences which appear to have yielded certain results in his after life and work. But the all-important factor in those results was the man himself—the personality to which is due the fact that in his case alone, among all those who came under similar influences, the result was the making of a great poet.

After the death of William Burnes, his sons Robert and Gilbert leased the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline, as a home for the family. All shared in the work, and were paid wages out of the common funds accordingly, the two brothers allowing themselves £7 each per annum as their

share. With an expenditure calculated on so modest a scale, and with the industry to which the family had always been accustomed, success was surely deserved; yet it came not.

It was during his four years of struggle at Mossgiel against inclement seasons and disappointing harvests that Burns came to be known among his acquaintances as an undeniable genius and poet. As early as in his sixteenth year, under the stimulus of his first love passion, he had begun to rhyme in private; and even now he wrote only for his own and his acquaintances' delight, without a thought of publication or of a wider fame. Misfortune at last stepped in to remove his light from under the bushel, and put it on its candlestick. Under the stress of dire poverty, those matchless poems, which had already delighted the immediate neighbourhood, were to be given to the world.

In Mauchline, Burns had made the acquaintance of his future wife, Jean Armour, daughter of a master mason there. In his straitened circumstances marriage was impossible. When marriage became a necessity, all that the poet could do to protect the character of his "Bonnie Jean" was to enter into an informal contract of marriage, which would be recognized by Scottish law, and in the meantime to seek some other sphere where fortune might be less sparing of her favours than at Mossgiel.

A situation in Jamaica was obtained for him, but money was wanting for the expenses of the voyage. In order to obtain this, he decided on publishing his poems, and a subscription list was opened, which secured about three hundred and fifty names. The volume was printed in Kilmarnock in 1786, the edition being only six hundred copies. With the twenty pounds cleared from this venture, Robert Burns prepared to emigrate, leaving the farm to his brother Gilbert; his chest was already on the road to Greenock, where he was to embark, and he had finished his farewell song to his native land,

"The gloomy night is gathering fast"—

when his lucky star at last rose on the horizon, and not only his immediate plans but the whole course of his life was totally changed.

A copy of the Kilmarnock edition of his poems had fallen into the hands of Dr. Blacklock in Edinburgh, himself a poet of more than local distinction, and a man of wide culture and sound judgment, though blind from his boyhood. He wrote to a friend of the poet, strongly advising that he should come to the Scottish capital, and bring out a larger edition of his poems. Praise and encouragement from one in Dr. Blacklock's position were far beyond the poet's hope, and advice from such a quarter was not to be rejected.

In November 1787, therefore, Burns arrived in Edinburgh, without a single friend or letter of introduction. But his fame had preceded him, and within a few weeks he numbered among his acquaintances the Earl of Glencairn, Professor Dugald Stewart, Principal Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Gregory, and many more among the celebrities which adorned the Scottish capital at that time, while a favourable notice of his poems by Henry Mackenzie in *The Lounger* carried his fame beyond the Tweed.

It is hard to realize the change which had now come over the poet's life. The ready response made by Edinburgh society to the proposals for a new edition of his poems removed the pressure of poverty, if it did not promise wealth. His companions and friends were no longer village cronies or country lairds, who could enjoy but not appreciate his genius; they were the most highly-educated and the most fastidiously critical men of the time. University professors, learned judges and advocates, ladies of rank and fashion, city brethren of the masonic craft, popular writers and preachers, admirers of diverse types resembling one another only in their love of poetry and of conviviality—all recognized in Burns the national poet of their country, all combined in doing him honour, and incidentally all did their utmost to spoil if not to ruin him. In this, happily, they had little success.

His native good sense and his wide information enabled him not only to hold his own in the most intellectual circles but to shine as their most brilliant ornament; he found there his true intellectual level. Free alike from presumption and from timidity, he recognized his new friends as his peers and not his superiors. Their admiration he also appraised at its

true value, as due partly to recognition of his powers, and partly to the novelty of discovering an undoubted poet in the guise of a humble Ayrshire peasant. Such popularity he clearly saw to be unstable and transitory. His part as a wise man was to profit by its temporary benefits, and by the sale of his new Edinburgh edition to realize money sufficient to establish him in his natural sphere as a farmer.

Some time must elapse—an unnecessary length of time did elapse—before he could reach a final settlement with Creech, the publisher, who issued the Edinburgh edition of his works in April 1787. In the meantime his prospects warranted his indulging in what was a keen pleasure, though no less a duty—the visiting of the most famous scenes in song and story of the land which he loved, and whose literary mouthpiece he had already become. A tour through the southern and Border districts of Scotland, a visit to his home in Ayrshire, journeyings through the West Highlands, and northwards as far as Inverness, and again through the central parts of Scotland, now filled up several months of his time.

His final settlement with Creech put him in possession of the sum of £500, comparative wealth to one in his position. Of this he devoted £200 to aiding his brother Gilbert and the rest of his family at Mossgiel, and with the remainder he established himself in the farm of Ellisland, six miles from Dumfries, at Whitsunday 1788.

Finding himself at last in a settled position, and one which warranted his assuming the responsibilities of family life, Burns was now married to Jean Armour. Improvements on his farm gave sufficient scope for all his energies, and at first it seemed as if he had found his proper sphere—that of a substantial farmer, whose duties would leave some time free for those literary pursuits in which he had won fame. The experiences of the preceding months, however, had not been conducive to his finding full satisfaction in such a life; while the celebrity which he had acquired rendered it difficult for him to maintain that steady attention to daily duties which was necessary to success in his agricultural undertakings. Society had become necessary to Burns, and that society the neighbourhood was only too ready to offer.

Another factor now intervened to hinder his success as a

farmer. For a literary man with influential patrons, some comfortable office under government was at that time a natural expectation; but Burns was lacking in that humble subserviency to the great which usually forms a necessary qualification for obtaining such a post. Failing anything better, a post in the Excise was now obtained for him, and he was regularly appointed as exciseman or *gauger* of the locality. This post was no sinecure, and his new duties, congenial only in so far as they provided him with a wider circle of acquaintances, interfered sadly with personal supervision of his farm. The salary of £50 which he earned thus resulted in more loss than gain to the poet.

In the meantime, however, he had not deserted his Muse, nor was she unfriendly to him. He contributed many fine lyrics to *Johnson's Musical Museum*, a publication of which six volumes were issued, extending from 1787 to 1803; and during this period also was written one of his best-known poems, "Tam o' Shanter."

Three years' experience of Ellisland convinced Burns that the combination of excise duties with farming was a grave mistake, and in November 1791 he gave up his farm, considerably poorer than when he had occupied it. He obtained the post of excise officer in the town of Dumfries, at a salary of £70 a year, and looked forward hopefully to reaching in a short time the grade of supervisor, with a salary of £200. This ambition was never gratified. His political opinions were little in accord with those of his official superiors, and were sometimes imprudently expressed. An inquiry was held regarding this, and while Burns escaped dismissal from the Excise, he was subjected to reprimand and refused promotion.

The house in Dumfries occupied by the poet from 1793 to the end of his life was a two-storied building in the Mill Vennel, afterwards named Burns Street in his memory; a mere closet was his study. Here, while never neglecting his official duties, he wrote many of his matchless songs.

Immediately after his settlement in Dumfries, Burns was invited by Mr. George Thomson, Clerk to the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures in Scotland, to aid in the formation of a *Select Collection of Original*

Scottish Airs. This was a congenial work, and must have appeared to the poet as a duty to his country. It was an opportunity both of purging many of the old national songs of the grossness which marred them, and of increasing the lyrical wealth of his native land by the addition of new songs. So highly did he esteem the work that he refused all remuneration for it. Over a hundred songs from the pen of Burns appeared in the collection, and his correspondence with Mr. Thomson on the subject of their joint labours is of scarcely less value than his songs.

This is the bright side of Burns's life in Dumfries. The darker side must be briefly noticed. The conviviality of a provincial town is apt to be more hearty than refined, and Burns found it impossible to avoid such conviviality as offered. As a national celebrity, his company was much sought after, both by his fellow-townsmen and by strangers, and it was too seldom refused. Again, as regards his official career, he was a disappointed man. Subject from his youth to periods of depression, these now gained on him in frequency and in intensity. His health began to suffer, partly, no doubt, from his occasional excesses, partly also from the laborious toil and privations of his youth and from the exposure and fatigue of his long rides as an exciseman. His social relations with the local magnates were also occasionally unsatisfactory. The shadows were closing round our poet's life.

In the autumn of 1795 came an attack of rheumatic fever, a disease with which he had been threatened in early youth. This confined him to the house till the following January, and a second attack was almost immediately brought on by imprudent exposure to cold. Burns knew that his days were numbered. He was advised to try the effects of sea-bathing, and in June he went to Brow, on the Solway Firth, about ten miles from Dumfries, for this purpose. There, however, his fever returned, and on the eighteenth of July he was brought back in great weakness to Dumfries. Four days later, on the twenty-first of July 1796, he died, at the age of thirty-seven.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST,

OR KILMARNOCK, EDITION.

(JULY, 1786.)

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idleness of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these, and other celebrated names, their countrymen are, at least in their original language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.* Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulse of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, awakened his vanity so far as to make him think anything of his worth showing: and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigue of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings—the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears—in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind,—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—an im-

pertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make shift to jingle a few doggerel Scottish rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet, of no small consequence, forsooth!

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that "*Humility* has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word *genius*, the author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing, in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scottish poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dullness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION TO THE SECOND,

OR EDINBURGH, EDITION OF THE POEMS OF BURNS.

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the PLOUGH; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours: that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.

I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party: and may Social Joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted, humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, *April* 4, 1787.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Inscribed to R. AIKEN, Esq.

Of the origin of this poem, Gilbert Burns says: "Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God!' used by a decent, sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.'..... The Cotter is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations; yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family."

"'The Cotter's Saturday Night' is a noble and pathetic picture of human manners, mingled with a fine religious awe. It comes over the mind like a slow and solemn strain of music."—HAZLITT.

> Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
> Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
> The short and simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.

MY loved, my honoured, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end—
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' command
The younkers a' are warned to obey,

An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
An' mind your duty duly morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might;
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door:
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben—
A strappin' youth, he taks the mother's eye.
Blithe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave—
Weel pleased to think her bairn 's respected like the lave.

O happy love, where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures, bliss beyond compare!
I 've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth,
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board—
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie

Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way:
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request

* Pope's "Windsor Forest."

That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"*
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward),—
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

* Pope's "Essay on Man."

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

"The tale of 'The Twa Dogs,'" says Gilbert Burns, "was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a dog, which he called Luath, that was a great favourite. The dog had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person the night before my father's death. Robert said to me that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow on his old friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book, under the title of 'Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend;' but this plan was given up for the tale as it now stands. Cæsar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favourite Luath."

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,*
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgathered ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Showed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'
E'en wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

* Kyle, or Coil, the native province of Burns, is the central district of Ayrshire; so called from Coilus, King of the Picts.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash and faithful tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuffed and snowkit,
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scoured awa in lang excursion,
An' worried ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wondered, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies lived ava.

Our laird gets in his rackèd rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents;
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's "Fingal."

As lang 's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
The yellow-lettered Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' though the gentry first are stechin',
Yet even the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His honour has in a' the lan';
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they 're fash't enough;
A cotter howkin' in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:
But how it comes, I never kenned yet,
They 're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels an' clever hizzies
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye 're negleckit,
How huffed, and cuffed, and disrespeckit!
Lord, man! our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;

They gang as saucy by poor folk
As I wad by a stinking brock.
I 've noticed, on our laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart 's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He 'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He 'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!
I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They 're no sae wretched 's ane wad think;
Though constantly on poortith's brink,
They 're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They 're aye in less or mair provided;
An' though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fireside.

An' whyles twalpennie * worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They 'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation 's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

* A pennyworth—twelve pence of Scotch money being equal to one penny sterling.

As bleak-faced Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' every station,
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's ;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
The luntin' pipe an' sneeshin'-mill
Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften played.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'.

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it :
For Britain's guid ! guid faith, I doubt it !
Say rather, gaun as premiers lead him,
An' saying aye or no 's they bid him ;
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To make a tour, and tak' a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh–re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles;
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel' look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate?
Are we sae foughten an' harassed
For gear to gang that gate at last?

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themselves wi' country sports,
It wad for every ane be better—
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin,' ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they 're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life 's a life o' pleasure!
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envý 'em.
It's true they need na starve or sweat,
Through winter's cauld or simmer's heat;

They 've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age with grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak' enow themsels to vex them;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres tilled, he 's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she 's unco weel;
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Though deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang an' restless.

An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places,
There 's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they 're mad wi' drink an' wh–ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They 're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhanged blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night:
The bum-clock hummed wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan,
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men but dogs;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

THE TWA HERDS;

OR, THE HOLY TULZIE.

At the time Burns wrote these lines a heated controversy on th doctrines of Original Sin and the Trinity was raging among the clerg and the laity, besides a minor one on the subject of patronage. Burn took the moderate or "New Licht" side, and availed himself of ever opportunity to torment the orthodox or "Auld Licht" party. The tw herds were the Rev. Mr. Moodie, minister of Riccarton, and the Rev Mr. Russell, assistant minister at Kilmarnock. Though both membe of the orthodox party, they quarrelled over some question of paris boundaries, and in the Presbytery fell foul of each other after the manne of ungodly men. Burns, who witnessed the scene, eagerly seized th opportunity, not only of giving his version of the affair, but also of in dulging in a fling at the party to which the disputants belonged.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.—POPE.

Oh, a' ye pious, godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
Oh! dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themsel'.

O Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle?
Ye 'll see how New-Light herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
Sin' I ha'e min'.

O sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expeckit
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank?
Nae poisoned sour Arminian stank
He let them taste;
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank,—
Oh, sic a feast!

The thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod
Weel kenned his voice through a' the wood;
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he liked to shed their bluid
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell telled his tale?
His voice was heard through muir and dale;
He kenned the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-Light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them owre the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—oh, do I live to see 't!—
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
An' names, like "villain," "hypocrite,"
Ilk ither gi'en,
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
Say neither 's liein'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There 's Duncan* deep, and Peebles† shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,‡
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, het and cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we 're beset;
There 's scarce a new herd that we get
But comes frae 'mang that cursèd set
I winna name;
I hope frae heaven to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple§ has been lang our fae,
M'Gill‖ has wrought us meikle wae,
And that cursed rascal ca'd M'Quhae,¶
And baith the Shaws,**
That aft ha'e made us black and blae
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow†† lang has hatched mischief;
We thought aye death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha 'll soundly buff our beef;‡‡
I meikle dread him.

* Dr. Robert Duncan, minister of Dundonald.
† Rev. William Peebles, Newton-upon-Ayr. (See "The Holy Fair" and "The Kirk's Alarm.")
‡ Rev. William Auld, Mauchline.
§ Rev. Dr. Dalrymple, one of the ministers of Ayr.
‖ The colleague of Dr. Dalrymple.
¶ Minister of St. Quivox.
** Dr. Andrew Shaw, Craigie, and Dr. David Shaw, Coylton.
†† Dr. Peter Wodrow, Tarbolton.
‡‡ Beat us. This was Mr. M'Math.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turncoats amang oursel',
There 's Smith for ane;
I doubt he 's but a gray-nick quill,
An' that ye 'll fin'.

Oh, a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come, join your counsel and your skills
To cowe the lairds,
And get the brutes the powers themsel's
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woody dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banished o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close, nervous excellence,
M'Quhae's pathetic, manly sense,
And guid M'Math,
Wi' Smith, wha through the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

Mr. Gavin Hamilton, the friend and patron of Burns, had fallen under the censure of the Church for alleged Sabbath desecration. Mr. Fisher, a farmer near Mauchline, one of the Rev. Mr. Auld's session, had taken a prominent part in the prosecution of Mr. Hamilton, and Burns therefore sought to revenge his patron by this satire. Its subject well merited the merciless shafts directed against him. A great pretender to sanctity, and a stickler for outward observances, he scrupled not to "get fou;" and when he left Mr. Auld's session for a neighbouring one, it was discovered that he had made too free with the money for the poor. Returning drunk from Mauchline one night, he fell into a ditch, and died from exposure.

"'Holy Willie's Prayer' is a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns ever afterwards wrote."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O THOU wha in the heav'ns does dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for Thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They 've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
Whan thousands Thou hast left in night,
That I am here, afore Thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation—
I, wha deserve sic just damnation
For broken laws
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Through Adam's cause?

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might ha'e plungèd me in hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Whare damnèd devils roar and yell,
Chained to a stake.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample;
I 'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' Thy flock.

O L—d, Thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singing there, and dancing here,
Wi' great and sma';
For I am keepit by Thy fear
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d, confess I must,
At times I 'm fashed wi' fleshly lust;
And sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled in sin.

O L—d, yestreen, Thou kens, wi' Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg;
Oh, may it ne'er be a livin' plague
To my dishonour!
And I 'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

Besides, I further maun allow,
Wi' Lizzie's lass three times I trow—
But, L—d! that Friday I was fou'
When I came near her,
Or else, Thou kens, Thy servant true
Wad ne'er ha'e steered her.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset Thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he 's sae gifted!
If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne
Until Thou lift it.

L—d, bless Thy chosen in this place,
For here Thou hast a chosen race;
But G–d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace
And public shame!

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts!
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin' arts
Wi' grit and sma',
Frae G–d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

An' whan we chastened him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse Thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes!

L—d, hear my earnest cry and prayer,
Against the Presbyt'ry of Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d, mak' it bare
Upo' their heads!
L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds!

O L—d my G–d, that glib-tongued Aiken—
My very heart and soul are quakin',
To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
And swat wi' dread,
While he wi' hinging lip and snakin'
Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him!
L—d, visit them wha did employ him!
And pass not in Thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their prayer;
But, for Thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
And dinna spare!

But, L—d, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excelled by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be Thine.
Amen, amen!

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

Here Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other way—
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure 's a gun;
Poor, silly body, see him!
Nae wonder he 's as black 's the grun,—
Observe wha 's standing wi' him!

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance ye 've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye ha'e nane;
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, de'il as ye are,—
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wad stain your name,
If it were kent ye did it.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Written in the spring of 1786, after the style of the "Caller Water" of Fergusson. It was probably more a production of the poet's fancy than of his real feelings on the subject. "Notwithstanding the praise he has bestowed on Scotch drink," says Gilbert Burns, "I do not recollect till towards the end of his commencing author, when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company, to have ever seen him intoxicated, nor was he at all given to drinking."

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.
SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,

I sing the juice Scots bere can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch Drink!
Whether through wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
An' aits set up their awnie horn,
An' pease and beans, at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food;
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Though life 's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy dragged wi' pine an' grievin';
But oiled by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin',
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At 's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy silver weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,*

* Ale, frequently mixed with porridge instead of milk.

His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Even godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspired,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fired.*

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reeking on a New-year mornin'
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughman gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup!
Then Burnewin† comes on like death
At every chaup.

Nae mercy then for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie ploughman chiel
Brings hard owre hip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring and reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night
Or plack‡ frae them.

* The refreshment tents at out-of-door communions. (See "The Holy Fair.")

† Burn-the-wind, the blacksmith—an appropriate title.

‡ An old Scotch coin, the third part of an English penny.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drucken hash
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel'!
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' whisky punch
Wi' honest men.

O Whisky, soul o' plays an' pranks,
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a——s!

Thee, Ferintosh! * O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, an' barkin' hoast
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes's chartered boast
Is ta'en awa'!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whisky stells their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—ned drinkers.

Fortune! if thou 'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"This was written," says Burns, "before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786, for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks."

Dearest of distillation, last and best,
.....How art thou lost!—*Parody on Milton.*

Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,

* For services rendered to the government at the Revolution, Forbes of Culloden was granted the privilege of distilling whisky free of duty on his barony of Ferintosh. As this whisky was consequently cheaper than that produced elsewhere, it became very popular, and the name Ferintosh was used as a cant term for whisky over the country. In 1785, however, Mr. Forbes's privilege was abolished, and it is to the loss of this that the poet here refers.

An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas, my roopit muse is hearse!
Your honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin' on her a——
Low i' the dust,
An' scriechin' out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me 's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On aqua vitæ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier Youth,*
The honest, open, naked truth;
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble:
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!
Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em;
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gathering votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

* William Pitt.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle,
Her mutchkin-stoup as toom 's a whistle,
An' d–mned excisemen in a bustle,
Seizin' a stell,
Triumphant crushin 't like a mussel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plundered o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I 'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire clean out o' sight!
But could I like Montgom'ries fight,*
Or gab like Boswell,†
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your honours! can ye see 't,
The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,

* Colonel Hugh Montgomery of Coilsfield, member of Parliament for Ayrshire. He had served as an officer in the American War.

† James Boswell of Auchinleck, the well-known biographer of Dr. Johnson. He frequently took part in the Ayrshire county meetings.

An' wi' rhetóric clause on clause
To mak harangues;
Then echo through Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster,* a true-blue Scot, I'se warran';
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran,†
An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
The Laird o' Graham;‡
An' ane, a chap that 's damned auldfarran,
Dundas his name.§

Erskine,‖ a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick¶ an' Ilay;**
An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;††
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

See, Sodger Hugh, my watchman stented,
If bardies e'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend a hand;
But when there 's ought to say anent it,
Ye 're at a stand.‡‡

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or faith, I 'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye 'll see 't or lang,
She 'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
Anither sang.

* George Dempster, Esq. of Dunnichen, Forfarshire.
† Sir Adam Ferguson of Kilkerran, then member for Edinburgh.
‡ The Marquis of Graham, afterwards third Duke of Montrose.
§ The Right Hon. Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville.
‖ Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine.
¶ Lord Frederick Campbell, brother to the Duke of Argyle.
** Ilay Campbell, Lord Advocate for Scotland.
†† Sir William Augustus Cunningham, Bart., of Livingstone, for some time member for Linlithgowshire.
‡‡ An allusion to Colonel Hugh Montgomery's halting elocution.

This while she 's been in crankous mood,
Her lost militia fired her bluid
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Played her that pliskie);
An' now she 's like to rin red-wud
About her whisky.

An' Lord, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she 'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She 'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt
I' th' first she meets!

For God sake, sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle House repair
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
But gie him 't het, my hearty cocks!
E'en cowe the caddie!
And send him to his dicing-box
An' sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,*
I 'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,†
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's‡
Nine times a week,

* William Pitt was the grandson of Robert Pitt of Boconnock, in Cornwall.

† Cakes made of peasemeal mixed with wheat or barley flour.

‡ A worthy old hostess of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of guid auld Scotch drink.—BURNS.

"It is remembered, however, that Nanse never could understand how the poet should have talked of enjoying himself in her house 'nine times a week.' 'The lad,' she said, 'hardly ever drank three half-mutchkins under her roof in his life.' Nanse, probably, had never heard of *poetical* license."—CHAMBERS.

If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks, *
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
I 'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach,
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
She 's just a devil wi' a rung;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak' their part,
Though by the neck she should be strung,
She 'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,†
May still your mither's heart support ye;
Then, though a minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye 'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your honours a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's!
Your humble Poet sings an' prays
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starved slaves in warmer skies
See future wines rich clust'ring rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blithe and frisky,

* Pitt, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced a measure in 1784 for preventing smuggling of tea by reducing the duty, the revenue being compensated by a tax on windows (winnocks).

† The Scottish representatives.

She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their whisky.

What though their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms,
When wretches range, in famished swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun 's a burden on their shouther;
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their bauldest thought 's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they 're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, Such is royal George's will,
An' there 's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
In clime and season;
But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
I 'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected mither!
Though whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;

Freedom and whisky gang thegither!
Tak' aff your dram!

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE.

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An unco mournfu' Tale.

"The circumstances of the poor sheep," says Gilbert Burns, "were pretty much as Robert has described them. He had, partly by way of frolic, bought a ewe and two lambs from a neighbour, and she was tethered in a field adjoining the house at Lochlea. He and I were going out with our teams at mid-day, when Hugh Wilson, a curious-looking, awkward boy, clad in plaiding, came to us, with much anxiety in his face, with the information that the ewe had entangled herself in the tether, and was lying in the ditch. Robert was much tickled with Hughoc's appearance and postures on the occasion. Poor Mailie was set to rights, and when we returned from the plough in the evening, he repeated to me her 'Death and Dying Words,' pretty much in the way they now stand."

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsled in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc * he cam' doytin' by.

Wi' glowrin' een an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart, he could na mend it!
He gapèd wide, but naething spak;
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

* A neibour herd-callant, about three-fourths as wise as other folk.—BURNS.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
Oh, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him he was a master kin',
An' aye was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my dying charge I gi'e him—
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"Oh, bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gi'e them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
An' tent them duly e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gates
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets!
To slink through slaps, an' reave an' steal
At stacks o' pease or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come through the shears;
So wives will gi'e them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they 're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"An' niest, my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up

Wi' ony blastit moorland toop,
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith;
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursèd tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blether."

This said, poor Mailie turned her head,
And closed her een amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes—
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed;
He's lost a friend and neebor dear
In Mailie dead.

Through a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel' wi' mense;
I 'll say 't, she never brak a fence
Through thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence*
Sin' Mailie 's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image, in her yowe,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket an' hairy hips:
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the Tweed:
A bonnier fleesh ne'er crossed the clips
Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape!
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,†
Wi' chokin' dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
For Mailie dead.

Oh, a' ye bards on bonnie Doon,
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune,
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His Mailie dead.

* Shuts himself up in the parlour with his sorrow.
† An allusion to hanging.

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

"This prayer and the stanzas which follow were composed when fainting fits, and other alarming symptoms of pleurisy, or some other dangerous disorder, which indeed still threatens me, first put nature on the alarm. The stanzas are misgivings in the hour of despondency and prospect of death. The grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse with that Being to whom we owe life, with every enjoyment that renders life delightful."—BURNS.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear;
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear,—

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done,

Thou know'st that Thou hast formèd me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepped aside,
Do Thou, All Good—for such Thou art—
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way;
Again in Folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly Mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea;
With that controlling power assist e'en me
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be
To rule their torrent in th' allowèd line:
O aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

A PRAYER,

LEFT BY THE AUTHOR AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

"The first time Robert heard the spinnet played upon," says Gilbert Burns, "was at the house of Dr. Lawrie, minister of Loudoun, a few miles from Mossgiel. Dr. Lawrie had several daughters. One of them played; the father and the mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests mixed in it. It was a delightful family scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas were left in the room where he slept."

O Thou dread Power who reign'st above,
I know Thou wilt me hear,

When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke
Long, long be pleased to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush,
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray;
Thou know'st the snares on every hand--
Guide Thou their steps alway.

When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!

THE FIRST PSALM.

The man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tossed
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race;
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand;
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command,—

That Power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word—Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed;
But long ere night, cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed.

TO A MOUSE.

"This beautiful poem is one of the most exquisite of the poet's pro ductions. John Blane, farm-servant at Mossgiel at the time of its com position, stated to me that he recollected the incident perfectly. Burn was holding the plough, with Blane for his driver, when the littl creature was observed running off across the field. Blane having th *pettle*, or plough-cleaning utensil, in his hand at the moment, wa thoughtlessly running after it to kill it, when Burns checked him, bu not angrily, asking what ill the poor mouse had ever done him. Th poet then seemed to grow very thoughtful, and during the remainder o the afternoon he spoke not. In the night time he awoke Blane, wh slept with him, and, reading the poem which had in the meantime bee composed, asked what he thought of the mouse now."—CHAMBERS.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic 's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bick'ring brattle;
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
And fellow-mortal.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimen icker in a thrave*
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
And naething now to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
And bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou 's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But, och! I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear;
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

* An ear of corn in a thrave (that is, twenty-four sheaves).

HALLOWEEN.

"The following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with the perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own."—BURNS.

> Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
> The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
> To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
> One native charm than all the gloss of art.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

UPON that night when fairies light *
On Cassillis Downans† dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There up the cove‡ to stray and rove
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

Amang the bonnie winding banks
Where Doon rins, wimplin' clear,
Where Bruce§ ance ruled the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear,

* Halloween is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aërial people the Fairies are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.—BURNS.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassillis.—BURNS.

‡ A noted cavern near Colean House, called "The Cove of Colean;" which, as well as Cassillis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.—BURNS.

§ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.—BURNS.

Some merry, friendly country folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they 're fine,
Their faces blithe fu' sweetly kythe
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin';
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whiles fast at night.

Then, first and foremost, through the kail
Their stocks* maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, and graip an' wale
For muckle anes and straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wandered through the bow-kail,
An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee things, todlin', rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
An' gif the custoc 's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;

* The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a stock, or plant of ail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first hey meet with. Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic f the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband r wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or ortune; and the taste of the custoc—that is, the heart of the stem—is dicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, o give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere bove the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom hance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the unts, the names in question.—BURNS.

Syne cozily, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they 've placed them
To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn ;*
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn.
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
Loud skirlèd a' the lasses ;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost
When kiuttlin' in the fause-house†
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordet nits‡
Are round an' round divided,
And monie lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided.
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly ;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e ;
Wha 'twas she wadna tell ;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel'.
He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,
As they wad never mair part ;

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle—that is, the grain at the top of the stalk—the party in question will come to the marriage bed anything but a maid.—BURNS.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, etc., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind : this he calls a fause-house.—BURNS.

‡ Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.—BURNS.

Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compared to Willie.
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor, by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel' an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin'.
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
She whispered Rob to leuk for 't;
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for 't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea's them gashin' at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel'.
She through the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the blue-clue* throws then,
Right fear't that night.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and darkling throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand, Wha hauds?—that is, who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.—BURNS.

Till something held within the pat—
Guid L—d, but she was quakin'!
But whether 'twas the de'il himsel',
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin'
To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple* at the glass
I gat frae uncle Johnie."
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out through that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
How daur you try sic sportin',
As seek the foul Thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune!
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it:
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' lived an' died deleeret
On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
I mind 't as weel 's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I 'm sure
I was na past fifteen.
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green;
An' ay a ranting kirn we gat,
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night.

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple befor
it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time: th
face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass, as
peeping over your shoulder.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow;
His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That lived in Achmacalla.
He gat hemp-seed,* I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't;
But monie a day was by himsel',
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
An' he swore by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck,
For it was a' but nonsense.
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when na ane see'd him,
An' try 't that night.

He marches through amang the stacks,
Though he was something sturtin,
The graip he for a harrow taks,
An' haurls at his curpin;†
An' every now an' then he says,
"Hemp-seed, I saw thee;
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me an' draw thee,
As fast this night."

He whistled up "Lord Lenox' March,"
To keep his courage cheerie;

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee; hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me, and shaw thee"—that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."—BURNS.

† Drags it behind him.

Although his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roared a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld came rinnin' out,
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted through them a'—
An' wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night!

Meg fain wad to the barn ha'e gaen,
To win three wechts o' naething;*
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in.
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red-cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in she enters.

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a "wecht;" and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life.—BURNS.

A ratton rattled up the wa',
An' she cried, L—d preserve her!
An' ran through midden-hole an' a',
An' prayed wi' zeal an' fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will wi' sair advice,
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanced the stack he faddomed thrice *
Was timmer propt for thrawing.
He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak,
For some black, gruesome carlin;
An' loot a winze,† an' drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes came haurlin'
Aff 's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlen;
But och, that night, amang the shaws,
She got a fearfu' settlin'!
She through the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin',
Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,‡
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays,
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bean-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.—BURNS.

† Swore an oath.

‡ You go out, one or more—for this is a social spell—to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.—BURNS.

Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon.
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;*
Near lav'rock height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three † are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed.
Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin' Mar's year ‡ did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heaved them on the fire
In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
An' unco tales an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery;
Till buttered so'ns,§ wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin';
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blithe that night.

* Burst its case.

† Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead him to the heart where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chanc in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated thre times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.—BURNS

‡ 1715.

§ Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Hallowee supper.—BURNS.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

"Several of the poems were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favourite sentiment of the author. He used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the elegy, 'Man was made to Mourn,' was composed."—GILBERT BURNS.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, pressed with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

"That sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride—
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return,
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man, while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time—
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!

Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want—oh, ill-matched pair!—
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap caressed;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But oh, what crowds in every land,
All wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I 'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of humankind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressèd, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

"O Death, the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best,
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But oh, a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

ADDRESS TO THE DE'IL.

"It was, I think, in the winter of 1784, as we were going with carts for coals to the family fire (and I could yet point out the particular spot), that Robert first repeated to me the 'Address to the De'il.' The curious idea of such an address was suggested to him by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts and representations we have from various quarters of this august personage."—GILBERT BURNS.

"The 'Address to the De'il' is one of the happiest of the poet's productions. Humour and tenderness are so happily intermixed that it is impossible to say which preponderates."—CURRIE.

O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd powers,
That led th' embattled seraphim to war.—MILTON.

O THOU, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a de'il,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy power, an' great thy fame;
Far kenned and noted is thy name;
An' though yon lowin' heugh 's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An', faith, thou 's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin' lion,
For prey a' holes an' corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flyin',
Tirlin' the kirks;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld ruined castles gray
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my grannie summon
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman,
Aft yont the dyke she 's heard you bummin'
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin', through the boortries comin'
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin' light,
Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough!
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, stour "quaick, quaick"
Amang the springs,
Awa' ye squattered, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim an' withered hags
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags
Wi' wicked speed,
And in kirkyards renew their leagues
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure 's ta'en
By witching skill,
An' dawtit twal-pint hawkie 's* gaen
As yell 's the bill.†

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
On young guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jingling icy boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord
By your direction,
An' 'nighted travellers are allured
To their destruction.

* Petted twelve-pint hawkie—that is, the favourite cow.
† Milkless as the bull.

An' aft your moss-traversing spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezing, curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When masons' mystic word an' grip
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell,
The youngest brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were paired,
An' all the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flowery swaird,
In shady bower;*

Then you, ye auld, sneck-drawing† dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog,
An' played on man a cursèd brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruined a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke?

* This verse ran originally thus:—

Lang syne in Eden's happy scene,
When strappin' Adam's days were green,
And Eve was like my bonnie Jean,
My dearest part,
A dancin', sweet, young, handsome quean,
Wi' guileless heart.

† Drawing the bolt stealthily.

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lowsed his ill-tongued, wicked scawl,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael* did you pierce
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin'
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin';
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin',
An' cheat you yet.

But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh, wad ye tak a thought an' men',
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

This poem is undoubtedly the most dramatic and humorous of all the poet's productions. As Sir Walter Scott says:—"For humorous description and nice discrimination of character, 'The Jolly Beggars' is inferior to no poem of the same length in the whole range of English poetry. The scene, indeed, is laid in the very lowest department of low life, the actors being a set of strolling vagrants met to carouse and barter their rags and plunder for liquor in a hedge ale-house. Yet, even in describing the movements of such a group, the native taste of the poet has never suffered his pen to slide into anything coarse or disgusting. The ex-

* See Milton, Book vi.

travagant glee and outrageous frolic of the beggars are ridiculously contrasted with their maimed limbs, their rags and crutches; the sordid and squalid circumstances of their appearance are judiciously thrown into the shade."

The poem is founded on a scene which actually came under the poet's own observation. One night, in company with two cronies, he stepped accidentally, at a late hour, into a public-house in Mauchline, and there witnessed a party of miserable vagrants enjoying themselves after their own fashion. The scene impressed the poet so much that in a few days afterwards he composed "The Jolly Beggars."

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,
  Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
  In hoary cranreuch drest,—
Ae night, at e'en, a merry core
  O' randie gangrel bodies
In Poosie Nansie's * held the splore,
  To drink their orra duddies:
    Wi' quaffing and laughing,
      They ranted and they sang;
    Wi' jumping and thumping,
      The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
  And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm,
  She blinket on her sodger;
An' aye he gi'es the tozie drab
  The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab
  Just like an aumous dish.†

* A public-house in Mauchline, of the lowest description, to which vagrants and beggars resorted for lodging and food. Poosie Nansie, or Mrs. Gibson, was the mother of "Racer Jess," mentioned in "The Holy Fair."

† Alms-dish, a wooden bowl carried by beggars for the reception of broken victuals, oatmeal, etc.

Ilk smack still did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering and swaggering,
He roared this ditty up:—

AIR.

Tune—"Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breathed his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;*
I servèd out my trade when the gallant game was played,
And the Moro† low was laid at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,‡
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliott§ to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

And now though I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tattered rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

What though with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,

* The heights of Abram were scaled by the British in their attack on Quebec, 1759. The gallant Wolfe fell in the arms of victory.

† The Moro, a strong castle, the citadel of Havannah, was gallantly stormed by British seamen when the city was captured, in 1762.

‡ The destruction of the floating batteries of the Spaniards, at the siege of Gibraltar, 1782, when Captain Curtis greatly distinguished himself.

§ General Elliott, who gallantly defended Gibraltar during the three years' siege, 1779–1782. He was created Lord Heathfield.

When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, etc.

RECITATIVO.

He ended, and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus' roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore.

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirled out encore!
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune—"Soldier Laddie."

I once was a maid, though I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventured the soul, and I risked the body—
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair;
His rags regimental they fluttered so gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!
Sing, Lal de lal, etc.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae busy:
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoitered up and made a face;
Then turned, and laid a smack on Grizzy,
Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune—"Auld Sir Symon."

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but a 'prentice, I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa' to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk,—
But what will ye ha'e of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck;
A hizzie's the half o' my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing!

I ance was abused in the kirk,
For towsing a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There 's even, I 'm tauld, i' the court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observed ye yon reverend lad
Maks faces to tickle the mob?
He rails at our mountebank squad,—
It 's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I 'll tell,
For, faith, I 'm confoundedly dry;
The chiel that 's a fool for himsel',
Gude L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For monie a pursie she had hooked,
And had in monie a well been douked.
Her love had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

Tune—"O an' ye were dead, gudeman."

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!
There 's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' lived like lords and ladies gay,
For a Lawland face he fearèd nane,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

They banished him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

But, och! they catched him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one!
They 've hanged my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, etc.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin' limb and gaucy middle
(He reached nae higher),
Had holed his heartie like a riddle,
An' blawn 't on fire.

Wi' hand on hainch, an' upward ee,
He crooned his gamut, ane, twa, three,

Then in an *arioso* key,
The wee Apollo
Set aff wi' *allegretto* glee
His giga solo.

AIR.

Tune—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle o'er the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle o'er the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And oh! sae nicely 's we will fare;
We'll bouse about till Daddy Care
Sings whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am, etc.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursel's about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am, etc.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am, etc.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird
As weel as poor gut-scraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier.

He swoor, by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And prayed for grace wi' ruefu' face;
And sae the quarrel ended.
But though his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler pressed her,
He feigned to snirtle in his sleeve
When thus the caird addressed her:—

AIR.

Tune—"Clout the Caudron."

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I 've travelled round all Christian ground,
In this my occupation.
I 've ta'en the gold, I 've been enrolled
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they searched when off I marched
To go and clout the caudron.
I 've ta'en the gold, etc.

Despise that shrimp, that withered imp,
Wi' a' his noise and caperin',
And tak a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron.
And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbagie,*
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
An' by that stoup, etc.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,

* A peculiar sort of whisky, so called from Kilbagie distillery, in Clackmannanshire.

Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That showed a man of spunk,
Wished unison between the pair,
And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
That played a dame a shavie,
The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,*
Though limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
And shored them Dainty Davy
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever missed it.
He had nae wish but—to be glad,
Nor want but—when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune—"For a' that, an' a' that."

I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle 's a' that;
I 've lost but ane, I 've twa behin',
I 've wife enough for a' that.

* Ballad-singing. Homer is considered to be the oldest strolling minstrel on record.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, etc.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, etc.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how lang the flee may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, etc.

Their tricks and craft ha'e put me daft,
They 've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and "Here 's the sex!"
I like the jades for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
An' twice as muckle 's a' that;
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They 're welcome till 't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sang the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
Re-echoed from each mouth;
They toomed their pocks an' pawned their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowin' drouth.
Then owre again the jovial thrang
The poet did request
To loose his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best.

He, rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune—"Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses."

See the smoking bowl before us!
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where.
A fig, etc.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, etc.

Does the train-attended carriage
Through the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, etc.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, etc.

Here 's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here 's to all the wandering train!
Here 's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out, Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty 's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

THE VISION.

"This is one of the most artificial poems of Burns's composition. It is in many places, however, highly poetical, and the appreciation of his own character is peculiarly striking."—HOGG.

DUAN FIRST.*

THE sun had closed the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,†
An' hungered maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree
The lee-lang day had tirèd me;
And whan the day had closed his ee,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence,‡ right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and eyed the spewing reek,

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. (See his "Cath-Loda," vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.)—BURNS.

† Curling is a winter game played with stones on the ice. The game resembles bowls, but is much more animated, and keenly enjoyed. It is well characterized by the poet as a "roaring play."

‡ The parlour of the farm-house of Mossgiel, the only apartment besides the kitchen.

That filled, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin';
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might by this hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
My cash account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering, "Blockhead! coof!"
And heaved on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I henceforth would be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the snick did draw;
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht;
I glowred as eerie 's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And steppèd ben.

Green, slender. leaf-clad holly boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;

I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon be broken.

A "hair-brained, sentimental trace,"
Was strongly markèd in her face;
A wildly witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turned on empty space,
Beamed keen with honour.

Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seemed, to my astonished view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows marked the coast
With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon poured down his far-fetched floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough* reared her head;

* The town of Ayr, made a royal burgh by William the Lion about 1200.

Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polished grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seemed to muse, some seemed to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel
To see a race* heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seem to reel
Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR,† mark him well!
Bold Richardton's‡ heroic swell;
The chief on Sark,§ who glorious fell,
In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade‖
Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
I marked a martial race, portrayed
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed
They strode along.

* The Wallaces.—BURNS. † Sir William Wallace.—BURNS.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.—BURNS.

§ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.—BURNS.

‖ Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shown.—BURNS.

Through many a wild, romantic grove,*
Near many a hermit-fancied cove
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love),
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe,
The learned sire and son † I saw;
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore:
This, all its source and end to draw;
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward ‡ I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
Who called on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonished stare,
I viewed the heavenly seeming fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

"All hail, my own inspirèd bard!
In me thy native muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

* Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice Clerk.—BURNS.

† The Rev. Dr. Matthew Stewart, and his son Mr. Dugald Stewart, the able expositor of the Scottish school of metaphysics, are here alluded to.

‡ Colonel Fullarton.

"Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light, aërial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share:
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart;
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They sightless stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
And grace the hand.

"And when the bard or hoary sage
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspirèd tongue;
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel Lays;'
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assigned
The humbler ranks of humankind—
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artisan;
All choose, as various they 're inclined,
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage skill;
And some instruct the shepherd train,
Blithe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells,* chiefs of fame,
Held ruling power:
I marked thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

* The Loudoun branch of the Campbells. Mossgiel was the property of the Earl of Loudoun.

"Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripened fields and azure skies
Called forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adorèd Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath th' unrivalled rose
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

A WINTER NIGHT.

"How touching is this poem, amid the gloom of personal misery that broods over and around him; yet, amid the storm, he thinks of 'the cattle, the silly sheep, and the wee, harmless burdies!'—yes, the tenant of the mean, lowly hut has the heart to pity all these. This is worth a whole volume of homilies on mercy; for it is the voice of mercy itself. Burns lives in sympathy: his soul rushes forth into all the virtues of being: nothing that has existence can be of indifference to him."—CARLYLE.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—SHAKESPEARE.

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower;
When Phœbus gi'es a short-lived glower
Far south the lift,
Dim darkening through the flaky shower,
Or whirling drift,—

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
An' close thy ee?

Ev'n you on murdering errands toiled,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stained roost, and sheep-cote spoiled,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole:—

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows!
See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pampered Luxury, Flattery by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.
Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone?
Mark maiden innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted Honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers!
Perhaps, this hour, in Misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fear shrinks at the rocking blast!
Oh ye who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!

Ill-satisfied keen Nature's clam'rous call,
Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While, through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushèd low
By cruel fortune's undeservèd blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hailed the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impressed my mind—
Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

THE HOLY FAIR.

The subject of this satire is one of those open-air sacramental services which at one time were common in Scotland, and which, in many instances, had degenerated into a scandal and disgrace to the church. "These annual celebrations," says Heron, "had much in them of those old Popish festivals in which superstition, traffic, and amusement used to be strangely intermingled." There can be no doubt that this satire, bitter as it is, was well merited by those against whom it was launched. One thing should be observed, that the poet strictly confines himself to the sayings and doings of the multitude, and that the sacred rite itself is never introduced.

"This is a most extraordinary poem," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "and was received both with admiration and terror. Divines vented their anathemas upon the poet in all their public and private meetings, and were terrified to preach before him. It is no doubt a reckless piece of satire, but it is a clever one, and must have cut to the bone.....It is devoutly to be wished he had taken up the subject in a different light. How many pure and holy feelings had then presented themselves to the bard of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night!' And to him who drew so

powerfully from the feelings of a sensitive heart, what a field was opened!"

"A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poisoned crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget showed,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion."—*Hypocrisy à la Mode.*

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walkèd forth to view the corn,
And snuff the caller air.
The rising sun owre Galston * muirs
Wi' glorious light was glintin';
The hares were hirplin' down the furs;
The laverocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowred abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam' skelpin' up the way:
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a wee aback,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

The twa appeared like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes—
Their visage withered, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes;
The third cam' up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;

* The adjoining parish to Mauchline.

I 'm sure I 've seen that bonnie face,
But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
An' taks me by the hauns,
"Ye, for my sake, ha'e gi'en the feck
Of a' the ten commauns
A screed some day.

"My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye ha'e;
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that 's Hypocrisy.
I 'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
To spend an hour in daffin';
Gin ye 'll go there, yon runkled pair,
We will get famous laughin'
At them this day."

Quoth I, "With a' my heart I 'll do 't:
I 'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se ha'e fine remarkin'!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin' graith,
Gaed hoddin' by their cotters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springin' o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
An' farls baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heapèd up wi' ha'pence,

A greedy glowr Black Bonnet* throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On every side they 're gatherin',
Some carrying dails, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy bletherin'
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the showers,
An' screen our countra gentry;
There, racer Jess† an' twa-three wh–res
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jauds,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguardin' frae Kilmarnock,
For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyled his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays!
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screwed-up grace-proud faces;
On that, a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day.

Oh happy is that man an' blest—
Nae wonder that it pride him—
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him!
Wi' arm reposed on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him;

* One of the elders or deacons, on whom the appellation of "black bonnet" was bestowed, from their habit of wearing a black bonnet when officiating at "the plate."

† The daughter of "Poosie Nansie," who figures in "The Jolly Beggars." She was remarkable for her pedestrian powers, and sometimes ran long distances for a wager.

Which by degrees slips round her neck,
An 's loof upon her bosom,
Unkenned that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation,
For Moodie * speels the holy door
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie,† as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The very sight o' Moodie's face
To 's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin'!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He 's stampin' an' he 's jumpin'!
His lengthened chin, his turned-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day!

But hark! the tent has changed its voice—
There 's peace an' rest nae langer;
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger.
Smith ‡ opens out his cauld harangues
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gi'e the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

* Minister of Riccarton, and one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds." He preached chiefly on the terrors of the law. On one occasion he gave out his text as John viii. 44, but told his audience that it was so applicable to them that there was no need of his reading it. The verse begins, "Ye are of your father the devil."

† A colloquial name for the devil.

‡ The Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) George Smith, minister of Galston. The poet introduces him, under the designation of Irvine-side, in "The Kirk's Alarm."

What signifies his barren shine
Of moral powers and reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That 's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poisoned nostrum;
For Peebles,* frae the Water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum.
See, up he 's got the Word o' God,
An' meek an' mim has viewed it;
While Common Sense† has ta'en the road,
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,‡
Fast, fast that day.

Wee Miller,§ niest, the guard relieves,
An' orthodoxy raibles,
Though in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables.
But, faith! the birkie wants a manse,
So cannily he hums them;
Although his carnal wit an' sense
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

* The Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) William Peebles, a great favourite of the orthodox party, and minister of Newton-on-Ayr (sometimes called, from its situation, the "Water-fit"). He is also introduced in "The Kirk's Alarm," as the leader of the prosecution of Dr. M'Gill.

† Some commentators suppose that it is not the personified abstraction that is here meant, but one Dr. Mackenzie, who had recently carried on a controversy under the pseudonym of "Common Sense." But see the second stanza of "The Ordination," and note.

‡ A street so called which faces the tent in Mauchline.

§ The Rev. Dr. Miller, afterwards minister of Kilmaurs; a podgy man. Burns thought he had leanings towards the moderate party. The stanza is believed to have hindered Miller's advancement.

Now butt an' ben, the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup commentators;
Here 's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint-stowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' logic an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink! it gi'es us mair
Than either school or college:
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fu' o' knowledge.
Be 't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blithely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress an' that ane's leuk
They 're making observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin' assignations
To meet some day.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin',
An' echoes back return the shouts—
Black Russell * is na sparin':
His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;

* The Rev. John Russell, minister of the chapel of ease, Kilmarnock and afterwards minister of Stirling. He is one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds," and Rumble John of "The Kirk's Alarm." "His voice says a correspondent of Cunningham, "was like thunder, and his sentiments were such as must have shocked any class of hearers in the less more refined than those whom he usually addressed."

His talk o' hell, where devils dwell,
Our vera sauls does harrow *
Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,
Filled fu' o' lowin' brunstane,
Whase ragin' flame an' scorchin' heat
Wad melt the hardest whunstane!
The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear
'Twas but some neebor snorin'
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
How monie stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill
When they were a' dismist;
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches;
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches
An' dawds that day.

In comes a gaucie gash guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld guidmen about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gi'es them 't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that ha'e naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel'
How bonnie lads ye wanted,

* Shakespeare's "Hamlet."—BURNS.

An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

Now Clinkumbell,* wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon;
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They 're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane
As saft as ony flesh is.
There 's some are fu' o' love divine;
There 's some are fu' o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin
May end in houghmagandie
Some ither day.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR.

Burns had a large share of the true poetic instinct of tenderness towards the lower animals. He speaks and pleads for them as powerfully and as persuasively as for his fellow-men. "Burns must have been a exceedingly good and kind-hearted being," says the Ettrick Shepherd "for whenever he has occasion to address or mention any subordinat being, however mean, even a mouse or a flower, there is a gentle pathc in his language that awakens the finest feelings of the heart."

A GUID New Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a rip † to thy auld baggie;

* The beadle; MS., "Robin Gib."
† A handful of corn in the stalk.

Though thou 's howe-backit now and knaggie,*
I 've seen the day
Thou could hae gane like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Though now thou 's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide 's as white 's a daisy,
I 've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonny gray;
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,†
An' set weel down a shapely shank
As e'er tread yird,
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank
Like ony bird.

It 's now some nine-an'-twenty year
Sin' thou was my guid father's mere;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Though ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonnie bride:
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart ‡ I could braggèd wide
For sic a pair.

* Sunk in the back and sharp-boned.
† Strong, active, and stately.
‡ The district between the Ayr and the Doon.

Though now ye dow but hoyte an' hobble,*
An' wintle like a saumont coble,†
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble
Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young and skeigh,
An' stable meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou would prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't an' I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow;
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow
For pith and speed,
But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;‡
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan'§
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
In guid March weather,
Hae turned sax rood beside our han'
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,‖
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,

* Can but limp and totter.
† Reel like an ungainly salmon boat.
‡ Might perhaps have worsted thee in a short race.
§ The near horse of the hindmost pair at the plough.
‖ Never pulled by fits and starts, or fretted.

An' spread abreed thy weel-filled brisket,
Wi' pith and power,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,*
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang an' snaws were deep,
An' threatened labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I kenned my Maggie wad na sleep
For that or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,†
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa'.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';‡
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I 've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we 're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou 's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in starvin';
For my last fou,
A heapit stimpart, I 'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

* Till hillocks covered with rough-rooted plants would open with a cracking sound, and the earth fall gently over.

† Never leaped, reared, or started forward.

‡ My plough-team are all thy children.

We 've worn to crazy years thegither;
We 'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I 'll flit thy tether
To some hained rig,*
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

TO A LOUSE.

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

"Homelier subjects were sometimes chosen by the muse of Burns than his more stately friends desired. 'The Louse' is one of them. Some of his lady patronesses expostulated, and some critics frowned: it was all to no purpose. When once a man of genius begins to sacrifice his own judgment to the taste of others, who knows where he may halt?.....The moral which he draws is one the world is not out of need of—to see ourselves as others see us."—CUNNINGHAM.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze and lace;
Though, faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
On some puir body.

Swith! in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred jumpin' cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle †
Your thick plantations.

* Some spared ridge of grass.
† Where the hair is never combed.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye 'll no be right
Till ye 've got on it,
The vera tapmost, towering height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as ony grozet;
Oh for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I 'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy,
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On 's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi *—fie!
How dare ye do't!

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie 's makin'!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en devotion!

* A fashionable bonnet, named after Lunardi, the celebrated Italian eronaut.

THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES, REQUIRING A RETURN FOR THE ASSESSED TAXES.

"'The Inventory,'" says Mr. Chambers, "was written in answer to a mandate sent by Mr. Aiken of Ayr, the surveyor of windows, carriages, etc., for the district, to each farmer, ordering him to send a signed list of his horses, servants, wheel-carriages, etc., and to state whether he was a married man or a bachelor, and also the number of his children. The poem is chiefly remarkable for the information it gives concerning the farm, the household, and the habits of Burns."

Mr. Aiken was the "loved, honoured, and much-respected friend" to whom Burns inscribed his "Cotter's Saturday Night."

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list
O' guids and gear, and a' my graith,
To which I 'm clear to gie my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I hae four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.
My han'-afore 's* a guid auld has-been,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been;
My han'-ahin 's† a weel-gaun fillie,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,‡
And your auld burgh mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime.
But ance, when in my wooing pride
I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(L—d, pardon a' my sins, and that too!)
I played my fillie sic a shavie,
She 's a' bedevilled wi' the spavie.
My fur-ahin 's§ a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was traced.

* The foremost horse on the left hand in the plough.—BURNS.
† The hindmost horse on the left hand in the plough.—BURNS.
‡ Kilmarnock.
§ The hindmost horse on the right hand in the plough.—BURNS.

The fourth 's a Highland Donald hastie,
A d–mned red-wud Kilburnie blastie!
Forbye a cowt, o' cowts the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail;
Gin he be spared to be a beast,
He 'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
And my auld mither brunt the trin'le.

For men, I 've three mischievous boys,
Run-de'ils for rantin' and for noise;
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other;
Wee Davoc hauds the nowt in fother.*
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And aften labour them completely;
And aye on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the Questions targe them tightly,—
Till, faith, wee Davoc 's turned sae gleg,
Though scarcely langer than your leg,
He 'll screed you aff Effectual Calling †
As fast as ony in the dwalling.

I 've nane in female servan' station,
(L—d, keep me aye frae a' temptation!)
I hae nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye have laid nae tax on misses;
And then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the devils dare na touch me.
Wi' weans I 'm mair than weel contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted.
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,‡

* Keeps the cattle in fodder.

† A prominent question and answer in the Shorter Catechism.

‡ A child born to the poet by a servant of his mother's at Mossgiel. She afterwards became the wife of Mr. John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, Linlithgowshire, and died there in 1817.

She stares the daddy in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace;
But her, my bonnie sweet wee lady,
I 've paid enough for her already,
And gin ye tax her or her mither,
B' the L—d, ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind o' license out I 'm takin';
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I 'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
Through dirt and dub for life I 'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
My travel a' on foot I 'll shank it,
I 've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit!
The kirk and you may tak you that,
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I 've wrote it,
The day and date as under notit;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, *Feb.* 22, 1786.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

The subject of this satire was John Wilson, schoolmaster in Tarbolton parish, who practised besides as a quack doctor. "'Death and Doctor Hornbook,'" says Gilbert Burns, "though not published in the Kilmarnock edition, was produced early in the year 1785. The schoolmaster of Tarbolton parish, to eke out the scanty subsistence allowed to that useful class of men, set up a shop of grocery goods. Having accidentally fallen in with some medical books, and become most hobby-horsically attached to the study of medicine, he had added the sale of a few medicines to his little trade. He had got a shop-bill printed, at the bottom of which, overlooking his own incapacity, he had advertised that advice would be given, in common disorders, at the shop, gratis. Robert was at a masons' meeting in Tarbolton, when the dominie made too ostentatious a display

his medical skill. As he parted in the evening from this mixture of lantry and physic, at the place where he describes his meeting with ath, one of those floating ideas of apparitions, mentioned in his letter Dr. Moore, crossed his mind; this set him to work for the rest of his y home. These circumstances he related when he repeated the verses ne the next afternoon, as I was holding the plough, and he was letting water off the field beside me."

According to Lockhart, the mirth and amusement provoked by this m drove the schoolmaster from the district, and he removed to sgow, where he became session-clerk of the Gorbals parish. But ambers says that the occasion of his leaving Tarbolton was a dispute out salary with the heritors of the parish.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penned;
Even ministers, they ha'e been kenned,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail 't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true 's the De'il 's in hell
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
'S a muckle pity.

The clachan yill had made me canty—
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stachered whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenned aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glower
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
I could na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin' down on Willie's mill,*

* Tarbolton Mill, about two hundred yards from the village; then cupied by one William Muir—hence called Willie's Mill.

Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Though leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seemed lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

"Guid-e'en," quo' I. "Friend! ha'e ye been mawin'
When ither folk are busy sawin'?"*
It seemed to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length says I, "Friend, whare ye gaun?
Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe, "My name is Death,
But be na fleyed." Quoth I, "Guid faith,
Ye 're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie:
I rede ye weel, tak care o' skaith—
See, there 's a gully!"

"Gudeman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I 'm no designed to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be misleared;
I wad na mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be 't;
Come, gie 's your hand, an' sae we 're gree't:

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.—BURNS.

We 'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat—
Come, gie 's your news;
This while ye ha'e been mony a gate,
At mony a house." *

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It 's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
An' mony a scheme in vain 's been laid
To stap or scaur me;
Till ane Hornbook 's † ta'en up the trade,
An' faith he 'll waur me.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan,
De'il mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
He 's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan ‡
An' ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
And pouk my hips.

"See, here 's a scythe, and there 's a dart,
They ha'e pierced mony a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a ——
D——d haet they 'll kill.

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.—BURNS.

† This gentleman, Doctor Hornbook, is professionally a brother of he Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, s at once an apothecary, surgeon, and physician.—BURNS.

‡ Buchan's "Domestic Medicine." It was published in 1769, and as perhaps the most popular book of its kind ever issued, eighty thou- and copies being sold during the author's lifetime. Dr. William Buchan ettled in Edinburgh about 1766, where he practised, and lectured on atural philosophy. He removed to London in 1778, where he died, nd was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane:
Wi' less, I 'm sure, I 've hundreds slain;
But de'il-ma-care,
It just played dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I lookèd to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad ha'e pierced the heart
O' a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel ha'e tried a quarry
O' hard whin rock.

"Even them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenned it,
Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon 's he smells 't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells 't.

"And then a' doctors' saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He 's sure to ha'e;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.

"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina o' beans and pease,
He has 't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distilled *per se;*
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae."

"Wae's me for Johnnie Ged's* Hole now,"
Quo' I, "if that the news be true!
His braw calf-ward† whare gowans grew,
Sae white and bonnie,
Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the plew—
They 'll ruin Johnnie!"

The creature grained an eldritch laugh,
And says, "Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
Kirkyards will soon be tilled eneugh,
Tak ye nae fear;
They 'll a' be trenched wi' mony a sheugh
In twa-three year.

"Whare I killed ane a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I 'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap an' pill.

"An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

"A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts;
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well:
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel'.

* The grave-digger.—BURNS.
† The churchyard was sometimes used as an enclosure for calves.

"A bonnie lass, ye kenned her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame;
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That 's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An 's weel paid for 't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey
Wi' his d——d dirt.

"But, hark! I 'll tell you of a plot,
Though dinna ye be speakin' o't;
I 'll nail the self-conceited sot
As dead 's a herrin';
Niest time we meet, I 'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin'!"

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Which raised us baith:
I took the way that pleased mysel',
And sae did Death.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

"The 'Mountain Daisy' was composed, as the poet has related, at the plough. The field where he crushed the 'wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower' lies next to that in which he turned up the nest of the mouse; and both are on the farm of Mossgiel, and are still shown to anxious inquirers by the neighbouring peasantry."—CHAMBERS.

Mr. Currie justly says that "to extract out of an incident so common and seemingly so trivial, so fine a train of sentiment and imagery, is the surest proof, as well as the most brilliant triumph, of original genius."

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;

For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe to greet
The purple east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!

Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD OF AUCHINCRUIVE.

Burns enclosed the following verses in a letter to Dr. Moore, in which he thus narrates the occasion which called them forth:—"You probably knew Mrs. Oswald personally—an honour which I cannot boast; but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I know that she was detested with the most heartfelt cordiality. However, in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetic wrath, she was much less blamable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had put up at Bailie Whigham's, in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day; and just as my friend the bailie and I were bidding defiance to the storm over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late Mrs. Oswald, and poor I am forced to brave all the terrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse—my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus—twelve miles farther on, through the wildest moors and hills of Ayrshire, to New Cumnock, the next inn. The power of poesy and prose sunk under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say that, when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed Ode."

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

View the withered beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye—'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretched to save—
Hands that took, but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes—unpitied and unblest!
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends);
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate;
Doomed to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
Oh, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driven,
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heaven!

TO RUIN.

This is one of many poems in which Burns exhibits the picture of a mind under keen impressions of deep sorrow. "I have been thi morning," he observes, "taking a peep through, as Young finely says 'the dark postern of time long elapsed.' 'Twas a rueful prospect! Wha a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me o a ruined temple. What strength, what proportion, in some parts! Wha unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins, in others! I kneeled down before the Father of mercies, and said, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' I rose eased and strengthened."

All hail, inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimèd dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then lowering and pouring,
The storm no more I dread,
Though thickening and blackening
Round my devoted head.

And thou grim power, by life abhorred
While life a pleasure can afford,
O hear a wretch's prayer!
No more I shrink appalled, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face—
Enclaspèd and graspèd
Within thy cold embrace!

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

The "Address of Beelzebub" made its first appearance in the *Scots Magazine* for February 1818, printed from the manuscript of Burns, and headed thus: "To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd of May last, at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the society were informed by Mr. M—— of A——s, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigration from the lands of Mr. M'Donald of Glengarry to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing LIBERTY."

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,
Unscathed by hungered Highland boors!
Lord, grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
Faith, you and A——s were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight.
I doubt na they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water;
Then up amang thae lakes and seas
They 'll mak what rules and laws they please;
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin';
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery fearless lead them,
Till God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed.
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
May to patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier o'er the pack vile;
And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance,
To cowe the rebel generation,
And save the honour o' the nation?

They, and be ——! what right ha'e they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?
Far less to riches, power, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gi'e them?
But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear.
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gaylies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
And tirl the hallions to the birses;*
Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,
They 'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;
But smash them—crush them a' to spails,
And rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;
Let wark and hunger mak them sober!
The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,†
Let them in Drury Lane be lessoned!
And if the wives and dirty brats
Come thigging at your doors and yetts,
Flaffan wi' duds and gray wi' beas',
Frightin' awa' your deuks and geese,
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
And gar the tattered gipsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
And in my house at hame to greet you!
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han', assigned your seat,
'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate,—
Or if you on your station tarrow,
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't;
And till ye come—Your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

June 1, *Anno Mundi* 5790 [A.D. 1786].

* And strip the clowns to the skin.
† The girls, if they be at all handsome.

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, JAN. 1, 1787.

Miss Susan Logan was the "sentimental sister Susie" referred to in the author's "Epistle to Major Logan." Burns was greatly indebted to both for many pleasant hours in times of despondency.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven,
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you!

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

"'The Lament,'" says Gilbert Burns, "was composed on that unfortunate passage in his matrimonial history which I have mentioned in my letter to Mrs. Dunlop [alluding to his connection with Jean Armour]. After the first distraction of his feelings had subsided, that connection *could no longer be concealed*. Robert durst not engage with a family in his poor, unsettled state, but was anxious to shield his partner, by every means in his power, from the consequences of their imprudence. It was agreed, therefore, between them that they should make a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage, that he should go to Jamaica *to push his fortune*, and that she should remain with her father till it might please Providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power."

Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!—HOME.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines
While care-untroubled mortals sleep,

Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-markèd distant hill;
I joyless view thy trembling horn
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace?

No idly-feigned poetic pains
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith, the mutual flame,
The oft-attested powers above,
The promised Father's tender name,—
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptured moments flown!
How have I wished for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and hers alone!
And must I think it?—is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth;
Her way may lie through rough distress!
Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye wingèd hours that o'er us passed,
Enraptured more, the more enjoyed,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasured thoughts employed.
That breast how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Even every ray of hope destroyed,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn, that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe;
I see the hours in long array
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang and many a throe,
Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harassed out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves and tear-worn eye
Keep watchings with the nightly thief;
Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Even day, all bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway,
Oft has thy silent marking glance
Observed us, fondly wandering, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

O scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes never, never to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!

From every joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I 'll wander through;
And hopeless, comfortless, I 'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

The following lines were written by Burns when he was about to lea this country for Jamaica in 1786. They were placed in the hands a friend, to be read at the first Masonic meeting after he had left h native land.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me!
Our billie 's gi'en us a' a jink,*
An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye ranting core,
Wha dearly like a random splore;
Nae mair he 'll join the merry roar
In social key,
For now he 's ta'en anither shore,
An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' ee;
For weel I wat they 'll sairly miss him
That 's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble
That's owre the sea.

* Our brother has given us the slip.

Auld, cantie Kyle* may weepers† wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her laureate monie a year,
That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nor'-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So took a berth afore the mast,
And owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies‡ in a hammock,
And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding;
He dealt it free:
The muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
And hap him in a cozie biel;
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee;
He wad na wranged the vera de'il,
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Though owre the sea.

* Ayrshire. † A strip of white muslin on the cuffs of mourners.
‡ Wrapped his hams.

THE FAREWELL.

"These very touching stanzas," says Cunningham, "were compos in the autumn of 1786, when the prospects of the poet darkened, and looked towards the West Indies as a place of refuge, and perhaps hope. He alludes to every one who shared his affections—his moth his brother Gilbert, his illegitimate child Elizabeth, whom he consign to his brother's care, and for whose support he had appropriated t copyright of his poems, and to his friends Smith, Hamilton, and Aike but in nothing he ever wrote was his affection for Jean Armour m tenderly or more naturally displayed."

> The valiant in himself, what can he suffer?
> Or what does he regard his single woes?
> But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
> To dearer selves, to the loved, tender fair,
> To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
> To helpless children,—then, oh, then he feels
> The point of misery festering in his heart,
> And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
> Such, such am I—undone!
>
> THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleanora.*

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
Far dearer than the torrid plains
  Where rich ananas blow!
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
  My Jean's heartrending throe!
Farewell, my Bess! though thou 'rt bereft
  Of my parental care,
A faithful brother I have left,
  My part in him thou 'lt share!
    Adieu too, to you too,
      My Smith, my bosom frien';
    When kindly you mind me,
      O then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
From thee, my Jeannie, must I part!
  Thou, weeping, answerest "No!"
Alas! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace—
  I for thy sake must go!

Thee, Hamilton and Aiken dear,
A grateful, warm adieu!
I, with a much-indebted tear,
Shall still remember you!
All hail then, the gale then
Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
It rustles and whistles—
I'll never see thee more!

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

The bank-note on the back of which these characteristic lines were written is of the Bank of Scotland, and dated so far back as March 1, 1780.

Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I 've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy curst restriction.
I 've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil;
And for thy potence vainly wished,
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet auld Scotland more!

VERSES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS PRESENTED TO THE LADY.

Once fondly loved, and still remembered dear;
Sweet early object of my youthful vows!
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,—
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic's roar.

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF.

The following lines, which first appeared in the *Sun* newspape April 1823, appear to have been originally written on a leaf of a co of his poems presented to a friend.

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressin';
Remembrance oft may start a tear,
But oh! that tenderness forbear,
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene; but grief and care
In wildest fury hae made bare
My peace, my hope for ever!

You think I 'm glad; oh, I pay weel
For a' the joy I borrow,
In solitude—then, then I feel
I canna to myself conceal
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken;
A tear may wet thy laughin' ee,
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee,
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken!

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

"I think," says Burns, "it is one of the greatest pleasures attendi a poetic genius that we can give our woes, cares, joys, and loves embodied form in verse, which to me is ever immediate ease."

Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh :
O life, thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sickening scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Even when the wished end 's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward ;
Whilst I, a hope-abandoned wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gathered fruits,
Beside his crystal well !
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream ;

While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heaven on high,
As wandering, meandering,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed
Where never human footstep traced,
Less fit to play the part—
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art.
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh, enviable, early days,
When dancing, thoughtless, pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age!

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

This is, with the exception of one or two songs, the earliest of all th
poet's compositions. In his Memoranda he says: "Winter is my be

eason for devotion ; my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the ings of the wind.' In one of these seasons, just after a train of misortunes, I composed the following."

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw ;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw :
While tumbling brown the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae ;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast," *
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May ;
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here firm I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy will !
Then all I want (O do Thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign !

THE ORDINATION.

This satire was written on the admission of the Rev. Mr. Mackinlay s one of the ministers of the parochial church of Kilmarnock. He was good and venerable man, but disliked by Burns because he was one f the orthodox or Auld-Light preachers of the Church, to whom the poet as opposed. Mr. Mackinlay was highly esteemed, and on the com-

* Dr. Young.

pletion of the fiftieth year of his ministry, in 1836, the chief inhabitan of Kilmarnock entertained him at a public dinner.

"For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven;
To please the mob they hide the little given."

KILMARNOCK wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha' leather rax and draw,
Of a' denominations,
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's * in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam' in wi' Maggie Lauder; †
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
An' Russell sair misca'd her;
This day Mackinlay taks the flail,
An' he 's the boy will blaud her!
He 'll clap a shangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste and turn King David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gi'e us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:

* A tavern near the church kept by a person of this name.

† Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. Lindsay to the Laigh Kirk.—BURNS.

"Mr. Lindsay, ordained to the Laigh Kirk in 1764, was the first Moderate clergyman known in the place. He was supposed to have obtained the appointment through the interest of his wife, whose maiden name was Margaret Lauder, who had been housekeeper to the Earl of Glencairn, patron of the kirk; hence the scoffing ballad to which the poet refers. The general meaning of the stanza is, that Common Sense—in other words, Arminian doctrine—was introduced into the church of Kilmarnock by Mr. Lindsay; that Messrs. Oliphant and Russell, two zealous Calvinists, had often attacked her; but that now Mr. Mackinlay, the new intrant, was likely to effect her complete extrusion.—CHAMBERS.

This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her power,
And gloriously she 'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham* leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger;
Or Phineas† drove the murdering blade
Wi' wh–re-abhorring rigour;
Or Zipporah,‡ the scauldin' jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,—
That stipend is a carnal weed
He taks but for the fashion;
And gi'e him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial, rams that cross the breed,
Gi'e them sufficient threshin',
Spare them nae day.

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou 'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture 's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' runts o' grace, the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we 'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin':

* Gen. ix. 22. † Num. xxv. 8. ‡ Exod. iv. 25.

Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin';
Oh, rare to see our elbucks wheep,
An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day!

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shored the Kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick,* sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin:
Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin';
And, like a godly elect bairn,
He 's waled us out a true ane,
And sound, this day.

Now, Robertson,† harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they 'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton ‡ repair,
And turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie § and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones;
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons:
And aye he catched the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons;
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
She 's swingein' through the city;

* Rev. William Boyd, whose settlement at Fenwick was disputed.
† The colleague of the newly-ordained clergyman, and a Moderate.
‡ A part of the town of Kilmarnock.
§ The clergyman whom Mackinlay succeeded.

Hark, how the nine-tailed cat she plays!
I vow it 's unco pretty.
There Learning, with his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie*
Her plaint this day.

But there 's Morality himsel',
Embracing all opinions;
Hear how he gi'es the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin' onions!
Now there—they 're packèd aff to hell,
And banished our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come, bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
Mackinlay, Russell, are the boys
That Heresy can torture;
They 'll gi'e her on a rape a hoyse,
And cowe her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here 's for a conclusion,
"To every New-Light mother's son,†
From this time forth, Confusion!"
If mair they deave us with their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We 'll light a spunk, and, every skin,
We 'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

* The author of the "Essay on Truth," and who was supposed to side with the Moderates.

† New Light is a cant phrase, in the west of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.—BURNS.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. JAMES STEVEN,

On his text (Mal. iv. 2), "And they shall go forth, and grow up like CALVES of the stall."

The Rev. James Steven was at this time assistant to the Rev. Robe Dow of Ardrossan. In 1787 he was called to Crown Court Chape London; and in 1803 was presented to the parochial charge of Ki winning.

It was his fate, on Sunday, September 3, 1786, to preach in Mauchlir from the text which introduces this poem. "The poet," says Gilbe Burns, "had been with Mr. Hamilton in the morning (Sunday); wh being confined with the gout, could not accompany him, but sa jocularly to him, when he was going to church (in allusion to the i junction of some parents to their children), that he must be sure to brir him a note of the sermon at midday. This address to the reverer gentleman on his text was thus produced. Burns, who appears to ha been but little edified by the sermon, composed a rhyming satire on t minister from his own text, and repeated the same when he returned dinner. The verses are clever, but certainly too severe. The poet ha no personal dislike to his victim, and desired his lampoon might l looked upon merely as a poetic sally. The appellation of 'The Cal however, seems to have stuck to the preacher; for in one of the lette to Burns from his younger brother, who died in London, the followir passage occurs, dated 21st March 1790: 'We were at Covent Gard Chapel this afternoon, to hear "The Calf" preach. He is grown ve fat, and is as boisterous as ever.'"

RIGHT, Sir! your text I 'll prove it true,
Though heretics may laugh;
For instance, there 's yoursel' just now,
God knows, an unco *calf!*

And should some patron be so kind
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, sir, but then we 'll find
Ye 're still as great a *stirk.*

But if the lover's raptured hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, every heavenly power,
You e'er should be a *stot!*

Though, when some kind connubial dear
Your but-and-ben adorns,

The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of *horns!*

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the *nowte.*

And when ye're numbered wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous *bullock!*"

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

In this poem Burns gives expression in verse to the following reflections, which find a place in his prose memoranda:—"I have often experienced, in the course of my life, that every man, even the worst, has something good about him, though very often nothing else than a happy temperament of constitution, inclining him to this or that virtue. For this reason, no man can say in what degree any other person, besides himself, can be, with strict justice, called *wicked.* Let any one of the strictest character for regularity of conduct amongst us examine impartially how many vices he has never been guilty of, not from any care or vigilance, but from want of opportunity, or some accidental circumstance intervening; how many of the weaknesses of mankind he has escaped, because he was out of the line of such temptations; and how much he is indebted to the world's good opinion, because the world does not know all;—I say, any man who can thus think will scan the failings, nay the faults and crimes, of mankind around him with a brother's eye."

"My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither.
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May ha'e some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin."

SOLOMON, Eccles. vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,

Ye 've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebour's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer 's ebbing still,
An' still the clap plays clatter.

Here me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer;
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what 's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gi'es now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop.
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they 're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
Oh, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gi'e poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases:
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye 're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone;
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what 's resisted.

A DREAM.

"The merits of 'A Dream' are of a high order: the gaiety as well as the keenness of the satire, and the vehement rapidity of the verse, are not the only attractions. Even the prose introduction is sarcastic: the poet, on reading the Laureate's ode, fell asleep—a likely consequence, for the birthday strains of those times were something of the dullest."—CUNNINGHAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason;
But surely *Dreams* were ne'er indicted *Treason!*

On reading, in the public papers, the Laureate's "Ode,"* with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropped asleep than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee, and in his dreaming fancy made the following address.—BURNS.

* Thomas Warton then filled the office of poet-laureate.

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!
May Heaven augment your blisses,
On every new birthday ye see,
A humble bardie wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see
Amang the birthday dresses,
Sae fine this day.

I see ye 're complimented thrang
By monie a lord and lady;
"God save the King!" 's a cuckoo sang
That 's unco easy said aye.
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turned and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Even there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter,
There 's monie waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed.
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.*

* The poet here alludes to the loss of the North American colonies, and the restoration to Spain of the extensive territory of Louisiana.

Far be 't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation.
But, faith, I muckle doubt, my Sire,
Ye 've trusted ministration
To chaps wha in a barn or byre
Wad better fill their station
Than courts yon day.

And now ye 've gi'en auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester.
For me, thank God! my life 's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith, I fear that wi' the geese
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I 'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges
(An' Will 's a true guid fellow's get,
A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G–d-sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
An' boats this day.

Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
An' gi'e her for dissection!
But since I 'm here, I 'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty and subjection
This great birthday.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,

Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gi'es ye?
Thae bonnie bairntime Heaven has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I 'm tauld ye 're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,*
By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowt 's been known
To mak a noble aiver;
So ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clishmaclaver.
There, him† at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,‡
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg, §
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Although a ribbon at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, troth, ye 'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

* The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.
† King Henry the Fifth.—BURNS.
‡ Sir John Falstaff. (See Shakespeare.)—BURNS.
§ Osnaburg, or Osnabrück, a town in Hanover, gave the title of Bishop to George the Third's second son, Frederick, Duke of York.

Young royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,*
Ye 've lately come athwart her ;
A glorious galley,† stem an' stern,
Weel rigged for Venus' barter ;
But first hang out, that she 'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
An' large upo' her quarter
Come full that day.

Ye lastly, bonny blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heaven mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gi'e you lads a-plenty !
But sneer na British boys awa',
For kings are unco scant aye ;
An' German gentles are but sma',
They 're better just than want aye,
On onie day.

God bless you a' ! consider now,
Ye 're unco muckle dautet ;
But ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautet.
An' I ha'e seen their coggie fou,
That yet ha'e tarrow't at it ;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they ha'e clautet
Fu' clean that day.

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

Inscribed to JOHN BALLANTINE, Esq., Ayr.

Mr. Ballantine, to whom "The Brigs of Ayr" is inscribed, was a generous patron of Burns. He was Provost of Ayr when the "New Brig" was being erected, and the poet seized the opportunity to display his gratitude by inscribing the poem to him.

---

* William, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth.

† Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour. —BURNS.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough—
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn-bush;
The soaring lark, the perching redbreast shrill,
Or deep-toned plovers gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill—
Shall he, nursed in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steeled,
And trained to arms in stern Misfortune's field—
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some patron's generous care he trace,
Skilled in the secret to bestow with grace;
When Ballantine befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells;
The God-like bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
Potato-bings are snuggèd up fra skaith
Of coming winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumbered buds and flowers, delicious spoils,
Sealed up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doomed by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils smoored wi' brimstone reek;
The thundering guns are heard on every side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feathered field-mates, bound by Nature's tie.
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)

Nae mair the flower in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor—simplicity's reward—
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply pressed wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's* wheeled the left about
(Whether impelled by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wandered out he knew not where or why).
The drowsy Dungeon-clock† had numbered two,
And Wallace Tower‡ had sworn the fact was true;
The tide-swoln firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dashed hoarse along the shore:
All else was hushed as Nature's closèd ee;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree;
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently crusting o'er the glittering stream.

When lo! on either hand the listening Bard
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard:
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
Swift as the gos§ drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.

† A clock in a steeple connected with the old jail. The steeple was removed some years ago.

‡ The clock in the Wallace Tower. This tower, which formerly stood in the High Street, was an anomalous piece of antique masonry, surmounted by a spire.

§ The goshawk, or falcon.

(That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, spunkies, kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And even the very de'ils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appeared of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seemed as he wi' Time had warstled lang,
Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.*
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanced his new-come neebor took his ee,
And e'en a vexed and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid-e'en:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na', frien', ye 'll think ye 're nae sheepshank †
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
Though faith that day I doubt ye 'll never see—
There 'll be, if that date come, I 'll wad a boddle, ‡
Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor, narrow footpath of a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruined, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?
There 's men o' taste would tak the Ducat stream, §
Though they should cast the very sark and swim,

* Toughly obdurate, he endured a mighty blow.
† No worthless thing.
‡ Bet a doit.
§ A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puffed up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I 've stood the flood and tide;
And though wi' crazy eild I 'm sair forfairn,
I 'll be a brig when ye 're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal * draws his feeble source,
Aroused by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck,† down to the Ratton-key,‡
Auld Ayr is just one lengthened, tumbling sea;—
Then down ye 'll hurl, de'il nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies—
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The L—d be thankit that we 've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threatening jut, like precipices;
O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;

* The banks of Garpal Water—one of the few places in the west of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings known by the name of ghaists still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.—BURNS.

† The source of the river Ayr.

‡ A small landing-place above the large quay.

Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipped on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free;
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea!
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or cuifs of later times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid brugh denies protection,—
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remembered, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy proveses, an' mony a bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye;
Ye dainty deacons, an' ye douce conveeners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly councils wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly brethren of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers,—
A' ye douce folk I 've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do?
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degenerate race!
Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
Nae langer thrifty citizens, and douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country—
Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hained gear on d——d new brigs
and harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for, faith, ye 've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and clergy are a shot right kittle;
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' magistrates might weel be spared:
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal;
Nae mair the council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit—
Men wha grew wise priggin' owre hops an' raisins,
Or gathered liberal views in bonds and seisins.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shored them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for once betrayed them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stepped kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight
A fairy train appeared in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they featly danced,
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced;
They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet;
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
Oh, had M'Lauchlan,* thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When through his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage,
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares,—
How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,
And even his matchless hand with finer touch inspired!

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

No guess could tell what instrument appeared,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody poured moving on the heart

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable chief advanced in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crowned,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crowned with flowery hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid beaming eye;
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreathed with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleached locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next followed Courage* with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the towers of Stair;†
Learning and Worth‡ in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine, their long-loved abode;
Last, white-robed Peace, crowned with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death,—
At sight of whom our sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER.

In 1786 Professor Dugald Stewart, who then resided in a villa a few miles from Burns's farm, invited the poet to dine with him. "The first time I saw Robert Burns," says the professor, "was on the 23rd of

* The allusion here is to Captain Hugh Montgomery, whose seat of Coilsfield is situated on the Feal, a tributary of the Ayr.

† The poet alludes here to his early patroness, Mrs. Stewart of Stair. Stair was then in her possession. She afterwards removed to Afton Lodge, on the banks of the Afton, a stream which he afterwards celebrated in a song entitled "Afton Water."

‡ Professor Dugald Stewart.

October, 1786, when he dined at my house in Ayrshire. My excellent and much-lamented friend the late Basil, Lord Daer [son of the Earl of Selkirk], happened to arrive the same day, and by the kindness and frankness of his manners left an impression on the mind of the poet which was never effaced." Burns seems to have been a good deal put out at meeting with a real lord; but the result proved rather agreeable than otherwise.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
I dinnered wi' a lord.

I 've been at drucken writers' feasts—
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests
(Wi' reverence be it spoken);
I 've even joined the honoured jorum
When mighty squireships o' the quorum
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a lord!—stand out, my shin;
A lord—a peer—an earl's son!—
Up higher yet, my bonnet!
And sic a lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But O for Hogarth's magic power,
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glower,
And how he stared and stammered!
When goavin' as if led wi' branks,
And stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammered.

To meet good Stewart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes;
Thinks I, they are but men!
But Burns, my lord—guid G–d, I doited,
My knees on ane anither knoited,
As faultering I gaed ben!

I sidling sheltered in a nook,
And at his lordship steal't a look,
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
And (what surprised me) modesty,
I markèd nought uncommon.

I watched the symptoms o' the great—
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his lordship I shall learn
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel 's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care
To meet wi' noble, youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

Burns, writing to his friend William Chambers, says:—"I enclose you two poems, which I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck. 'Fair Burnet,' in the 'Address to Edinburgh,' is the heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter of Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once. There has not been anything nearly like her, in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the great Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence."

EDINA, Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honoured shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labour plies;

There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise:
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail,
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own His work indeed divine.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar;
The ponderous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes! had their royal home.
Alas, how changed the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild wandering roam!
Though rigid law cries out, 'Twas just.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
Even I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edina, Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honoured shade.

TO A HAGGIS.

The haggis is a dainty peculiar to Scotland, though it is said to be an adaptation of a French dish. It is made of the heart, liver, lights, etc., of a sheep or lamb, minced with suet, onions, oatmeal, highly seasoned, and boiled in the stomach of the same animal. In the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" (vol. i. p. 173) there is a graphic and humorous description of a monster haggis, which when cut ran over the plate and table, and flooded the apartment, to the horror of the Ettrick Shepherd and the astonishment of Christopher North.

"The joyous nationality of this poem," says Cunningham, "is but part of its merit. The haggis forms one of the most savoury morsels in Scottish cookery. Burns, it is said, once uttered something like this poem in prose, when called on to say grace where a haggis was on the board, and the applause which he obtained induced him to work it into verse."

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm;
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,

Your pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While through your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, oh, what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swalled kytes belyve†
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, maist like to ryve,
"Bethankit" hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassée wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect scunner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a withered rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
Oh, how unfit!

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed!
The trembling earth resounds his tread;
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

* Wooden skewer used to fix the opening in the bag, and by which it is lifted out and in to the vessel in which it is cooked.
† Till all their well-filled stomachs by-and-by.

Ye powers wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis!

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

Mr. Woods was a favourite actor in Edinburgh, and possessed some poetical talent. He was the friend of Robert Fergusson the poet, and was also well known by Burns.

WHEN by a generous public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted, honest fame;
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot,—
What breast so dead to heavenly virtue's glow,
But heaves impassioned with the grateful throe?
Poor is the task to please a barbarous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
But here an ancient nation famed afar
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, Caledonia! name for ever dear,
Before whose sons I 'm honoured to appear;
Where every science, every nobler art,
That can inform the mind or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Here History paints with elegance and force
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
And Harley* rouses all the god in man.
When well-formed taste and sparkling wit unite
With manly lore or female beauty bright

* Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling."

(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace
Can only charm us in the second place),
Witness, my heart, how oft with panting fear,
As on this night, I 've met these judges here!
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge—you 're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With Decency and Law beneath his feet;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name:
Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretched to shield the honoured land,
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire!
May every son be worthy of his sire!
Firm may she rise with generous disdain
At Tyranny's or direr Pleasure's chain!
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more!

NATURE'S LAW.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

These verses appear to have been written shortly after his "Bonny Jean" had presented him with twins.

"Great Nature spoke; observant man obeyed."—POPE.

LET other heroes boast their scars,
The marks of sturt and strife;
And other poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life:
Shame fa' the fun, wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber!
I sing his name and nobler fame
Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
"Go on, ye human race!

This lower world I you resign;
Be fruitful and increase.
The liquid fire of strong desire,
I 've poured it in each bosom;
Here, on this hand, does mankind stand,
And there is beauty's blossom!"

The hero of these artless strains,
A lowly bard was he,
Who sang his rhymes in Coila's plains,
With meikle mirth and glee;
Kind Nature's care had given his share
Large of the flaming current,
And all devout he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful high behest
Thrill vital through and through,
And sought a correspondent breast
To give obedience due.
Propitious Powers screened the young flowers
From mildews of abortion;
And lo! the bard—a great reward—
Has got a double portion!

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway
That gave another Burns,
With future rhymes and other times
To emulate his sire;
To sing auld Coil in nobler style,
With more poetic fire.

Ye powers of peace and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes;
And bless auld Coila, large and long,
With multiplying joys.
Lang may she stand to prop the land,
The flower of ancient nations;
And Burnses spring, her fame to sing
To endless generations!

VERSES

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ., BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms;
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung;
So Isabella's heart was formed,
And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief!

Dread Omnipotence alone
Can heal the wound He gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

Sir James Hunter Blair was a native of Ayr, and a member of the eminent banking house of Sir William Forbes and Co., Edinburgh.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howled through the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wandered by each cliff and dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train;*
Or mused where limpid streams, once hallowed, well,†
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred fane,—‡

Th' increasing blast roared round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-winged, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mixed her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow—
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I viewed;
Her form majestic drooped in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurled,
That like a deathful meteor gleamed afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretched to save,
Low lies the heart that swelled with honest pride.

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House. † St. Anthony's Well.
‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry,
The drooping Arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh!

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire,
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But ah, how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless Fate has laid their guardian low.

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"—
She said, and vanished with the sweeping blast.

TO MISS FERRIER.*

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

NAE heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus;
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks
For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
Made Homer deep their debtor;
But, gi'en the body half an ee,
Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
Down George's Street I stoited;
A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
My very senses doited.

* This lady was sister to the author of "The Inheritance," "Marriage," and "Destiny."

Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire;
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your ee—
She took the wing like fire!

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you;
And pray, in rhyme as weel as prose,
A' guid things may attend you.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
The palace, rising on its verdant side;
The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam—
* * * * *
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods!
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods.
* * * * *
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;

Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Emboldened thus, I beg you 'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumpin' glowrin' trouts,
That through my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I 'm scorching up so shallow,
They 're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry.
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shored me;

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.—BURNS.

But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, although I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He 'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You 'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir;
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flowers;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat
From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,

Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty, idle care;
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain gray;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs and ashes cool
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed.
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honoured native land!
So may, through Albion's farthest ken
To social flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH NESS.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The foaming Fyers pours his mossy floods;

Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where through a shapeless breach his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * *

ON SCARING SOME WATERFOWL IN LOCH TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMID THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud, usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,

In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels;
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays
Far from human haunts and ways,
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

CASTLE GORDON.

These lines were written after Burns's too brief visit to Gordon Castle in 1787. He wrote them down as he hurried on to the south, and enclosed them to James Hoy, librarian to the Duke of Gordon. The duchess guessed them to be written by Dr. Beattie; and on learning they were by Burns, she regretted that they were not in the Scottish language.

STREAMS that glide in Orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains!
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commixed with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands,—
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil,—
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns, and rules the whole;
In that sober, pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood:
Life's poor day I 'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonnie Castle Gordon.

TO MISS CRUICKSHANK,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

This young lady, the subject of the following beautiful lines, was the daughter of Mr. Cruickshank, St. James' Square, Edinburgh, with whom the poet resided during one of his visits to the metropolis. She is also the heroine of the song entitled, "A Rosebud by my early Walk."

BEAUTEOUS rosebud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' poisonous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!

Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER.

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, had published in 1759 "An Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots." It was an elegant and elaborate defence of that unfortunate queen, and reached a fourth edition. The poet had frequent intercourse with Mr. Tytler.

REVERÉD defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected—
A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Though something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,
Still more if that wanderer were royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry;
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine—
Their title 's avowed by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem?
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But, loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground;
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ. OF ARNISTON,

LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION. DIED 1787.

In a letter to Dr. Geddes, the poet narrates the welcome this Elegy received from the person to whom it was sent, and the author's feelings in consequence:—"The following Elegy has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound of my pride will not suffer me to correct or even peruse it. I sent a copy, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man, the theme of the piece, by the hands of one of the noblest men in God's world—Alexander Wood, surgeon; when, behold, his solicitorship took no more notice of my poem or me than I had been a strolling fiddler, who had made free with his lady's name over a silly new reel! Did the gentleman imagine that I looked for any dirty gratuity?"

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
Down foam the rivulets, red with dashing rains;
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
Unheard, unseen by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
Where, to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear—
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and swayed her rod;
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
She sank, abandoned to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men;
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry.

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong;
Hark! injured Want recounts th' unlistened tale,
And much-wronged misery pours the unpitied wail.

Ye dark waste hills and brown unsightly plains,
To you I sing my grief-inspirèd strains;
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign;
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure—
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE, ON NITH-SIDE.

Burns thought so highly of these lines that he wrote out many copies, and sent them to his friends. The first version was written in June, and the second in December, 1788. Friars' Carse, near Ellisland, was the seat of the poet's friend Captain Riddel, a noted antiquarian. The Hermitage, in which the following lines were written, was beautifully situated in a wood on the estate, and its interior was fitted up for the accommodation of visitors. It was a favourite resort of Burns, who had permission to wander at will within the grounds of the demesne. The first six lines were inscribed with a diamond on a pane of glass in the Hermitage.

FIRST VERSION.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul:—

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Day, how rapid in its flight—
Day, how few must see the night!
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor-gleam,
Fame, a restless, idle dream;
Peace, the tenderest flower of spring;
Pleasures, insects on the wing.
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepared,
Guard wherever thou canst guard;
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care;

Keep the name of Man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art:
Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy trust, and thy example too!

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quoth the beadsman of Nith-side.

SECOND VERSION.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul:—

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure, with her siren air,
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait;
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold;
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;

As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought
On all thou 'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, Man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Wast thou cottager or king?
Peer or peasant?—no such thing!
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven
To virtue or to vice is given.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep—
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake;
Night, where dawn shall never break;
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quoth the beadsman of Nith-side.

TO CLARINDA.

ON THE POET'S LEAVING EDINBURGH.

Among the many fair ladies who won the admiration of Burns, there was no one more beautiful and accomplished than Clarinda, to whom, under the name of Sylvander, he addressed a great deal of prose and

verse. Her maiden name was Agnes Craig, the daughter of a highly-respected surgeon in Glasgow. When Burns made her acquaintance in Edinburgh, she was the wife of a Mr. M'Lehose, from whom, however, she had been separated through no fault on her part. She seems to have entertained a sincere affection for the poet, which he at first warmly reciprocated; but he afterwards forgot her, to her great regret and mortification.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measured time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary Pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie,
Deprived of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy?

We part—but, by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes,
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

TO CLARINDA.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES.

FAIR empress of the poet's soul,
And queen of poetesses,—
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of humankind!"

"To those who love us!"—second fill,
But not to those whom *we* love,

Lest we love those who love not us!
A third—"To thee and me, love!"

Long may we live! long may we love!
And long may we be happy!
And may we never want a glass
Well charged with generous nappy!

TO CLARINDA.

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face
My heart was blithe and gay,
Free as the wind, or feathered race
That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,
Clarinda proves unkind;
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
When I the fair have found;
On every tree appear my verses
That to her praise resound.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
My faithful love disdains,
My vows and tears her scorn excite—
Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray
I envy your success,
Yet love to friendship shall give way—
I cannot wish it less.

TO CLARINDA.

"I BURN, I burn, as when through ripened corn,
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!"
Now raving wild, I curse that fatal night,
Now bless the hour which charmed my guilty sight.

In vain the laws their feeble force oppose;
Chained at his feet they groan, Love's vanquished foes:
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye;
I dare not combat, but I turn and fly:
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallowed fire;
Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire:
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone:
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields.

By all on high adoring mortals know!
By all the conscious villain fears below!
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear—
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

The poet says:—"'A Mother's Lament' was composed partly with a view to Mrs. Ferguson of Craigdarroch, and partly to the worthy patroness of my early, unknown muse, Mrs. Stewart of Afton."

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonoured laid;
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravished young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I 've feared thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast;
Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

A SKETCH.

"Truly has the ploughman bard described the natures of those illustrious rivals, Fox and Pitt, under the similitude of the 'birdie cocks.' Nor will the allusion to the 'handcuffed, muzzled, half-shackled regent' be lost on those who remember the alarm into which the nation was thrown by the king's illness."—CUNNINGHAM.

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn;
E'en let them die—for that they're born!
But, oh! prodigious to reflec'!
A towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire 's tint a head,
And my auld teethless Bawtie 's dead;
The tulzie 's sair 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither 's something dour o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er clawed a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
And cry till ye be hearse and roopit,
For Eighty-eight he wished you weel,
And gied you a' baith gear and meal;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursel's, for little feck!

Ye bonny lasses, dight your een,
For some o' you ha'e tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye 'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.

Observe the very nowte and sheep,
How dowf and dowie now they creep;

Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
For Embrugh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou 's but a bairn,
And no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now hast got thy daddy's chair;
Nae handcuffed, muzzled, half-shackled regent,
But, like himsel', a full, free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

Jan. 1, 1789.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL OF GLENRIDDEL.

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER CONTAINING CRITICISMS ON THE POET'S WORKS.

The newspaper referred to contained some severe strictures on the poet's works.

YOUR news and review, sir, I 've read through and through, sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, sir;
But of meet or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I 'll boldly pronounce they are none, sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestowed on your servant, the poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, sir, should know it!

ELLISLAND, *Monday Evening.*

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Burns, in one of his journeys as exciseman, arrived at Wanlockhead on a winter day when the roads were covered with ice, and felt the necessity

of having his horse's shoes sharpened. The smith, who was very busy at the time, refused to "frost" the shoes of the poet's mare; but at last relented, on the intercession of a Mr. Taylor, to whom the poet had written requesting his help in the matter. It is said that ever afterwards the smith was wont to say "he had never been weel paid but ance, and that was by the poet, who paid him in money, paid him in drink, and paid him in verse."

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty caulker.*

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack:
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
I'll pay you like my master.

RAMAGE'S, 3 *o'clock.* ROBERT BURNS.

SKETCH.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop the poet says: "I have a poetic whim in my head, which I at present dedicate, or rather inscribe, to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; but how long that fancy may last, I cannot say. A few of the first lines I have just rough-sketched as follows:"—

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
How genius, the illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—

* A nail put into a shoe to prevent the foot from slipping in frosty weather.

I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I; let the critics go whistle.

But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits,
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man? for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he 's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like the old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours;
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him?
Pull the string—ruling passion the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have missed him;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe.
Have you found this, or t'other? there 's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you 'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature called Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you 've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a Muse,
Whose rhymes you 'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to peruse.

Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels?
My much-honoured patron, believe your poor poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it.
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle:
He 'll have them by fair trade—if not, he will smuggle.
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em;
He 'd up the back stairs, and, by G–d, he would steal 'em!
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em.
It is not outdo him; the task is out-thieve him!

VERSES

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

Writing to Mr. Alexander Cunningham on the 4th May, 1789, the poet says:—"I have just put the last hand to a little poem, which I think will be something to your taste. One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass seed, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came crippling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed, there is something in this business of destroying, for our sport, individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue."

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest—
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I 'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

DELIA.

AN ODE.

This ode was sent to the *Star* newspaper with the following characteristic note :—

"MR. PRINTER,—If the productions of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same paper with the other favourites of the Muses who illuminate the *Star* with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifle will be succeeded by future communications from yours, etc., ROBERT BURNS.

"ELLISLAND, near DUMFRIES, *May* 18, 1789."

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of opening rose ;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamoured busy-bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip ;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-browned Arab's lip.

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !
Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss !
For, oh ! my soul is parched with love !

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

My curse upon thy venomed stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And through my lugs gi'es mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes,
Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases—
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle;
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,

Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick,
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's toothache!

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

A SATIRE.

Lockhart gives the following account of the circumstances which led to the production of this poem:—"M'Gill and Dalrymple, the two ministers of the town of Ayr, had long been suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions on several points, particularly the doctrines of Original Sin and the Trinity; and the former at length published an essay which was considered as demanding the notice of the church courts. More than a year was spent in the discussion which arose out of this; and at last Dr. M'Gill was fain to acknowledge his errors, and promise that he would take an early opportunity of apologizing for them to his congregation from the pulpit—which promise, however, he never performed. The gentry of the county, for the most part, took the side of M'Gill, who was a man of cold, unpopular manners, but of unreproached moral character, and possessed of some accomplishments, though certainly not of distinguished talents. The bulk of the lower orders espoused, with far more fervid zeal, the cause of those who conducted the prosecution against this erring doctor. Gavin Hamilton, and all persons of his stamp, were of course on the side of M'Gill; Auld and the Mauchline elders with his enemies. Robert Aiken, a writer in Ayr, a man of remarkable talents, particularly in public speaking, had the principal management of M'Gill's case before the Presbytery and the Synod. He was an intimate friend of Hamilton, and through him had, about this time, formed an acquaintance which soon ripened into a warm friendship with Burns. The latter was therefore from the beginning a zealous, as in the end he was perhaps the most effective, partisan of the side on which Aiken had staked so much of his reputation."

ORTHODOX, orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There 's a heretic blast
Has been blawn i' the wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Doctor Mac,* Doctor Mac,
Ye should stretch on a rack,

* Dr. M'Gill.

To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense,
Upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
Provost John* is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And orator Bob† is its ruin.

D'rymple mild,‡ D'rymple mild,
Though your heart 's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye;
Auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three 's ane an' twa.

Rumble John,§ Rumble John,
Mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy crammed;
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like aidle,
And roar every note of the damned.

Simper James,‖ Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames—
There 's a holier chase in your view;
I 'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye 'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there 's but few.

* John Ballantine, Esq., Provost of Ayr, to whom "The Twa Brigs" is dedicated.

† Mr. Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, to whom "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is inscribed. He defended Dr. M'Gill in the Presbytery and in the Synod.

‡ The Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple, senior minister of the Collegiate Church of Ayr, a man of extraordinary meekness and worth.

§ The Rev. John Russell, celebrated in "The Holy Fair."

‖ The Rev. James Mackinlay, the hero of "The Ordination."

Singet Sawney,* Singet Sawney,
Are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what evil await!
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,† Daddy Auld,
There 's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;‡
Though ye can do little skaith,
Ye 'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite, ye can bark.

Davie Bluster,§ Davie Bluster,
If for a saunt ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits;
Yet to worth let 's be just—
Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose,‖ Jamie Goose,
Ye ha'e made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the doctor 's your mark,
For the L—d's haly ark;
He has coopered and ca'd a wrang pin in 't.

Poet Willie,¶ Poet Willie,
Gi'e the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your "Liberty's chain" and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side
Ye ne'er laid a stride—
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he ——.

* The Rev. Alexander Moodie, Riccarton, one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds."

† The Rev. Mr. Auld, Mauchline.

‡ Mr. Gavin Hamilton, who was a thorn in the flesh to Mr. Auld.

§ Mr. Grant, Ochiltree.

‖ Mr. Young, Cumnock.

¶ The Rev. Dr. Peebles, Newton-upon-Ayr, the author of a poem on the centenary of the Revolution, to which the poet alludes in the phrase "Liberty's chain."

Andro Gouk,* Andro Gouk,
Ye may slander the book,
And the book nane the waur, let me tell ye:
Though ye 're rich, and look big,
Yet lay by hat and wig,
And ye 'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,† Barr Steenie,
What mean ye, what mean ye?
If ye 'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e some pretence
To havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine side,‡ Irvine side,
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
O' manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye 've the figure, 'tis true,
Even your faes will allow,
And your friends they daur grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,§ Muirland Jock,
When the L—d makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit,
There 's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,‖ Holy Will,
There was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfered the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant,
When ye 're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

* Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton.

† Rev. Stephen Young, Barr.

‡ Rev. George Smith, Galston, whom the poet praises in "The Holy Fair" as friendly to Common Sense.

§ Mr. John Shepherd, Muirkirk.

‖ The elder in Mauchline, William Fisher, whom Burns so often satirized. See "Holy Willie's Prayer."

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
Seize your spiritual guns—
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff,
Will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your Muse is a gipsie,
E'en though she were tipsie,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

In the second version the poet adds the following postscript:—

Afton's Laird,* Afton's Laird,
When your pen can be spared,
A copy o' this I bequeath,
On the same sicker score
I mentioned before,
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

Captain Grose, the subject of this humorous poem, was an enthusiastic antiquary, and a lover of good company. He met Burns for the first time at the hospitable board of Captain Riddel of Friars' Carse. The poet was much struck with the remarkable corpulency of the antiquary, and the poetic feeling with which he spoke of old friends. Grose was the author of several well-known treatises on antiquities. Among these were the "Antiquities of England and Wales," and the "Antiquities of Scotland." He visited Ireland in 1791, for the purpose of executing a similar antiquarian work for that country; but shortly after his arrival in Dublin he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died in his fifty-second year.

---

* John Logan, Esq., of Afton.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk* to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chiel 's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That 's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.†

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin',‡
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It 's ten to ane ye 'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' de'ils, they say, L—d save 's! colleaguin',
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches,—
Ye 'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

It 's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he 's quat the spurtle blade,
And dogskin wallet,
And ta'en the—antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets—
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,§

* An inversion of the name Kirkmaiden, Wigtownshire, the most southerly parish in Scotland.

† Alluding to his abilities as a draughtsman.

‡ See his "Antiquities of Scotland."

§ See his "Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons."—BURNS.

Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguishèd the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he 'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philabeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He 'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gully.

But wad ye see him in his glee—
For meikle glee and fun has he—
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye 'll see him!

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose,
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I 'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

Burns having collected some antiquarian and legendary material concerning the ruins in Kyle, sent it to Captain Grose, under cover to Mr. Cardonell, a brother antiquary. The poet could not forego this opportunity of poking further fun at the captain, and accordingly scribbled

the following lines on the envelope to Cardonell. The latter read them wherever he went, much to Grose's mortification and the amusement of his friends. The verses are an imitation of the ancient ballad of "Sir John Malcolm."

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago,
If he 's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north?
Igo and ago,
Or drownèd in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo and ago,
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo and ago,
As for the de'il, he daurna steer him!
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosèd letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

SKETCH—NEW-YEAR'S DAY [1790].

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

On the original MS. of these lines the poet wrote as follows:—"On second thoughts I send you this extempore blotted sketch. It is just the first random scrawl; but if you think the piece worth while, I shall retouch it, and finish it. Though I have no copy of it, my memory serves me."

THIS day, Time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again;
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow
Adjust the unimpaired machine,
To wheel the equal dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's* with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's† care to day,
And blooming Keith's‡ engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a-moralizing?
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever!"
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amused with proverbed lore,
Add to our date one minute more?

* Major, afterwards General, Andrew Dunlop, Mrs. Dunlop's second son. He died in the West Indies in 1804.

† Miss Rachel Dunlop, who afterwards married Robert Glasgow, Esq.

‡ Miss Keith Dunlop, the youngest daughter.

A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust;
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes; all such reasonings are amiss.
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone—
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.
Since, then, my honoured first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us the important *Now* employ,
And live as those who never die.

Though you, with days and honours crowned,
Witness that filial circle round
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale Envy to convulse),
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER.

"This fragment," says Burns to Dugald Stewart, "I have not shown to man living till I now send it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketching."

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets:
A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
Learned *Vive la bagatelle! et Vive l'amour!*
So travelled monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies' love.

Much specious lore, but little understood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY EVENING [1790].

Burns, writing to his brother Gilbert, says:—"We have gotten a set of very decent players here just now. I have seen them an evening or two. David Campbell, in Ayr, wrote to me by the manager of the company, a Mr. Sutherland, who is a man of apparent worth. On New-Year's Day I gave him the following prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause."

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's the pity:
Though, by-the-bye, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home.
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story.
The sage grave ancient coughed, and bade me say,
"You 're one year older this important day."
If wiser, too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That though some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;

That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least, in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you 'll mind the important—Now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.
For our sincere, though haply weak, endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

This prologue was accompanied with the following letter to Mr. Sutherland, the manager of the Dumfries Theatre :—

"*Monday Morning.*

"I was much disappointed in wanting your most agreeable company yesterday. However, I heartily pray for good weather next Sunday; and whatever aerial being has the guidance of the elements, he may take any other half-dozen of Sundays he pleases, and clothe them with—

"Vapours, and clouds, and storms,
Until he terrify himself
At combustion of his own raising.

I shall see you on Wednesday forenoon. In the greatest hurry,—R. B."

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gi'e us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he needna toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;

There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the Muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce—
How here, even here, he first unsheathed the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrenched his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish queen!
Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman—
A woman (though the phrase may seem uncivil)
As able and as cruel as the devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age;
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye ha'e generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test
Wink hard, and say the folks ha'e done their best;—
Would a' the land do this, then I 'll be caution
Ye 'll soon ha'e poets of the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back!
For us and for our stage should ony spier,
"Wha's aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here?"
My best leg foremost, I 'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you!

We 're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But, like good mithers, shore before ye strike.
And gratefu' still I hope ye 'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We 've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks;
God help us! we 're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

TO THE OWL.

There is some doubt as to the authenticity of this poem. It is more in the style of Gray or Collins than in that of Burns.

Sad bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?
Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
Threatening to nip the verdure of thy bower?

Is it, sad owl, that Autumn strips the shade,
And leaves thee here, unsheltered and forlorn?
Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade?
Or friendless melancholy bids thee mourn?

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feathered train,
To tell thy sorrows to the unheeding gloom;
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner! I will bless thy strain,
And pleased in sorrow listen to thy song;
Sing on, sad mourner! to the night complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less when down the glowing cheek
Sad, piteous tears in native sorrows fall?
Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break?
Less happy he who lists to pity's call?

Ah no, sad owl! nor is thy voice less sweet
That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there;
That Spring's gay notes, unskilled, thou canst repeat;
That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair.

Nor that the treble songsters of the day
Are quite estranged, sad bird of night, from thee;
Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray
When darkness calls thee from thy reverie—

From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,
While the gray walls and desert solitudes
Return each note, responsive to the gloom
Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods.

There hooting, I will list more pleased to thee
Than ever lover to the nightingale;
Or drooping wretch, oppressed with misery,
Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

VERSES

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.*

Ye holy walls, that, still sublime,
Resist the crumbling touch of time,
How strongly still your form displays
The piety of ancient days!
As through your ruins, hoar and gray—
Ruins yet beauteous in decay—
The silvery moonbeams trembling fly,
The forms of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high.
Even now, as lost in thought profound
I view the solemn scene around,
And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
The past returns, the present flies;
Again the dome, in pristine pride,
Lifts high its roof and arches wide,
That, knit with curious tracery,
Each Gothic ornament display.

* These beautiful ruins are on the banks of the river Cluden, not far from the town of Dumfries. The abbey was founded in the time of Malcolm the Fourth, King of Scotland, by one of the lords of Galloway.

The high-arched windows, painted fair,
Show many a saint and martyr there.
As on their slender forms I gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze!
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seek in prayer the midnight fane.
And, hark! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around?
'Tis the soft-chanted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong;
Till, thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die;
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear;
Each worldly thought a while forbear,
And mutter forth a half-formed prayer.
But as I gaze the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern gales;
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene 's decayed.
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale;
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home these aisles and arches high;
The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
Is drowned amid the mournful scream
That breaks the magic of my dream!
Roused by the sound, I start and see
The ruined sad reality!

VERSES TO MY BED.

THOU bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature—*man!*
And when again the fates decree
The place where I must cease to be;
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
To soothe my pain, or close mine eye;
When cares surround me, where I weep,
Or lose them all in balmy sleep;
When sore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort;
Where, too, ecstatic joys I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind,
And full of love, in all her charms,
Thou giv'st the fair one to my arms.
The centre thou, where grief and pain,
Disease and rest, alternate reign.
Oh, since within thy little space
So many various scenes take place,
Lessons as useful shalt thou teach,
As sages dictate, churchmen preach;
And man, convinced by thee alone,
This great important truth shall own:—
That thin partitions do divide
The bounds where good and ill reside;
That nought is perfect here below,
But bliss still bord'ring upon woe.

STANZAS ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

On being rallied for frequently satirizing persons unworthy of his notice, and the Duke of Queensberry being cited as an instance of higher game, Burns instantly penned the following bitter lines in reply:—

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story?

His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
The very name of Douglas blasted—
His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt.
Follies and crimes have stained the name;
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that 's good exempt.

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON.

Peg Nicholson—so named from the virago who attempted the life of George III.—was a "good bay mare" belonging to a friend of the poet, Mr. William Nicol, who lent her to Burns. The poet enclosed the following verses in a letter to his friend, with a long account of the mare, who had died while in his keeping.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare
As ever trode on airn;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And rode through thick and thin;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And wanting e'en the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And the priest he rode her sair;
And much oppressed and bruised she was,
As priest-rid cattle are, etc., etc.

LINES

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND sir, I 've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me 'twas really new!
How guessed ye, sir, what maist I wanted?
This mony a day I 've grained and gaunted
To ken what French mischief was brewin',
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
If Denmark, anybody spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss;
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court, kept up the game:
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How Daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How cesses, stents, and fees were raxed,
Or if bare a——s yet were taxed;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,*
And no a perfect kintra cooser.

* At all more sober.

A' this and mair I never heard of,
And but for you I might despaired of.
So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray a' guid things may attend you.

ELLISLAND, *Monday Morning*, 1790.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

"The 'Elegy on Captain Henderson' is a tribute to the memory of a man I loved much.....He was a retired soldier, of agreeable manners and upright character, who had a lodging in Carrubber's Close, Edinburgh, and mingled with the best society of the city; he dined regularly at Fortune's Tavern, and was a member of the Capillaire Club, which was composed of all who inclined to the witty and the joyous."—BURNS.

Should the poor be flattered?—SHAKESPEARE.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun—
A matchless, heavenly light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie *
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He 's gane, he 's gane! he 's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled.

Ye hills! near neibors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!

* A blacksmith's shop—hence the appropriateness of its use in the present instance.

Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where Echo slumbers!
Come, join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin' through the glade,
Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood—
He 's gane for ever.

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;

And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains;
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear;
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
For him that 's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he 's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man—the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?

And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another
The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,
Thou man of worth,
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger!—my story 's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief—
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurned at Fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast—
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart—
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man,
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—
For Matthew was a kin' man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man,
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin' sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot—
For Matthew was a rare man.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Gilbert Burns gives the following account of the origin of this poem, the most popular of the poet's works, and his own favourite piece :—"When my father feued his little property near Alloway Kirk, the wall of the churchyard had gone to ruin, and cattle had free liberty of pasture in it. My father and two or three neighbours joined in an application to the town council of Ayr, who were superiors of the adjoining land, for liberty to rebuild it, and raised by subscription a sum for enclosing this ancient cemetery with a wall : hence he came to consider it as his burial-place, and we learned that reverence for it people generally have for the burial-place of their ancestors. My brother was living in Ellisland, when Captain Grose, on his peregrinations through Scotland, stayed some time at Carse House, in the neighbourhood, with Captain Robert Riddel, of Glenriddel, a particular friend of my brother's. The antiquary and the poet were 'unco pack and thick thegither.' Robert requested of Captain Grose, when he should come to Ayrshire, that he would make a drawing of Alloway Kirk, as it was the burial-place of his father, and where he himself had a sort of claim to lay down his bones when they should be no longer serviceable to him ; and added, by way of encouragement, that it was the scene of many a good story of witches and apparitions, of which he knew the captain was very fond. The captain agreed to the request, provided the poet would furnish a witch-story, to be printed along with it. 'Tam o' Shanter' was produced on this occasion, and was first published in 'Grose's Antiquities of Scotland.'"

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;

While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,*
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses).
O Tam, hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder† wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean‡ till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.§

* The original of 'Tam o' Shanter' was a farmer of the name of Douglas Grahame. Shanter is a farm near Kirkoswald, which Grahame long held. He was indeed the drunken, careless being the poet depicts him.

† Grain sent to the mill to be ground. Every time he carried the corn to the mill he sat to drink with the miller.

‡ Jean Kennedy, a public-house keeper at Kirkoswald. The village where the parish church stands is usually called Kirkton (Kirk-town) in Scotland.

§ A ruined church about two miles from Ayr. The walls are well preserved, and the bell still hangs at the east end. It is a very small building, however, and the visitor cannot but be struck with the idea that the witches must have had a very narrow stage for their revels.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-night
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time nor tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane—
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;

And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night, a child might understand,
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire—
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling storm roars through the woods,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll,
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst mak us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquabae we 'll face the devil!

The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,*
Fair play, he cared na de'ils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight—
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large;
To gi'e them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl!
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note, upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;†

* The ale so wrought in Tammie's head.

† In the original MS. the following four lines were here given:—

> "Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
> Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout;
> And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
> Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk."

They were omitted, however, at the suggestion of Mr. Tytler of Woodhouselee.

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,*
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen,†—
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad ha'e gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams old and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,‡
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie:
"There was ae winsome wench and walie,"§
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear);
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.

* Till each old beldam smoked with sweat.
† Manufacturers' term for linen woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.
‡ Jumping and capering on a staff.
§ Allan Ramsay.

Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power:
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowered, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud,—
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah Tam, ah Tam, thou 'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane * o' the brig;†

* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—BURNS.

† The Auld Brig of Doon, a fine old arch, of very durable workmanship. It is now only used by foot passengers.

There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys owre dear;
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

"The mother was the daughter of the poet's friend Mrs. Dunlop. She and the little floweret are often alluded to in the poet's letters to that lady. Miss Susan Dunlop had married a French gentleman of good birth and fortune, of the name of Henri. They lived at Loudoun Castle in Ayrshire, where, on June 29, 1790, M. Henri was cut off by a cold, caught in consequence of exposure to wet. His son and heir, born in the subsequent November, was the subject of the following fine verses."—CHAMBERS.

SWEET Floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane would thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill on thy lovely form;

And gane, alas! the sheltering tree
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the Friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourished, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn;
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unsheltered and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscathed by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

Miss Burnet was the second daughter of the eccentric Lord Monboddo. She was one of the most beautiful women of her time, and died of consumption when only twenty-five years old. The poet alludes to her in the "Address to Edinburgh."

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumphed in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore;

Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
  Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immixed with reedy fens;
  Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
  To you I fly—ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,
  Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
  And not a Muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
  And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
  Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
  That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care!
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
  So from it ravished, leaves it bleak and bare.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

This Lament is said to have been written for Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, daughter of the Earl of Nithsdale, who had requested a poem on the woes of Queen Mary. Lady Winifred rewarded the poet with the present of a valuable snuff-box, with a portrait of Queen Mary on the lid. Burns was justly proud of this poem, and in a letter to Mrs. Graham of Fintry, enclosing a copy of it, he says:—"Whether it is that the story of our Mary, Queen of Scots, has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have, in the enclosed ballad, succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not, but it has pleased me beyond any other effort of my Muse for a good while past."

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
  On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
  Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
  And glads the azure skies;

But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I ha'e been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I 'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying ee.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;

And may those pleasures gild thy reign
  That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
  Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
  Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
  Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
  Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
  Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
  Bloom on my peaceful grave!

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

James Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, was a generous friend and patron of Burns. By his early death the last hope of the poet of obtaining a "pension, post, and place" in his native land perished for ever. Burns enclosed the Lament in a letter to Lady Elizabeth Cunningham, the sister of the earl, in which he says:—"My heart glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his lordship's goodness. The sables I did myself the honour to wear to his lordship's memory were not the 'mockery of woe.' Nor shall my gratitude perish with me. If among my children I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honour, and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn."

"In this poem," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "we have a beautiful instance of how sweetly and sincerely Burns wrote from the heart. Love, kindness, and gratitude were congenial to his nature: he lived and breathed in them. In the last stanza the poet shows how closely he could approach the genuine simplicity and touching pathos of our early song."

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
  By fits the sun's departing beam
Looked on the fading yellow woods
  That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
  Laden with years and meikle pain,

In loud lament bewailed his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He leaned him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years.
His locks were bleachèd white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touched his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting through their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scattered birds that faintly sing
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay
Again ye 'll charm the ear and ee;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending, aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

"I 've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs),
My noble master lies in clay;

The flower amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp—
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low, barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air;
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

"Oh, why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen gray with time?
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?
Why did I live to see that day—
A day to me so full of woe?
Oh, had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I 'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD OF WHITEFOORD, BART., WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valuedst, I the patron loved;
His worth, his honour, all the world approved;
We 'll mourn till we, too, go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

The poet had been invited by the Earl of Buchan to be present at the coronation of Thomson's bust on Ednam Hill. He, however, could not attend, but sent instead the following Address.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between;

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed;

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows;—

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

VERSES

TO JOHN MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

John Maxwell of Terraughty and Munshes, the subject of the following lines, was an eccentric but able man. He loved to meet with Burns. Not that he cared much for his poetry, but he was struck with his knowledge of human nature, and pleased with his keen and piercing remarks.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' veteran chief!
Health, aye unsoured by care or grief:
Inspired, I turned Fate's sibyl leaf
This natal morn;
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthened days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teethed harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure!

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lasses bonny,
May couthie Fortune, kind and canny,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blithe and evenings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the de'il he daurna steer ye;
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye;
For me, shame fa' me,
If niest my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me!

ON SENSIBILITY.

Burns one day received a letter from his "dear and much-honoured friend" Mrs. Dunlop, of which some of the sentiments pleased him so much that he penned the following verses and sent them to her.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

When these lines were written, the public mind was in a highly feverish condition; the infection of the French Revolution was in the air. Nothing was talked of but moral and political regeneration—the Rights of

Men and the Rights of Women being advocated with great vehemence by their respective supporters. The poet, availing himself of the ruling sentiment of the time, made Miss Fontenelle claim protection, decorum, and admiration for and towards tender, helpless woman. In sending the Prologue to the actress, he says:—"Will the enclosed lines be of any service to you on your approaching benefit night? If they will, I shall be prouder of my muse than ever. To you, Madam, on our humble Dumfries boards, I have been more indebted for entertainment than ever I was in prouder theatres. Your charms as a woman would ensure applause to the most indifferent actress, and your theatrical talents would secure admiration to the plainest figure."

WHILE Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man,—
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is Protection.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward the impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here—is Caution;
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He 'd die before he 'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
There was, indeed, in far less polished days,
A time when rough, rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.*

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear Admiration!

* An ironical allusion to the saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt.

In that blest sphere alone we live and move,
There taste that life of life—immortal Love.
Smiles, glances, signs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares?
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! *ça ira!* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET *naïveté* of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art,
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou 'dst act a part.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

"Miss Jessy Lewars," says Cunningham, "watched over the poet and his little household during his declining days with all the affectionate reverence of a daughter. For this she has received the silent thanks of all who admire the genius of Burns, or look with sorrow on his setting sun. She has received more—the undying thanks of the poet himself. His songs to her honour, and his simple gifts of books and verse, will keep her name and fame long in the world."

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer,
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage

Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare.
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend the Bard.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content, with light, unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care!
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee
I 'll share.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ. OF GLENRIDDEL.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more!
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul;
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddel lies

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier;
The man of worth, who has not left his peer,
Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Gilbert Burns, in his edition of his brother's works, expresses doubts as to the authenticity of this poem. Allan Cunningham, however, had no doubt of its being Burns's; and Alexander Smith says: "Few readers, we fancy, can have any doubt on the matter. Burns is unquestionably the author. The whole poem is full of lines which are 'like autographs,' and the four closing stanzas are in the poet's best manner." It was found by Dr. Currie among the papers of the poet, and is in his own handwriting.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserved!
In chase o' thee what crowds ha'e swerved
Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
'Mang heaps o' clavers!
And och! owre aft thy joes ha'e starved,
Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage,
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Æschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
Horatian fame;

In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And, wi' the far-famed Grecian, share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane—a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!*
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou 's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream through myrtle twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;

* Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd."

Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

POEM ON LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES, 1796.

Arentz de Peyster was colonel of the Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries, of which corps Burns was a member. In the American War he had distinguished himself by his successful defence of Detroit against the united forces of Indians and colonials. He made some kind inquiries after the poet's health, which led to the following reply.

My honoured Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart ha'e I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill
And potion glasses.

Oh, what a canty warld were it
Would pain and care and sickness spare it,
And Fortune favour worth and merit
As they deserve!
(And aye a rowth o' roast beef and claret;
Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her,
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Aye wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that cursed carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrans by a ratton,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lassies rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft.

Poor man, the fly, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie, in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! amen!

A VISION.*

"This poem, an imperfect copy of which was printed in 'Johnson's Museum,' is here given from the Poet's MS. with his last corrections. The scenery so finely described is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cluden, or Clouden, and by the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, in the reign of Malcolm IV., of whose present situation the reader may find some account in Pennant's 'Tour in Scotland,' or Grose's Antiquities of that division of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with aerial beings. Though

* This is the second poem suggested by the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, near Dumfries.

this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive its being omitted. Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of 'Libertie,' perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be questioned whether, even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation."—CURRIE.

As I stood by yon roofless tower
Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air,
Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care,

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din,
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And by the moonbeam shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.*

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—LIBERTIE!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;

* Variation—

Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia reared;
When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appeared.

But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wailed his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.*

"No poet," says Cunningham, "ever emblazoned fact with fiction more happily than Burns. The hero of this poem was a country sportsman, who loved curling on the ice in winter, and shooting over the moors in the season. When no longer able to march over hill and hag in quest of

'Paitricks, teals, moor-pouts, and pliver's,'

he loved to lie on the lang-settle, and listen to the deeds of others on field and flood; and when a good tale was told, he would cry, 'Hech, man! three at a shot! that was famous!' Some one having informed Tam that Burns had written a poem—'a gey queer ane'—concerning him, he sent for the bard, and, in something like wrath, requested to hear it. He smiled grimly at the relation of his exploits, and then cried out, 'I'm no dead yet, Robin—I'm worth ten dead folk: wherefore should ye say that I am dead?' Burns took the hint, retired to the window for a minute or so, and, coming back, recited the 'Per Contra,'—

'Go, Fame, and canter like a filly,'—

with which Tam was so delighted that he rose unconsciously, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, 'That 'll do—ha! ha!—that 'll do!' He survived the poet, and the 'Epitaph' is inscribed on his gravestone in the churchyard of Kilmarnock."

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the de'il?
Or great Mackinlay † thrawn his heel?
Or Robertson ‡ again grown weel,
To preach and read?

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields;" and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.—BURNS.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. See "The Ordination," stanza ii.—BURNS.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also "The Ordination," stanza ix.—BURNS.

"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
And sigh, and sab, and greet her lane,
And cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
In mourning weed;
To Death she's dearly paid the kane—
Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in waefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel
Like ony bead;
Death's gi'en the lodge an unco devel—
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock;
When to the lochs the curlers flock
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock?—
Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore;
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time o' need;
But now he lags on Death's hog-score—
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately salmon sail,
And trouts bedropped wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenned for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie moorcocks, crousely craw;
Ye mawkins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withouten dread;

Your mortal fae is now awa'—
Tam Samson 's dead!

That waefu' morn be ever mourned
Saw him in shootin' graith adorned,
While pointers round impatient burned,
Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er returned—
Tam Samson 's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ankles fetters;
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin', clatters,
"Tam Samson 's dead!"

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
And aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
"Tam Samson 's dead!"

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reeled his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aimed heed;
"L—d, five!" he cried, and owre did stagger—
Tam Samson 's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourned a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoaned a father:
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
"Tam Samson 's dead!"

There low he lies in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' moorfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch and breed;

Alas! nae mair he 'll them molest—
Tam Samson 's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his memory crave
O' pouther and lead,
Till Echo answer, frae her cave,
"Tam Samson 's dead!"

Heaven rest his saul, whare'er he be!
Is the wish o' mony mae than me;
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social honest man want we—
Tam Samson 's dead!

EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies;
Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye 'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly
Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie,*
Tell every social, honest billie
To cease his grievin',
For yet, unskaithed by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson 's leevin'!

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

The following lines were written on the death of a little daughter of the poet's. She died suddenly while he was absent from home, and he was thus unable to pay her the last sad duties of a father.

Oh, sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever;

* Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the west. The town was Kilmarnock.—Burns.

For ever—oh, no! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
Ere the Spoiler had nipt thee in blossom;
When thou shrunk from the scowl of the loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh, still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath,
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
And sigh for his life's latest morrow.

REMORSE.

A FRAGMENT.

The following lines are from an early commonplace-book of the poet, and probably relate to the consequences of his first serious error.

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or ring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"

But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse;
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps, where we 've involvèd others—
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us;
Nay, more, that very love the cause of ruin!
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs,
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
O happy, happy, enviable man!
O glorious magnanimity of soul!

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

Sent by Burns to Mrs. Dunlop. The poet says of it: "I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty. You know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus:"—

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death,
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.

Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage?

Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
  Crushing the despot's proudest bearing—
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
  Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
One quenched in darkness, like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

BRUCE.

A FRAGMENT.

His royal visage seamed with many a scar,
That Caledonian reared his martial form,
Who led the tyrant-quelling war,
Where Bannockburn's ensanguined flood
Swelled with mingling hostile blood,
Soon Edward's myriads struck with deep dismay,
And Scotia's troop of brothers win their way
(Oh, glorious deed to bay a tyrant's band!
Oh, heavenly joy to free our native land!),
While high their mighty chief poured on the doubling storm.

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.*

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired!
  How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired!
  How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
  From friendship and dearest affection removed;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,—
  Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
  So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:

* Mrs. Riddel, with whom Burns was not at the time on speaking terms.

But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We 'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We 'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We 'll sculpture the marble, we 'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

VERSES

TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY, WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives;
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among,
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE.

"The enclosed stanzas," says the poet, in a letter to his patron, the Earl of Glencairn, "I intended to write below a picture or profile of your lordship, could I have been so happy as to procure one with anything of a likeness."

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous princely mien
E'en rooted foes admire?

Stranger, to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand whose vernal tints
His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern;
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye—
It dwells upon Glencairn!

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.*

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way
The fumes of wine infuriate send
(Not moony madness more astray)—
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

* Mr. Riddel, at whose table Burns, after drinking too much, had spoken of royalty, the army, etc., with a sarcastic vehemence offensive to many. This apology was accepted by his kind host, and the current of their friendship ran smooth as before.

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part.
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive—
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart?
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.*

As on the banks o' wandering Nith
Ae smiling simmer morn I strayed,
And traced its bonny howes and haughs
Where linties sang and lambkins played,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When, from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sughs the boding wind
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave—
"And came ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might ha'e seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

"When glinting through the trees appeared
The wee white cot aboon the mill,

* The Duke of Queensberry cut down these woods, as well as those of Neidpath, in Peeblesshire, to enrich his daughter, the Countess of Yarmouth, by their sale.

And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
That slowly curlèd up the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its branchy shelter 's lost and gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
Has twined ye o' your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has stripped the cleeding o' your braes?
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was 't the wil'-fire scorched their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin' blast," the sprite replied;
"It blew na here sae fierce and fell;
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man!" the genius sighed,
As through the cliffs he sank him down—
"The worm that gnawed my bonny trees,
That reptile wears a ducal crown!"

TO CHLORIS.

Chloris, to whom these verses are addressed, and who inspired a number of the poet's songs, was Miss Jean Lorimer, of Craigieburn Wood, near Moffat. She was unfortunate in her married life; for only a few months after her marriage to an officer of the name of Whelpdale, she was compelled to leave him in consequence of his misconduct. After her separation, she resided in Dumfries, where she often met Burns, and seems to have inspired him with esteem and admiration.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu

(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms),
To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower);

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind:
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine, friendship's truest heart;

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where Ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And Cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling Vowels to account.

First entered A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deformed, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head looked backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, Ai!

Reluctant E stalked in; with piteous race
The jostling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next, the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.

The cobwebbed Gothic dome resounded, Y!
In sullen vengeance, I disdained reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knocked the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension entered O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
Th' inquisitor of Spain the most expert
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
So grim, deformed, with horrors entering, U
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutched him fast;
In helpless infants' tears he dipped his right,
Baptized him Eu, and kicked him from his sight.

THE HERMIT.

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD IN THE HERMITAGE BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD OF ABERFELDY.

This poem was brought to light by Mr. Peter Buchan, Aberdeen, himself a poet, and was first published in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of the poet's works. It is considered authentic.

WHOE'ER thou art these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear;
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding,
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours;
Free-willed I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers
That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest-powers,
In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrusted;
I saw that Honour's sword was rusted;
That few for aught but folly lusted;
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing;
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
My simple food;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot than e'er I felt before in
A palace, and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn, with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh,—

"Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire—
To God I fly."

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marred thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer;
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care;

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh, how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

POEM

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

Burns died a few months after writing these lines. But Mr. Mitchell, who was a sincere friend of the poet, and had helped him on several occasions, was not aware at this time of his distress.

FRIEND of the poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake! the meikle de'il
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin' jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I 'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loaning
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye 've heard this while how I 've been licket,
And by fell Death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turned a neuk.

But by that health, I 've got a share o 't,
And by that life, I 'm promised mair o 't,
My hale and weel I 'll tak a care o 't
A tentier way:
Then farewell, folly, hide and hair o 't,
For ance and aye!

TO A KISS.

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss!

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day!

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join,
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine?

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, DEC. 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

Burns, writing to Mrs. Dunlop, says:—"We have had a brilliant theatre here this season; only, as all other business does, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country—*want of cash*. I mention our theatre merely to lug in an Occasional Address which I wrote for the benefit night of one of the actresses."

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
A prologue, epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So sought a poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my prologue business slyly hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause and sentimental tears?
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more; askance the creature eyeing,
"D'ye think," said I, "this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant, gloomy Master Poet!"

Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fixed belief
That Misery's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doomed to that sorest task of man alive,
To make three guineas do the work of five;
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say you'll be merry, though you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:

Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that 's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we 're merry, may we still be wise.

THE TOAST.

This toast was given by Burns at a dinner of the Dumfries Gentlemen Volunteers, held on the anniversary of Rodney's victory, April 12, 1782. He was called upon for a song, but gave the following toast instead.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I 'll give you a toast—
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost!
That we lost, did I say? nay, by heaven, that we found;
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.

The next in succession, I 'll give you—The King!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!
And here 's the grand fabric, Our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And longer with politics not to be crammed,
Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damned;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

A TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

This fragment is one of the earliest productions of Burns. He thus speaks of it, in one of his manuscripts, printed in "Cromek's Reliques:"—"In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the tragic muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy, forsooth; but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my further progress. In those days I never wrote down anything; so, except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The above, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character—great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villanies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself, as in the words of the fragment:"—

All devil as I am, a damnèd wretch,
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere though unavailing sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you—
Ye whom the seeming good think sin to pity;
Ye poor, despised, abandoned vagabonds,
Whom vice, as usual, has turned o'er to ruin.
Oh, but for kind though ill-requited friends,
I had been driven forth like you, forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!
O injured God! Thy goodness has endowed me
With talents passing most of my compeers,
Which I in just proportion have abused,
As far surpassing other common villains
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more.

THE TARBOLTON LASSES.

In the two following poems the poet gives a list of the eligible damsels in his neighbourhood. According to Chambers, Gilbert Burns had made advances to one of the damsels at the Bennals, but had been rejected. The poet hints that he himself was not insusceptible to their charms, but was too proud to venture a rebuff.

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
Ye 'll there see bonny Peggy;
She kens her faither is a laird,
And she forsooth 's a leddy.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune—
Wha canna win her in a night,
Has little art in courting.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
And tak a look o' Mysie;

She 's dour and din, a de'il within,
But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
Ye 'll maybe fancy Jenny ;
If ye 'll dispense wi' want o' sense—
She kens hersel' she 's bonny.

As ye gae up by yon hillside,
Speer in for bonnie Bessy ;
She 'll gi'e ye a beck, and bid ye licht,
And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid,
In a' King George' dominion ;
If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
It's Bessie's ain opinion.

THE RONALDS.

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man ;
But ken ye the Ronalds, that live in the Bennals?
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father 's a laird, and weel he can spare 't,
Braid money to tocher them a', man ;
To proper young men he 'll clink in the han'
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There 's ane they ca' Jean, I 'll warrant ye 've seen
As bonnie a lass or as braw, man ;
But for sense and guid taste she 'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man ;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa', man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man;
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa', man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed
For mair than a towmond or twa, man;
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,*
If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man;
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa', man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa', man,
The fault wad be mine if they didna shine
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel', but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man;
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor ha'e 't in her power to say na, man;
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach 's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man,
I can haud up my head with the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man,
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

* Die, and be stretched on a board.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new.
Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man,
A ten-shilling hat, a Holland cravat ;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
To leave me a hundred or twa, man ;
Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o' money,
Or claughtin 't together at a', man ;
I 've little to spend, and naething to lend,
But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

* * * * * *

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

"When I consider his tender affection for the surviving members of his own family, and the reverence with which he ever regarded the memory of the father whom he had so recently buried, I cannot believe that Burns has recorded in verse all the feelings which this exposure excited in his bosom. 'To wave' (in his own language) 'the quantum of the sin,' he who, two years afterwards, wrote the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' had not, we may be sure, hardened his heart to the thought of bringing additional sorrow and unexpected shame to the fireside of a widowed mother. But his false pride recoiled from letting his jovial associates guess how little he was able to drown the whispers of the *still, small voice ;* and the fermenting bitterness of a mind ill at ease within itself escaped (as may be too often traced in the history of satirists) in the shape of angry sarcasms against others, who, whatever their private errors might be, had at least done him no wrong."—LOCKHART.

The subject of these verses was the Poet's illegitimate daughter, whom, in "The Inventory," he styles his

"Sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess."

She grew up, was married, and had a family. Her death was thus announced in the *Scots Magazine*, December 8, 1817:—"Died, Elizabeth Burns, wife of Mr. John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, near Whitburn. She was the daughter of the celebrated Robert Burns, and the subject of some of his most beautiful lines."

THOU'S welcome, wean ! mishanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,

Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta, or daddy.

Wee image of my bonny Betty,
I fatherly will kiss and daut thee,
As dear and near my heart I set thee
Wi' as guid will,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee
That's out o' hell.

What though they ca' me fornicator,
And tease my name in kintra clatter:
The mair they talk I 'm kenned the better—
E'en let them clash!
An auld wife's tongue 's a feckless matter
To gi'e ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
My funny toil is now a' tint,
Sin' thou came to the world asklent,
Which fools may scoff at;
In my last plack thy part 's be in 't—
The better half o 't.

And if thou be what I would ha'e thee,
And tak the counsel I shall gi'e thee,
A lovin' father I 'll be to thee,
If thou be spared:
Through a' thy childish years I 'll ee thee,
And think 't weel wared.

Guid grant that thou may aye inherit
Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failin's—
'Twill please me mair to hear and see 't,
Than stockit mailins.

WILLIE CHALMERS.

"Mr. W. Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his dulcinea. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows."—BURNS.

MADAM,

Wi' braw new branks, in mickle pride,
And eke a braw new brechan,
My Pegasus I 'm got astride,
And up Parnassus pechin';
Whiles owre a bush, wi' downward crush,
The doited beastie stammers;
Then up he gets, and off he sets,
For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
May cost a pair o' blushes;
I am nae stranger to your fame,
Nor his warm-urgèd wishes.
Your bonny face, sae mild and sweet,
His honest heart enamours,
And, faith, ye 'll no be lost a whit,
Though waired on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye 're fair,
And Honour safely back her,
And Modesty assume your air,
And ne'er a ane mistak her:
And sic twa love-inspiring een
Might fire even holy palmers;
Nae wonder then they 've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na Fortune may you shore
Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie,
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And band upon his breastie:
But oh! what signifies to you
His lexicons and grammars:

The feeling heart 's the royal blue,
And that 's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', glowrin' country laird
May warsle for your favour;
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
And hoast up some palaver.
My bonny maid, before ye wed
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the bard! my fond regard
For ane that shares my bosom
Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues,
For deil a hair I roose him.
May powers aboon unite you soon,
And fructify your amours,
And every year come in mair dear
To you and Willie Chalmers.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

This poem was first printed in Mr. Robert Chambers's People's Edition of the works of Burns, and was taken from a MS. in the poet's handwriting belonging to Mr. James Duncan, Mosesfield, near Glasgow.

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France—
I watna what 's the name o 't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o 't.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man aboon the brute,
It maks him ken himsel', man.

Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He 's greater than a lord, man,
An' wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
To gi'e the sweetest blush o' health,
An' mak us a' content, man.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Maks high an' low gude friends, man;
An' he wha acts the traitor's part
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
An' stawed a branch, spite o' the de'il,
Frae yont the western waves, man.
Fair Virtue watered it wi' care,
An' now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds an' blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin 's banned the tree,
An' grat to see it thrive, man.
King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man;
For this the watchman cracked his crown,
Cut aff his head an' a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime;
I wat they pledged their faith, man.
Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
An' wished they 'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man;
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane an' a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran—her foes gi'ed chase,
An' banged the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar an' her pine, man;
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
An' o'er her neighbours shine, man.
But seek the forest round an' round,
An' soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree can not be found
'Twixt London an' the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake, this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man;
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife;
Nae real joys we know, man.
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
An' a' the comfort we 're to get
Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man;
The sword would help to mak a plough,
The din o' war wad cease, man.
Like brethren in a common cause,
We 'd on each other smile, man;
An' equal rights, an' equal laws,
Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
I 'd gi'e my shoon frae aff my feet
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.

Syne let us pray auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
An' blythe we 'll sing, an' hail the day
That gave us liberty, man.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

In the Commonplace Book of Burns, the following melancholy note accompanies this Prayer:—"There was a certain period of my life that my spirit was broken by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed this Prayer."

O THOU great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know;
Yet sure I am that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design,
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE HAS DECEIVED ME.

"The following was written extempore, under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether. It was just at the close of that dreadful period mentioned already (in Commonplace Book, March 1784); and though the weather has brightened up a little with me since, yet there has always been a tempest brewing round me in the grim sky of futurity, which I pretty plainly see will, some time or other, perhaps ere long, overwhelm me, and drive me into some doleful dell, to pine in solitary, squalid wretchedness."—BURNS.

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived me,
She promised fair and performed but ill;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereaved me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence as far 's I 'm able,
But if success I must never find,
Then come, Misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I 'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Of this beautiful epitaph, which Burns wrote for himself, Wordsworth says:—"Here is a sincere and solemn avowal—a public declaration from his own will—a confession at once devout, poetical, and human—a history in the shape of a prophecy! What more was required of the biographer than to have put his seal to the writing, testifying that the foreboding had been realized, and the record was authentic!"

Is there a whim-inspirèd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among
That weekly this area throng?
Oh, pass not by!

But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name!

Reader, attend! Whether thy soul
Soars Fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

Davie Sillar, to whom this Epistle was addressed, was a native of Tarbolton, and a poet and scholar. He was originally a schoolmaster, and afterwards a magistrate, at Irvine, and had published a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect, some of which showed considerable talent. This Epistle was among the earliest of Burns's productions, and is interesting as having suggested the first idea of publication to the poet. "It was, I think," says Gilbert Burns, "in the summer of 1784, when, in the interval of harder labour, Robert and I were weeding in the garden, that he repeated to me the principal part of this epistle. I believe the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion. I was much pleased with the epistle, and said to him I was of opinion it would bear being printed, and that it would be well received by people of taste; that I thought it at least equal, if not superior, to many of Allan Ramsay's epistles, and that the merit of these, and much other Scottish poetry, seemed to consist principally in the knack of the expression; but here there was a strain of interesting sentiment, and the Scotticism of the language scarcely seemed affected, but appeared to be the natural language of the poet; that, besides, there was certainly some novelty in a poet pointing out the consolations that were in store for him when he should go a-begging. Robert seemed well pleased with my criticism."

January, 1785.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
  And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
  In hamely westlin' jingle.*
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
  Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
  That live sae bien an' snug:

* In homely, west-country dialect.

I tent less, and want less,
Their roomy fireside,
But hanker and canker
To see their cursed pride.

It 's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shared ;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't.
But, Davie lad, ne'er fash your head,
Though we ha'e little gear,
We 're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang 's we 're hale and fier :
" Mair spier na, nor fear na," *
Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;
The last o 't, the warst o 't,
Is only but to beg.†

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress !
Yet then content could make us blest ;
E'en then, sometimes, we 'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that 's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile :
And mind still, you 'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma' ;
Nae mair then we 'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What though, like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either house or hall ?

* Allan Ramsay. " More ask not, nor fear not."

† Burns often alludes to the fear of being reduced to this dire strait, and contemplates it here with gloomy yet manly firmness.

Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We 'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne rhyme till 't, we 'll time till 't,
And sing 't when we ha'e done.

It 's no in titles nor in rank,
It 's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It 's no in making muckle mair,
It 's no in books, it 's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness ha'e not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye 's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through wet an' dry
Wi' never-ceasing toil,—
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that 's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless and fearless
Of either heaven or hell!
Esteeming and deeming
It 's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less
By pining at our state;
And even should misfortunes come,
I here wha sit ha'e met wi' some,
An 's thankfu' for them yet.
They gi'e the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
Ye 'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flattery I detest),
This life has joys for you and I,
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
And joys the very best.
There 's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien';
Ye ha'e your Meg,* your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name;
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!

O all ye powers who rule above!
O Thou whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming through my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,

* Sillar's sweetheart was a lass named Margaret Orr, nursemaid to Mrs. Stewart of Stair. It was not the fortune of "Meg," however, to become Mrs. Sillar.

Her dear idea brings relief
  And solace to my breast.
    Thou Being, all-seeing,
      O hear my fervent prayer;
    Still take her, and make her
      Thy most peculiar care!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
  The sympathetic glow;
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
  Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend
  In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
  A tie more tender still.
    It lightens, it brightens
      The tenebrific scene,
    To meet with and greet with
      My Davie or my Jean.

Oh, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin', rank and file,
  Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
  Were glowrin' owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp
  Till ance he 's fairly het,
And then he 'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
  An' rin an unco fit;
    But lest then the beast then
      Should rue this hasty ride,
    I 'll 'light now, and dight now
      His sweaty, wizened hide.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.*

AULD NEIBOR,

I 'M three times doubly o'er your debtor
For your auld-farrant friendly letter;
Though I maun say 't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair,
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld gray hairs

But, Davie lad, I 'm rede ye 're glaikit;
I 'm tauld the Muse ye ha'e negleckit;
An' gif it 's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I 'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin' the words to gar them clink;
Whyles dazed wi' love, whyles dazed wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons;
An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink,
The devil haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think.

* This epistle is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, which were published in Kilmarnock, in the year 1789.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
An' while ought 's there,
Then hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it 's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at work or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Though rough an' raploch be her measure,
She 's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
But for the Muse, she 'll never leave ye,
Though e'er sae puir,
Na, even though limpin' wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

John Lapraik, to whom this and two other epistles are addressed, was a rustic follower of the Muses. His beautiful song, "When I upon thy bosom lean," is well known. Burns describes him as "that very worthy and facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble the Ayr Bank."

April 1, 1785.

While briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' paitricks scraichin' loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin' seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',*
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun an' jokin',
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin'
At sang about.

There was ae sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thirled the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.†

I 've scarce heard ought describe sae weel
What generous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?"
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin' fain to hear 't,
And sae about him there I spier't,
Then a' that kent him round declared
He had ingine;
That nane excelled it, few came near 't,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he 'd made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Though I should pawn my pleugh and graith,

* In former times young women were wont to meet together in the winter evenings, each with her distaff or "rock," for the purpose of spinning, while song and gossip went round. These meetings were called "rockings."

† "When I upon thy bosom lean."

Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke back,
A pint an' gill I 'd gi'e them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Though rude an' rough;
Yet crooning to a body's sel'
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' ha'e to learning nae pretence;
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?"
But, by your leave, my learned foes,
Ye 're may be wrang.

What 's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest Nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye 'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gi'e me a spark o' Nature's fire—
That 's a' the learning I desire;

Then though I drudge through dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

Oh, for a spunk o' Allan's glee,*
Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye ha'e friends enow,
Though real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fu',
I 'se no insist;
But gif ye want ae friend that 's true,
I 'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel';
As ill I like my fau'ts to tell;
But friends, an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Though I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There 's ae wee fau't they whyles lay to me,—
I like the lasses—Gude forgi'e me!
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair;
May be some ither thing they gi'e me
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We 'se gi'e ae night's discharge to care
If we forgather.
An' ha'e a swap o' rhymin' ware
Wi' ane anither.

* Allan Ramsay.

The four-gill chap we 'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin' water;
Syne we 'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith, we 'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

There 's naething like the honest nappy!
Whar 'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft, and sappy,
'Tween morn and morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappy
In glass or horn?

I 've seen me dazed upon a time,
I scarce could wink, or see a styme.
Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime,
Aught less is little;
Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
As gleg 's a whittle! *

Awa', ye selfish war'ly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,
E'en love and friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear you crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
"Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle.
As my auld pen 's worn to the grissle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

* As keen as a knife.

SECOND EPISTLE TO LAPRAIK.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I 'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out owre the rigs,
Or dealin' through amang the naigs,
Their ten-hours' bite,
My awkwart muse sair pleads and begs
I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeezled hizzie,*
She 's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we 've been sae busy
This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad.
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jad!
I 'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Though mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye 'll neglect to shaw your parts,
An' thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink:

* The heedless and exhausted jade.

Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl—but whether
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,*
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.†

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Though Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp:
She's but a bitch.

She's gi'en me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, though I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envý the city gent,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,‡
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A bailie's name?

* That is, the poetical production might resemble a soup made of all sorts of vegetables, the Scotch for which is hotch-potch.
† Scotticism for extemporaneous.
‡ Behind a counter to lie and leer.

Or is 't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffled sark and glancin' cane,
Wha thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
As by he walks?

O Thou wha gi'es us each guid gift!
Gi'e me o' wit an' sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift
Through Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride!

Were this the charter of our state,
"On pain o' hell be rich an' great,"
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n! that 's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
An' none but he!"

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers of the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Though here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcass howl,
The forest's fright,
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
Each passing year.

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON, OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

William Simpson was the schoolmaster of the parish of Ochiltree, and afterwards of New Cumnock. He was very successful as a teacher, and was, besides, a poet of no mean degree. According to Mr. Chambers, Simpson, on reading Burns's "Twa Herds," sent a rhymed epistle to the poet, which called forth this beautiful Epistle in reply.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Though I maun say 't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
Your flatterin' strain.

But I 'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
On my poor musie;
Though in sic phrasin' terms ye 've penned it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,*
Should I but dare a hope to speel
Wi' Allan or wi' Gilbertfiel',†
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

* A creel is literally a basket. When a person's wits are thought to be wool-gathering, he is said to be "in a creel."

† William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, a forgotten poet, and a contemporary of Allan Ramsay's.

(O Fergusson, thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stowed his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gi'e my heart a screed,
As whyles they 're like to be my dead,
(Oh, sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gi'es me ease.

Auld Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She 's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style;
She lay like some unkenned-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We 'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

* The district of Kyle.

We 'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree,* as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,†
Or glorious dy'd.

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

E'en winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Darkening the day!

O Nature, a' thy shows an' forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;

* Bore the palm—was victorious over.
† Over shoes in blood.

Oh, sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang!

The war'ly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, and strive;
Let me fair Nature's face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither!"
We 've been owre lang unkenned to ither;*
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal;
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes,
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies,†
While terra firma on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory 's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this New Light,‡
'Bout which our herds sae aft ha'e been
Maist like to fight.§

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gi'e,

* Too long unknown to each other.
† Sheep which die of disease and are the herdsmen's perquisites.
‡ See note to "The Ordination," stanza xiv.
§ An allusion to "The Twa Herds."

But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times they thought the moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewing,
And shortly after she was done
They gat a new one.

This passed for certain—undisputed;
It ne'er cam' i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, well learned upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turned a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins comin' to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was denied, it was affirmed;
The herds an' hirsels were alarmed;
The reverend grey-beards raved an' stormed
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were informed
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hanged and brunt.

This game was played in monie lands,
And Auld-Light caddies bure sic hands
That, faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks;

The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But New-Light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruined stick and stowe,
Till now amaist on every knowe
Ye 'll find ane placed;
An' some their New Light fair avow
Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are bleatin',
Their zealous herds are vexed an' sweatin';
Mysel', I 've even seen them greetin'
Wi' girnin' spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the loons!
Some Auld-Light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the moons,
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gi'e them;
An' when the auld moon 's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they 'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the New-Light billies see them,
I think they 'll crouch!

Sae ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a "moonshine matter;"
But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

Regarding the circumstances referred to in this Epistle, Lockhart ys:—"He was compelled, according to the then almost universal stom of rural parishes in Scotland, to do penance in church, before the ngregation, in consequence of the birth of an illegitimate child; and hatever may be thought of the propriety of such exhibitions, there n be no difference of opinion as to the culpable levity with which he scribes the nature of his offence, and the still more reprehensible bitter- ss with which, in this Epistle, he inveighs against the clergyman, who, rebuking him, only performed what was a regular part of the clerical aty, and a part of it that could never have been at all agreeable to the orthy man whom he satirizes under the appellation of Daddie Auld."

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,*
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams † an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin'
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye ha'e sae mony cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou; ‡
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants
Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, oh, dinna tear it!
Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black!
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives 't aff their back.

* John Rankine, of Adamhill, near Tarbolton.

† A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the ountry-side.—BURNS.

‡ A minister or elder (some say Holy Willie), calling upon Mr. Ran- ine, was said to have partaken of so much toddy in his house as to end y tumbling dead-drunk on the floor.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye 're skaithing;
It 's just the blue-gown badge an' claithing *
O' saunts: tak that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

I 've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargained for an' mair;
Sae when ye ha'e an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang,† ye 'll sen 't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Though, faith, sma' heart ha'e I to sing!
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing;
I 've played mysel' a bonnie spring,
An' danced my fill;
I 'd better gaen an' saired the king
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a paitrick to the grun,
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for 't;
But, de'il ma care!
Somebody tells the poacher court
The hale affair.

Some auld-used hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;

* An allusion to the dress of the privileged beggars, or gaberlunzie men, who wore a blue dress, and were well known in Scotland as "Blue Gowns." The order was instituted by James the Fifth, the royal "Gaberlunzie Man."

† A song he had promised to the author.

I was suspected for the plot;
I scorned to lie,
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my powther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon 's the clockin' time is by,
An' the wee pouts begin to cry,
L—d, I 'se ha'e sportin' by-an'-by
For my gowd guinea,
Though I should herd the buckskin kye
For 't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame,
Scarce through the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim
And thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad 's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But pennyworths again is fair,
When time 's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
Yours most obedient.

THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK.

Sept. 13, 1785.

Guid speed an' furder to you, Johnny,
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonny;
Now when ye 're nickan down fu' canny
The staff o' bread,

May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like drivin' wrack;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack.

I 'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
But bitter, daudin' showers ha'e wat it,
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it,
Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clark.

It 's now twa month that I 'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
On holy men,
While de'il a hair yoursel' ye 're better,
But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let 's sing about our noble sel's;
We 'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills *
To help or roose us,
But browster wives an' whisky-stills,
They are the Muses.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
An' if ye mak objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we 'll knot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' usquebae we 've wat it,
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spared
Till kye be gaun without the herd,

* The Muses on Mount Parnassus.

An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua vitæ
Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye 're auld an' gatty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine year less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpit wi' the blast,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quat my chanter;
Sae I subscribe myself, in haste,
Yours, RAB THE RANTER.

EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH.

The Rev. John M'Math, at the time this Epistle was addressed to him, was acting as assistant and successor to the Rev. Peter Wodrow, minister of Tarbolton. "Auld Wodrow" and his young helper, M'Math, are both complimented in "The Twa Herds" as able preachers of the "New Licht" party. The Epistle was written on a wrapper enclosing a copy of "Holy Willie's Prayer," which it seems M'Math had requested from Burns.

Sept. 17, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cower,
To shun the bitter blaudin' shower,
Or in gulravage rinnin' scower*
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My Musie, tired wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douce black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she 's done it,
Lest they should blame her,

* Run riotously for amusement.

An' rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, country bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
Their raxin' conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense.

There 's Gawn,* misca't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid 's the priest
Wha sae abus't him;
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they 've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed,
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a Muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
To gi'e the rascals their deserts!
I 'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I 'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
He 'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what?—to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion, maid divine!
Pardon a Muse sae mean as mine,
Who, in her rough, imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotcht an foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those
Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
In spite o' foes,—

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound

A candid liberal band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renowned,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named;
Sir, in that circle you are famed;
An' some, by whom your doctrine 's blamed
(Which gi'es you honour)—
Even, sir, by them your heart 's esteemed,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I 've been,
Impute it not, good sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wranged ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belanged ye.

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

Mr. John Goldie, or Goudie, was a tradesman in Kilmarnock. He had published a series of essays relating to the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and it was the publication of the second edition of this work, in 1785, which called forth this Epistle from Burns. The essays were popularly known as "Goudie's Bible."

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,*
Dread of black coats and reverend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin', looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me! she 's in a sad condition;

* The Whigs formed the Old Light party in the Presbyterian Church. They were strictly ceremonious in their observances, rigidly severe in their conversation, and considered themselves Calvinists to the letter.

Fie! bring Black Jock,* her state physician,
To see her water:
Alas! there 's ground o' great suspicion
She 'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she 's got an unco ripple;
Haste, gi'e her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death;
See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath!

Enthusiasm 's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption;
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her;
Her feeble pulse gi'es strong presumption
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor † are the chief
Wha are to blame for this mischief;
But gin the Lord's ain folk gat leave,
A toom tar-barrel
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

EPISTLE TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.,

RECOMMENDING A BOY.

Mr. Hamilton, a solicitor in Mauchline, was a warm and generous friend of the poet. He was much opposed to the Old Light party in the Scottish Church of that day, and had suffered a good deal of persecution from them—facts which tended to increase the poet's respect for him. "Master Tootie," Cromeck informs us, "lived in Mauchline, and dealt in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age, and so bring a higher price."

---

* A Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. John Russell, Kilmarnock, referred to in "The Twa Herds."

† Dr. Taylor of Norwich, author of "The Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," etc.

MOSGAVILLE, *May* 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias Laird M'Gaun,
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
And wad ha'e done 't aff han';
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
And tellin' lies about them,—
As lieve then, I 'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted other where.

Although I say 't, he 's gleg enough,
And 'bout a house that 's rude and rough
The boy might learn to swear;
But then wi' you he 'll be sae taught,
And get sic fair example straught,
I haena ony fear.
Ye 'll catechise him every quirk,
And shore him weel wi' hell;
And gar him follow to the kirk—
Aye when ye gang yoursel'.
If ye, then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin' Friday,
Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I ha'e gi'en,
In Paisley John's that night at e'en,
To meet the warld's worm;
To try to get the twa to gree,
And name the airles and the fee,
In legal mode and form:
I ken he weel a sneck can draw,*
When simple bodies let him;

* Can take advantage. See "Address to the De'il," in which that august personage is styled "an auld sneck-drawing dog!"

And if a devil be at a',
In faith he 's sure to get him.
To phrase you, and praise you,
Ye ken your laureate scorns;
The prayer still you share still
Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.

POETICAL INVITATION TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY,

ACCOMPANIED BY A COPY OF "THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

John Kennedy, of Dumfries House, had greatly interested himself in the success of the Kilmarnock Edition of the poems of Burns. He was afterwards factor to the Marquis of Breadalbane.

Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corse,*
L—d, man, there 's lasses there wad force
A hermit's fancy;
And down the gate in faith they 're worse,
And mair unchancy.

But, as I 'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
Till some bit callant bring me news
That you are there!
And if we dinna haud a bouse,
I 'se ne'er drink mair.

It 's no I like to sit and swallow,
Then like a swine to puke and wallow;
But gi'e me just a true good fellow,
Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow,
And then we 'll shine.

Now, if ye 're ane o' warld's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,

* Mauchline Market-cross.

And sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you nae friendship will I troke,
Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I 'm informèd weel,
Ye hate, as ill 's the very de'il,
The flinty heart that canna feel,
Come, sir, here 's tae you!
Hae, there 's my haun, I wish you weel,
And guid be wi' you.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

The "young friend" was Andrew Aiken, son of Burns's old friend, Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, to whom the poet inscribed his "Cotter's Saturday Night." Andrew Aiken was in every sense worthy of the tribute the poet paid him. He entered the service of his country, and rose to distinction and affluence.

May, 1786.

I LANG ha'e thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye 'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye 'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end 's attainèd;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strainèd.

I 'll no say men are villains a';
The real, hardened wicked,

Wha ha'e nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It 's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer.
A man may ha'e an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet ha'e nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel 's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through ev'ry other man
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That 's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,

But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And e'en the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gi'e a random sting,
It may be little minded:
But when on life we 're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fixed wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did th' adviser!

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH.

James Smith was a merchant in Mauchline when this admirable epistle was addressed to him. He afterwards started a calico-printing factory near Linlithgow; and while there, in April 1788, we find Burns informing him of having married "a certain clean-limbed, handsome, bewitching young hussy" of his acquaintance, and requesting him to send one of his best shawls, as he wished his first present to his wife to be the work of one whose friendship he considered as "life-lasting." Smith was with Burns in Poosie Nansie's, and witnessed the scene which suggested "The Jolly Beggars."

> Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
> Sweetener of life, and solder of society!
> I owe thee much!—BLAIR.

DEAR Smith, the sleest, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely ha'e some warlock breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye 've cost me twenty pair of shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And every ither pair that 's done,
Mair ta'en I 'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She 's turned you aff, a human creature
On her first plan;
And in her freaks, on every feature
She 's wrote, "The Man."

Just now I 've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noodle 's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Ha'e ye a leisure moment's time
To hear what 's comin'?

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash ;
Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ,
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din :
For me, an aim I never fash ;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damned my fortune to the groat ;
But in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion 's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in guid black prent ;
But still, the mair I 'm that way bent,
Something cries "Hoolie !
I rede you, honest man, tak tent !
Ye 'll shaw your folly.

"There 's ither poets much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Ha'e thought they had ensured their debtors
A' future ages ;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel boughs,
To garland my poetic brows !
Henceforth I 'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I 'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
Then, all unknown,
I 'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone !

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we 're living, sound and hale;
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave Care owre side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let 's tak the tide.

This life, sae far 's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleasure is the magic wand
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty 's speeled,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin', hirplin' owre the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin';
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant, in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
For which they never toiled nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And haply eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does every sinew brace;
Through fair, through foul they urge the race,
And seize the prey;
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left eternal swervin',
They zigzag on,
'Till curst with age, obscure and starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining
Let 's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, "Ye Powers!" and warm implore,
"Though I should wander Terra o'er,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
A rowth o' rhymes.

"Gi'e dreepin' roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gi'e fine braw claes to fine life-guards
And maids of honour;
And yill an' whisky gi'e to cairds,
Until they sconner.

"A title, Dempster * merits it;
A garter gi'e to Willie Pitt;
Gi'e wealth to some be-ledgered cit,
In cent. per cent.;
But gi'e me real, sterling wit,
And I 'm content.

"While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
I 'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be 't water-brose or muslin-kail,
Wi' cheerful face,
As lang 's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace."

An anxious ee I never throws
Behint my lug or by my nose;
I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
As weel 's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compared wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives a dike!

Nae hare-brained, sentimental traces,
In your unlettered, nameless faces;
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye 're wise;
Nae ferly though ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattling squad:

* George Dempster of Dunnichen, M.P., a distinguished patriot referred to in "The Author's Earnest Cry."

I see you upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I 'll scarce gang onywhere;
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content wi' you to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

EPISTLE TO MR. M'ADAM, OF CRAIGENGILLAN,

ON RECEIVING AN OBLIGING LETTER FROM HIM.

Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud;
"See wha taks notice o' the bard!"
I lap and cried fu' loud.

Now de'il-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million;
I 'll cock my nose aboon them a'—
I 'm roosed by Craigengillan!

'Twas noble, sir, 'twas like yoursel',
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is aye a blest infection.

Though by his banes wha in a tub *
Matched Macedonian Sandy! †
On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.

And when those legs to guid warm kail
Wi' welcome canna bear me,
A lee dyke-side, a sybow tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers!

* Diogenes. † Alexander the Great.

And bless your bonny lasses baith—
I 'm tauld they 're lo'esome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry!
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country!

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.

Major Logan was a retired officer, and lived a bachelor life at Park-house, near Ayr, with his mother and sister—the latter the Miss Logan to whom the poet addressed some verses. Logan was a man after Burns's own heart, and was a great favourite with the famous Neil Gow, who had a high opinion of the major's skill as a violinist.

HAIL, thairm-inspirin' rattlin' Willie!
Though fortune's road be rough and hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But tak it like the unbacked filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavin whyles we saunter,
Yirr! fancy barks; awa' we canter,
Up hill, down brae, till some mishanter,
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the scaith and banter
We 're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,*
To cheer you through the weary widdle †
O' this wild warl',
Until you on a crummock driddle,‡
A gray-haired carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings aye in tune,

* Elbow dodge and jerk.
† These three lines also occur in the Second Epistle to Davie.
‡ Until you hobble on a staff.

And screw your temper-pins aboon,
A fifth or mair
The melancholious, lazy croon
O' cankrie care!

May still your life from day to day
Nae *lente largo* in the play,
But *allegretto forte* gay
Harmonious flow:
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
And never think o' right and wrang
By square and rule,
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool!

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
Their tuneless hearts!
May fireside discords jar a bass
To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless brither:
I' the ither warld, if there 's anither—
And that there is I 've little swither
About the matter—
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither;
I 'se ne'er bid better.

We 've faults and failings—granted clearly;
We 're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonny squad—priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa':
But still—but still—I like them dearly—
God bless them a'!

Ochon! for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,

The witching, cursed, delicious blinkers
Ha'e put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers
Wi' girnin' spite.

But by yon moon—and that 's high swearin'—
And every star within my hearin',
And by her een wha was a dear ane,
I 'll ne'er forget!*
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it;
I 'll seek my pursie whare I tint it;
Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
Some cantrip hour,
By some sweet elf I 'll yet be dinted,
Then, *Vive l'amour!*

Faites mes baisemains respectueuses
To sentimental sister Susie,
And honest Lucky; no to roose ye,
Ye may be proud
That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
And trouth my rhymin' ware 's nae treasure;
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Be 't light, be 't dark,
Sir Bard will do himsel' the pleasure
To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, *Oct.* 30, 1786.

* The poet here alludes to the unfortunate termination of his courtship with Jean Armour.

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE.

"The Guidwife of Wauchope House" was a Mrs. Scott, wife of a Roxburghshire farmer of the wealthier class. She was a lady of considerable taste and talent, a writer of verse, and something of an artist. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Rutherford, and she was niece to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the fine lyric, "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling." She had written a rhymed complimentary letter to the poet shortly after his arrival in Edinburgh, which brought forth the following verses by way of reply.

I MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thrash the barn,
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
And though forfoughten sair enough,
Yet unco proud to learn:
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckoned was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing,
The tither stookèd raw,
Wi' claivers and haivers
Wearing the day awa'.

E'en then a wish (I mind its power)—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear:
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise;
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,
In formless jumble, right and wrang,
  Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
  She roused the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
  That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een,
  That gart my heart-strings tingle:
    I firèd, inspirèd,
      At every kindling keek,
    But bashing, and dashing,
      I fearèd aye to speak.

Health to the sex! ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter days,
  And we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heaven below,
  Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
  Be mindfu' o' your mither;
She, honest woman, may think shame
  That ye 're connected with her.
    Ye 're wae men, ye 're nae men,
      That slight the lovely dears;
    To shame ye, disclaim ye,
      Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
  Thanks to you for your line:
The marlèd plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware;
  'Twad please me to the nine.
I 'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
  Douce hingin' owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
  Or proud imperial purple.

Fareweel, then, lang heal, then,
And plenty be your fa';
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'!

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH.

WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.

William Creech was the most celebrated bookseller of his time in Edinburgh. He published the writings of the majority of the eminent men who adorned Scottish literature towards the close of the eighteenth century, and the first Edinburgh edition of the poet's works was issued by him. He was himself a writer, and published a volume of trifles under the title of "Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces," which was reprinted in 1815. Mr. Creech was frequently in the Council and Magistracy of Edinburgh and more than once filled the chair of Lord Provost.

AULD chuckie Reekie 's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava;
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie 's awa'!

Oh, Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight;
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight
An' trig an' braw:
But now they 'll busk her like a fright—
Willie 's awa'!

The stiffest o' them a' he bowed;
The bauldest o' them a' he cowed;
They durst nae mair than he allowed—
That was a law:
We 've lost a birkie weel worth gowd—
Willie 's awa'!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;

He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie 's awa' !

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer *
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ;
He was a dictionar' and grammar
Amang them a' ;
I fear they 'll now mak mony a stammer--
Willie 's awa' !

Nae mair we see his levee door †
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw !
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie 's awa' !

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace ;
Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw :
They a' maun meet some ither place—
Willie 's awa' !

Poor Burns e'en Scotch drink canna quicken ;
He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,
Scared frae its minnie and the cleckin'
By hoodie-craw ;
Grief 's gi'en his heart an unco kickin'—
Willie 's awa' !

Now every sour-mou'd girnin' blellum,
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him ;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw ;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie 's awa' !

* The Chamber of Commerce, of which Creech was Secretary.
† Mr. Creech took great pleasure in giving breakfasts to his authors. These meetings were called levees. Burns enumerates as attending them, Dr. James Gregory, Tytler of Woodhouselee, Dr. William Greenfield, Henry Mackenzie, and Dugald Stewart.

Up wimpling, stately Tweed I 've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure 's fled—
Willie 's awa' !

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Though far awa' !

May never wicked fortune touzle him !
May never wicked men bamboozle him,
Until a pow as auld 's Methusalem
He canty claw !
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa' !

EPISTLE TO DR. BLACKLOCK,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

Thomas Blacklock, the blind poet, was educated for the church; but failing to obtain a charge, he opened a boarding-school for young men attending college. It was a letter of his to Mr. George Lawrie of Kilmarnock, a friend of Burns, that roused the poet's ambition, and induced him to abandon his projected journey to the West Indies for the eventful visit to Edinburgh in 1786. The letter which called forth these lines was in rhyme, and dated from Edinburgh.

ELLISLAND, *October* 21, 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
I kenned it still your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you aye as weel 's I want ye,
And then ye 'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south,*
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tauld mysel', by word o' mouth,
He 'd tak' my letter;
I lippened to the chiel in trouth,
And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study;
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier?
I 'm turned a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear
Ye 'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I ha'e a wife and twa wee laddies—
They maun ha'e brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursel's my heart right proud is—
I need na vaunt—
But I 'll sned besoms, thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord help me through this warld o' care!
I 'm weary sick o 't late and air!
Not but I ha'e a richer share
Than mony ithers;

* Mr. Heron, author of a History of Scotland, a Life of Burns, and many other works.

But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp* in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair.
Wha does the utmost that he can
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme
(I 'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),
To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie,
And eke the same to honest Luckie;
I wat she is a dainty chuckie
As ere tread clay!
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I 'm yours for aye.
ROBERT BURNS.

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER

This "dear auld comrade," Tennant of Glenconner, accompanied Burn in his Nithsdale tour in 1788. He was also his adviser respecting the farn of Ellisland. Writing to a correspondent, the poet says:—"I am jus returned from Miller's farm. My old friend, whom I took with me, wa highly pleased with the bargain, and advised me to accept of it. He i the most intelligent, sensible farmer in the county, and his advice ha staggered me a good deal."

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
How 's a' the folk about Glenconner?
How do you this blae eastlin' win'
That 's like to blaw a body blin'?

* Male hemp, which bears seed. The expression, "Ye have a stall of carl-hemp in you," means that a man has more than an ordinar amount of stamina in him.

For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozened.
I 've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on!
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tired,
An' in the depth of science mired,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see and feel.
But hark ye, frien'! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
For now I 'm grown sae cursed douce,
I pray an' ponder butt the house;
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston;
Till by-an'-by, if I haud on,
I 'll grunt a real gospel-groan:
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Fluttering an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men:
When bending down wi' auld gray hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfórt him!
His worthy family, far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, Preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason-billie,
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy!
If he 's a parent, lass or boy,

May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither!
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I 'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An', Lord, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
An' next, my auld acquaintance Nancy.
Since she is fitted to her fancy,
An' her kind stars ha'e airted till her
A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet;
Tell them, frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For, faith, they 'll aiblins fin' them fashious;
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead 's the devil!
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell;
But first, before you see heaven's glory
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you!
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man:
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,—ROB THE RANTER.

FIRST EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY.

Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry, was one of the Commissioners of Excise; and having met the poet at the Duke of Athole's, he became interested in his behalf, and showed him many kindnesses. In August 1788, Burns, in writing to Mrs. Dunlop, enclosed fourteen lines of this Epistle, and said: "Since I am in the way of transcribing, the following lines were the production of yesterday, as I jogged through the wild

hills of New Cumnock. I intend inserting them, or something like them, in an Epistle which I am going to write to the gentleman on whose friendship my Excise hopes depend, Mr. Graham of Fintry, one of the worthiest and most accomplished gentlemen, not only of this country, but, I will dare to say, of this age." To Dr. Moore, Burns wrote in January 1789: "I enclose you an essay of mine in a walk of poesy to me entirely new. I mean the Epistle addressed to Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry, a gentleman of uncommon worth, to whom I lie under very great obligations. This story of the poem, like most of my poems, is connected with my own story, and to give you the one, I must give you something of the other."

When Nature her great masterpiece designed,
And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She formed of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth—
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth;
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth;
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-aproned kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow:
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physics, politics, and deep divines;
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The ordered system fair before her stood,
Nature, well pleased, pronounced it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more—
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,

Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet;
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow;
A being formed t' amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends.
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk;
She laughed at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attached him to the generous truly great,—
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
That never gives—though humbly takes enough;
The little Fate allows they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverbed Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,—
Ah that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Let Prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule
(Instinct 's a brute, and sentiment a fool),
Who make poor "Will do" wait upon "I should"—
We own they 're prudent, but who feels they 're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etched on base alloy!
But come, ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguished—to bestow!

Whose arms of love would grasp the human race;
Come, thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace—
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul, half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abashed to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand;
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command.
But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!—
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty, independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again;
The piebald jacket let me patch once more;
On eighteenpence a week I 've lived before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift;
That, placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

This Epistle, dated June 1788, was addressed to Mr. Hugh Parker, merchant in Kilmarnock, one of the poet's earliest friends and patrons. Mr. Parker subscribed for thirty copies of the poet's works, when he first brought them out at the Kilmarnock press.

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;

Where words ne'er crost the Muse's heckles,*
Nor limpit in poetic shackles;
A land that Prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't through it,—
Here, ambushed by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhuskèd by a fog infernal:
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I 'm dwindled down to mere existence;
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi' nae kenned face but Jenny Geddes.†
Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
And aye a westlin' leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the bard through many a shire?
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled?
Oh, had I power like inclination,
I 'd heeze thee up a constellation,
To canter with the Sagitarre,
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;
Or turn the pole like any arrow;
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face;
For I could lay my bread and kail
He 'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat-reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read?—

* Sharp-pointed spikes used for dressing flax.
† The poet's mare.

Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

SECOND EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY,

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTON AND CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGHS.

In this Epistle Burns gives a description of the political contest in connection with the Dumfries Burghs election in 1790. It is done in such an impartial spirit as to suggest the idea that the poet had no decided leanings to either side; but this neutral attitude was probably assumed for public or private considerations.

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle 's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I 'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

I 'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig* bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlin's,
And, bent on winning burgh touns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion through our burghs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
Of mad, unmuzzled lions,
As Queensberry "buff and blue" unfurled,
And Westerha'† and Hopeton hurled
To every Whig defiance.

* The fourth Duke of Queensberry, of infamous memory.
† Sir James Johnston, the Tory candidate.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Th' unmannered dust might soil his star—
Besides, he hated bleeding—
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
Or Ciceronian pleading.

Oh for a throat like huge Mons Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners!
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo* and his lovely spouse
(The enamoured laurels kiss her brows!)
Led on the loves and graces;
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, played his part
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch† led a light-armed corps—
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder;
Glenriddel,‡ skilled in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought—
Redoubted Staig,§ who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory;
And Welsh,‖ who ne'er yet flinched his ground,
High-waved his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

* The chamberlain of the Duke of Queensberry at Drumlanrig, and a friend of Burns.

† Ferguson of Craigdarroch.

‡ Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, another friend of the poet.

§ Provost Staig of Dumfries.

‖ Sheriff Welsh.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation!
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's* port intrenched his hold,
And threatened worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts opposed,
With these what Tory warriors closed,
Surpasses my describing:
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rushed to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate
Amid this mighty tulzie?
Grim Horror grinned, pale Terror roared,
As Murther at his thrapple shored,
And Hell mixed in the brulzie!

As Highland crags by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurled down wi' crashing rattle;
As flames amang a hundred woods,
As headlong foam a hundred floods,
Such is the rage of battle!

The stubborn Tories dare to die—
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers;
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.†

Lo! from the shades of Death's deep night
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring;

* A wine merchant in Dumfries.

† A huge vertical well in the granite margin of the Aberdeenshire coast, six miles south of Peterhead, into whose bottom the sea rushes by a natural archway, and, constantly raging in it, gives it the appearance of a boiling pot. Hence the name.

The muffled murtherer * of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
Bold Scrimgeour † follows gallant Graham,‡
Auld Covenanters shiver.
(Forgive, forgive, much-wronged Montrose!
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever!)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
But Fate the word has spoken:
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can—
The Tory ranks are broken!

O that my een were flowing burns!
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but wails the good Sir James,
Dear to his country by the names
Friend, patron, benefactor?
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
And Hopeton falls, the generous brave!
And Stewart, § bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow,
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe,
And Melville melt in wailing!
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice!
And Burke shall sing, "O Prince, arise!
Thy power is all prevailing."

* The executioner of Charles I. was masked.
† Lord Dundee.
‡ The great Marquis of Montrose.
§ Stewart of Hillside.

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He hears, and only hears, the war,
A cool spectator purely:
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely.

THIRD EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,*
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest),—
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),
And hear him curse the light he first surveyed,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?
Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found—
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug;
Even silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
But oh, thou bitter stepmother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still;

* Burns had broken his arm by his horse falling with him.

No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn;
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dullness' comfortable fur;—
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from every side;
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics!—appalled I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!*
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear,—
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life;
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injured page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast,
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dullness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up;

* An allusion to Alexander Munro, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh.

Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' madcap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heaven or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one stronghold of hope is lost—
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust
(Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears).
O hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer!
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

FOURTH EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY.

The following lines were written in acknowledgment of the poet's appointment as an exciseman, which Mr. Graham had been mainly instrumental in obtaining for him.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,

For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night!
If aught that giver from my mind efface,
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace,
Then roll to me along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

The Esopus of this Epistle was Williamson, the actor, and the Maria to whom it is addressed was Mrs. Riddel, a warm and sincere friend of the poet, with whom he had quarrelled through some fancied slight. Williamson and his assistants were performing at Whitehaven, when the Earl of Lonsdale, a local despot, threw the company into prison as vagrants. Burns seized on this incident, and conceived the idea of writing the following lines as if penned by Williamson ("Esopus"), in prison at Whitehaven, to Mrs. Riddel ("Maria"), at whose house the actor had been a frequent visitor. The lady lived to forgive and forget the bitterness of the poet, and after his death she bestirred herself actively in the interests of his widow and orphans.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells
Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more;
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string;—
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy polled,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,

Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
Whilst sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines;
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs, to display
That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way;
The shrinking Bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Though there, his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she, undaunted, reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen, e'en worse than Burns's venom when
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,—
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even th' abuse of poesy abused?
Who called her verse a parish workhouse, made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?
A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my racked repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep!

That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermined gipsies littered heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse;
The Vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt 's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls?
Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
Our force united, on thy foes we 'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born;
For who can write and speak as thou and I?—
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply!

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE,

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR.

A tailor in the neighbourhood of Mauchline having taken it upon him to send the poet a rhymed homily on his loose conversation and irregular behaviour, received the following lines in reply to his lecture:—

What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h,
To thrash my back at sic a pitch?
Losh, man! ha'e mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin 's bauld;
I didna suffer half sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What though at times, when I grow crouse,
I gi'e the dames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse
And jag-the-flae.

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As filled his after life wi' grief
And bluidy rants,
And yet he 's ranked among the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, and drucken rants,
I 'll gie auld cloven Clootie's haunts
An unco slip yet,
And snugly sit among the saunts
At Davie's hip yet.

But, fegs! the session says I maun
Gae fa' upon anither plan
Than garrin' lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre gowdy,
And sairly thole their mither's ban
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport
How I did wi' the session sort:
Auld Clinkum at the inner port
Cried three times, "Robin!
Come hither, lad, and answer for 't,
Ye 're blamed for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
And snooved awa' before the session;
I made an open, fair confession—
I scorned to lie;
And syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A furnicator-loon he called me,
And said my faut frae bliss expelled me;
I owned the tale was true he telled me,
"But what the matter?"
Quo' I, "I fear, unless ye geld me,
I 'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and what for no?
If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
Should ever prove your spiritual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff—and what for no
Your dearest member?"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I 'm no for that,
Gelding 's nae better than 'tis ca't;
I 'd rather suffer for my faut,
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw 't,
Though I should rue it.

"Or, gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I 've just ae ither—
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
Whate'er betide it,
I 'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither,
And let her guide it."

But, sir, this pleased them warst ava;
And therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said, "Guid night," and cam' awa',
And left the session;
I saw they were resolvèd a'
On my oppression.

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

Gavin Hamilton, at the time this "Dedication" was written, was one of the chief advisers and patrons of the poet. He was in all respects a man after Burns's own heart—a fact very quaintly expressed in the passage where he explains his reason for dedicating his Poems to him:—

" Because—ye needna tak it ill—
I thought them something like yoursel'."

Of this poem, the Ettrick Shepherd says: "I regard it as one of Burns's very best. There is a great deal of humour and good nature in it." It will be observed, however, that the poet cannot forego an opportunity of throwing out some parting sarcasms at orthodoxy and its partisans.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
A fleechin', fleth'rin' dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye 're surnamed like his Grace—
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I 'm tired, and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
For me, sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough:
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
Sae I shall say, an' that 's nae flatterin',
It 's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The poet, some guid angel help him!
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him.
He may do weel for a' he 's done yet,
But only he 's no just begun yet.

The patron (sir, ye maun forgi'e me;
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allowed be,
He 's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What 's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;

Ought he can lend he 'll no refuse 't,
Till aft his guidness is abused ;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang :
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;
It 's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor sinfu', corrupt nature.
Ye 'll get the best o' moral works
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he 's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It 's no through terror of d–mnation ;
It 's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
Abuse a brother to his back ;
Steal through a winnock frae a wh–re,
But point the rake that taks the door :
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane ;
Ply every art o' legal thieving ;
No matter—stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces ;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthened groan,
And damn a' parties but your own.
I 'll warrant then ye 're nae deceiver—
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin' !

Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye 'll some day squeel in quaking terror,
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gi'es him;
While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digression—
I maist forgat my dedication;
But when divinity comes 'cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, sir, to you:
Because—ye need na tak it ill—
I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, ever pray,
But that 's a word I need na say:
For prayin' I ha'e little skill o 't;
I 'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o 't;
But I 'se repeat each poor man's prayer,
That kens or hears about you, sir—

"May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark
Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk!*
May ne'er his generous, honest heart,
For that same generous spirit smart!
May Kennedy's far-honoured name†
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,

* Mr. Hamilton had acted in the capacity of clerk to some of the county courts.

† Mrs. Hamilton belonged to an ancient and influential family of that name in Carrick.

Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonnie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout and able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days;
Till his wee curlie John's* ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion
Wi' complimentary effusion;
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am—
Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in heaven,
While recollection's power is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, through the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my master dear;
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, sir, your hand—my friend and brother!

* John Hamilton, Esq., a worthy scion of a noble stock.

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, EXTEMPORE POEMS, ETC.

EPITAPH ON MY FATHER.*

O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend;
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings leaned to virtue's side." †

ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

Here lies Johnny Pigeon.
What was his religion?
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pigeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A dram was *memento mori;*
But a full-flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

* Inscribed on a small headstone erected over the grave of the poet's father in Alloway Kirkyard.

† Goldsmith, "Deserted Village."

ON JOHN BUSHBY,*

WRITER IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man:
Cheat him, devil, if you can.

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.†

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a'—
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had missed ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
Oh, tread ye lightly on his grass—
Perhaps he was your father.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Souter Hood in death does sleep;
To Hell, if he 's gane thither,
Satan, gi'e him thy gear to keep—
He 'll haud it weel thegither.

ON ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.‡

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much-loved, much-honoured name
(For none that knew him need be told),
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

* John Bushby was a keen-witted lawyer who had crossed the path o the poet in politics, and was therefore considered a fitting subject for a lampoon.

† James Smith, to whom the poet addresses the epistle beginning "Dear Smith, the sleest, pawkie thief."

‡ One of the poet's earliest patrons, to whom "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is inscribed.

ON GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.*

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or d—d!

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with His image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed:
If there 's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless Thee, God of nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent:
And, if it please Thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!
Amen.

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN.†

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgathered by the way,

* Another of the poet's patrons. The lines allude to Mr. Hamilton's prosecution for alleged Sabbath desecration.

† Mr. Kennedy, an agent to a mercantile house in the neighbourhood of Ayr. The lines were composed impromptu by Burns, on meeting his friend on his way to church, after his recovery from a severe illness.

Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blaws up a hearty crack:
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they could na part;
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death takes him hame to gi'e him quarters.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, dear friend! may Guid-Luck hit you,
And 'mang her favourites admit you!
If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him!
And ony de'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord, deceive him! *

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED BY THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE.

WAS e'er puir poet sae befitted—
The maister drunk, the horse committed?
Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care;
Thou 'lt be a horse when he 's nae mair (mayor). †

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head—
His skull will prop it under.

* These lines form the conclusion of a letter from Burns to Mr. John Kennedy, dated Kilmarnock, Aug. 1786.

† During a visit to Carlisle, the poet turned his horse out to grass for a few hours, when it unfortunately trespassed on a field belonging to the corporation. The mayor impounded the horse; but on learning who was its owner, he at once gave orders for its liberation, saying, "Let him have it, by all means, or the circumstance will be heard of for ages to come."

ON WEE JOHNNY.*

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murdered Johnny!
An' here his body lies fu' low;
For saul—he ne'er had ony.

EPIGRAM ON BACON.

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of Bacon, each day in the year;
We 've all things that 's neat, and mostly in season;
But why always Bacon?—come, give me a reason! †

VERSES TO J. RANKINE.‡

AE day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter;
Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, glow'rin' at the bitches,
"By G–d! I 'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without at least ae honest man
To grace this d—d infernal clan."

* John Wilson, printer of the Kilmarnock edition of the poet's works.

† Bacon was the name of the landlord of an inn at Brownhill, who had, as was his wont, thrust himself into the company of the poet and a fellow-guest.

‡ John Rankine of Adamhill, the "rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine" of the Epistle dedicated to him.

By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"L—d G–d!" quoth he, "I have it now:
There 's just the man I want, i' faith!"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

VERSES TO THE SAME.

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, although not a':
Some people tell me gin I fa'
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, though sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I ha'e been in for 't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest;
But now a rumour 's like to rise—
A whaup 's i' the nest.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.*

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O Death, it 's my opinion
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' b—h
Into thy dark dominion!

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT OF ECCLEFECHAN.

OH, had each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeanie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

* James Humphrey, by trade a mason.

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fooled
  (A case that 's still too common),
Here lies a man a woman ruled—
  The devil ruled the woman.

ON THE SAME.

O DEATH, hadst thou but spared his life
  Whom we this day lament,
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
  An' a' been weel content!

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
  The swap we yet will do 't;
Tak thou the carlin's carcass aff,
  Thou 'se get the saul to boot.

ON THE SAME.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she lovèd so well,
In respect for the love and affection he 'd shown her,
She reduced him to dust and she drank up the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
When called on to order the funeral direction,
Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense!

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME.

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er—
  A time that surely shall come—
In heaven itself I 'll ask no more
  Than just a Highland welcome.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON, ON BEING REFUSED PERMISSION TO VISIT THE IRON-WORKS.

WE cam' na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise;

But whan we tirled at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

LINES ON VIEWING STIRLING PALACE.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;
But now unroofed their palace stands,
Their sceptre's swayed by other hands:
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost;
Who know them best despise them most.*

REPLY TO THE MINISTER OF GLADSMUIR.

LIKE Æsop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.†

* These lines were written on a pane of glass in a window of the inn at which Burns put up, and are said to have given so much offence that on his next visit to Stirling he smashed the pane with his riding-whip.

† The epigram, "Lines on Viewing Stirling Palace," had called forth a severe reproof from Mr. Hamilton, minister of Gladsmuir, in which this couplet occurred:—

"These few rash lines shall damn thy name,
And blast thy hopes of future fame."

THE TOAD-EATER.

WHAT of earls with whom you have supped,
And of dukes that you dined with yestreen?
A louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl on the curls of a queen.*

EPITAPH ON MR. BURTON.

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or "Dem my eyes,"
Who in his life did little good,
And whose last words were, "Dem my blood."†

THE POET'S SELF-REPROOF.

RASH mortal, and slanderous Poet! thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame;
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, The more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS.‡

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess;
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less?

* At the table of Mr. Maxwell of Terraughty, one of the guests spoke of nothing but the dukes and lords with whom he had supped and dined. Burns scrawled the above on a scrap of paper, and handed it round the table, to the no small amusement of the company, and the utter discomfiture of the toady.

† Written in response to a request for an epitaph by a dashing young Englishman much addicted to swearing, his favourite expletives being skilfully introduced by the poet.

‡ A gay lady, well known to the Edinburgh bucks of the poet's day.

JOHNNY PEEP.

HERE am I, Johnny Peep:
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me;
Half-a-crown a-piece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep gets free.*

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell!
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I 'd break her spirit, or I 'd break her heart;
I 'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I 'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

ON INCIVILITY SHOWN HIM AT INVERARAY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.

* While in Cumberland one day, Burns entered a tavern, and opened the door in which three jolly Cumberland men were enjoying themselves. As he withdrew his head, one of them shouted, "Come in, Johnny Peep." Burns obeyed the call, seated himself at the table, and, in a short time, was the life and soul of the party. In the course of their merriment, it was proposed that each should write a verse of poetry, and put it, with half a crown, below the candlestick—the best poet to have his half-crown returned, and the other three half-crowns to be spent in treating the party. When the stanza of the Ayrshire ploughman was read, a roar of laughter followed, and the palm of victory was unanimously voted to Burns.

There 's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in His anger.*

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU whom Poesy abhors,
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors!
Heardst thou that groan? proceed no further—
'Twas laurelled Martial roaring "Murther!" †

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.‡

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gi'e him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever de'ils he 'll mak 'em!

ON ANDREW TURNER.

IN se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,
And cuist it in a corner;
But wilily he changed his plan,
And shaped it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

* In the course of his first Highland tour Burns put up at the inn at Inveraray, but was quite neglected by the landlord, whose house was filled with visitors to the Duke of Argyle.

† "Stopping at a merchant's shop in Edinburgh," says Burns, "a friend of mine one day put 'Elphinstone's Translation of Martial' into my hand, and desired my opinion of it. I asked permission to write my opinion on a blank leaf of the book, which being granted, I wrote this epigram."

‡ William Michie, schoolmaster of Cleish parish, in Fifeshire.

ON MR. W. CRUICKSHANK.*

HONEST Will 's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him ;
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.

ON WAT.

SIC a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damned him
When laid in his grave.
"In his flesh there 's a famine,"
A starved reptile cries ;
"An' his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

THE Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So, whip ! at the summons old Satan came flying ;
But when he approached where poor Francis lay moaning
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonished, confounded, cried Satan, "By G–d,
I 'll want him, ere I take such a damnable load !" †

ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON,

IN CLYDESDALE.

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, and in 't but few ;
A caulder preacher never spak—
Ye 'se a' be het ere I come back. ‡

* A master of the High School, Edinburgh, and a friend of the poet.

† One night, when the wine had circulated freely, Captain Grose, amused with the sallies of the poet, requested a couplet upon himself. Eyeing the corpulent antiquary for a little, Burns repeated the above lines.

‡ Burns left this epigram in his pew at Lamington Kirk one Sunday.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.*

LINES SPOKEN EXTEMPORE,

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

Searching auld wives' barrels,
Ochon the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
But—what 'll ye say?
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROSSLYN.

My blessings on you, sonsie wife!
I ne'er was here before;
You 've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,
Nae heart could wish for more.

Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore;
And, while I toddle on through life,
I 'll ne'er gang by your door.

* While Burns was one day in the inn at Moffat, the "charming, lovely Davies" of one of his songs happened to pass, accompanied by a tall and portly lady. On a friend asking why God had made the one lady so tall and the other lady so small, the poet replied in the words of the epigram.

EPITAPH ON W——.

STOP thief! dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en,—
How shall I make a fool again?

ON MRS. KEMBLE.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flowed.*

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

THERE 's death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine 's sae bewitching!†

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

SIR,
Yours this moment I unseal,
And, faith, I 'm gay and hearty!
To tell the truth an' shame the de'il,
I am as fou' as Bartie:‡

* At the conclusion of a performance in the Dumfries theatre in 1794, in which Mrs. Kemble had taken the part of Yarico, Burns took out a bit of paper, wrote the above lines with a pencil, and handed them to that lady.

† "One day, after dinner at Ryedale, Burns wrote these lines on a goblet with his diamond. Syme would seem to have been less affected with the compliment than with defacing his crystal service, for he threw the goblet behind the fire. We are not told what the poet thought, but it is said that Brown, the clerk of 'Stamp-office Johnny,' snatched the goblet out of the fire uninjured, and kept it as a relic till his death."—CUNNINGHAM.

‡ A Kyle proverbial saying.

But Foorsday, sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your party,
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie.—ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, 1786.

ANOTHER.

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I 'll be wi' you by-and-by,
Or else the devil 's in it.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER INFANT.

MY blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie!
My blessin's upon thy bonnie ee brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou 's aye the dearer and dearer to me!

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be,
Bear this in mind, "Be deaf and blind;
Let great folks hear and see."*

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were!

* "When the Board of Excise," says Cunningham, "informed Burns that his business was to act and not to think, he read the order to a friend, turned the paper, and wrote what he called 'The Creed of Poverty.'"

THE PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny;
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.*

EXTEMPORE.

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

IF you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Your speed will outrival the dart;
But a fly for your load, you 'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten 's her heart.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.†

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred,—
"What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.

* This epigram was given as a reply to a remark made by some one that he saw falsehood in the very look of a certain reverend gentleman.

† These lines were traced by Burns on the window of Friars' Carse Hermitage, after the death of his friend, the Laird of Carse.

"Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me—and I 've no more to say—
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn cannot match me."
"'Tis done!" says Jove. So ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.*

EXTEMPORE,

ON THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE,

Author of "The Philosophy of Natural History," and member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh.

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,†
The old cocked hat, the gray surtout the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night;
His uncombed grizzly locks wild-staring, thatched
A head for thought profound and clear unmatched;
Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME,‡

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM.

December 17, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

* The subject of these lines was Mrs. Maria Riddel of Woodleigh Park, to whom the poet addressed the sarcastic verses, "To a Lady famed for her caprice."

† Mr. Smellie and the poet were both members of a club in Edinburgh which bore the name of the Crochallan Fencibles.

‡ Mr. John Syme of Ryedale was a gentleman of education and talent, and a companion of the poet's. Mr. Syme had invited Burns to dine with him, promising him "the first of company, and the first of cookery."

TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

Oh, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of humankind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit!

JERUSALEM TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED "THE MARQUIS,"

THE LANDLORD OF A PUBLIC-HOUSE IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shammed;
If ever he rise, it will be to be damned.

ON EXCISEMEN.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN DUMFRIES.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? Give the cause a hearing.
What are your landlord's rent-rolls?—taxing ledgers!
What premiers? what even monarchs?—mighty gaugers!
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men—
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?*

LINES WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS,

ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

YE hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men, and gi'e God thanks!
For shame! gi'e o'er—proceed no further;
God won't accept your thanks for murther!

* One day, while in the King's Arms, Dumfries, Burns overheard a country gentleman talking sneeringly of excisemen. The poet went to a window, and on one of the panes wrote this rebuke with a diamond.

VERSE

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE greybeard old Wisdom may boast of his treasures,—
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN

TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY MEETING.*

FRIDAY first 's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession;
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels,
I' the way of our profession.
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you;
For me, I wad be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If Death, then, wi' scaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin',
Inform him, and storm him,
That Saturday ye 'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS.

WAR.

I MURDER hate, by field or flood,
Though Glory's name may screen us;
In wars at hame I 'll spend my blood—
Life-giving wars of Venus.

* Burns at this time held the position of Depute Master of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton. The anniversary meeting was to take place on June 24, 1786, being St. John's Day, and the lines show the way in which he invited his brother mason, Dr. Mackenzie of Mauchline, to be present on that occasion.

The deities that I adore
Are social Peace and Plenty;
I'm better pleased to make one more
Than be the death o' twenty.

DRINKING.

My bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
And Pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

Some ha'e meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we ha'e meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.*

INNOCENCE.

Innocence
Looks gaily smiling on; while rosy Pleasure
Hides young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant—mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss!

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER,

WHO DIED 1795.

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

* When on a visit to the Earl of Selkirk at St. Mary's Isle, Burns was asked to say grace at dinner. The above words were the poet's response, and they have since been known in Galloway as "The Selkirk Grace."

To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation 's given—
She 's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms, a rose, in heaven.

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,

BREWER, DUMFRIES.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct,
And empty all his barrels;
He 's blest—if as he brewed he drink—
In upright, honest morals.*

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG

NAMED "ECHO."

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.†

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.‡

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

* Written on a goblet which is still preserved in the family.

† While Burns was on a visit to Kenmore Castle, the seat of the Gordons, it happened that Mrs. Gordon's favourite lap-dog died, and she requested the poet to write an epitaph for it.

‡ This and the three following pieces were written as political squibs during an election contest.

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,—
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway!
Through many a far-famed sire;
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
So ended—in a mire!

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live;
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD.

Bless the Redeemer, Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise;

For had He said, "The soul alone
From death I will deliver;"
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever!*

* The subject of these verses, it is said, was Sir David Maxwell of Cardoness, who had given offence to the poet in the heat of a contested election.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

YE true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?*

ON A SUICIDE.

EARTHED up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble:
Poor silly wretch! he 's damned himsel'
To save the Lord the trouble.

TO MRS. C——,

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH MORE.

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor!
Though sweetly female every part,
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honour.
She showed her taste refined and just
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating, own I must,
For so approving me.
But kind still, I mind still
The giver in the gift;
I 'll bless her, and wiss her
A friend above the lift.

* The origin of these lines is thus related by Cromek: "When politics ran high, the poet happened to be in a tavern, and the following lines—the production of one of 'The True Loyal Natives'—were handed over the table to Burns:—

'Ye sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng;
With Craken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.'

The poet took out a pencil and instantly wrote the above reply."

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun;
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.*

THE TOAST.

FILL me with the rosy wine;
Call a toast—a toast divine;
Give the poet's darling flame—
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS.

SAY, sages, what 's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.—R. B.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph 's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.—R. B.

* Jessy Lewars was the young friend whose tender care soothed the last illness of Burns. His surgeon, Mr. Brown, came in one day while she was with him, and stating that he had seen a collection of wild beasts which had just arrived in the town, offered her a list of the animals belonging to it. Burns caught the paper from his hand, and wrote on the back of it the above verses, saying, "Now it is fit to be presented to a young lady."

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT ON THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS BY DUMOURIER, AT GEMAPPE, NOV. 1792.

THE black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and owre howe;
But fell in a trap
On the braes o' Gemappe:
E'en let him come out as he dowe.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

There 's nane that 's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man.
Fal lal, etc.

HERE 'S a bottle and an honest friend:
What wad you wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.*

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore,
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore.

And if it please Thee, Power above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

* These lines are ascribed to Burns, but his brother Gilbert had doubts as to their authenticity.

ANOTHER GRACE.

LORD, we thank an' Thee adore
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more—
Let William Hyslop give the spirit!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STAR."

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,
We poor sons of metre
Are often negleckit, ye ken:
For instance, your sheet, man,
Though glad I 'm to see 't, man,
I get it no ae day in ten.*

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.†

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave—
An angel could not die.

THE PIPER.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE came a piper out o' Fife,
I wat na what they ca'd him;
He played our cousin Kate a spring
When fient a body bade him;
And aye the mair he hotched and blew
The mair that she forbade him.

* Burns at one time was supplied by the publishers with a copy of the *Star* newspaper; but as it did not arrive regularly, the above lines were written to the editor to ensure more punctuality.

† Miss Jessie Staig was the daughter of Provost Staig of Dumfries. See the song written by the poet in her praise, entitled "Young Jessie," p. 506, vol. ii.

JENNY M'CRAW.

A FRAGMENT.

JENNY M'CRAW, she has ta'en to the heather;
Say, was it the Covenant carried her thither?
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en;
My head and my heart now, quo' she, are at rest,
And as for the lave, let the de'il do his best.

THE BOOK-WORMS.

THROUGH and through the inspirèd leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.*

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs;
If thou 'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.†

LINES WRITTEN AT LOUDON MANSE.

A FRAGMENT.

THE night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa';
The mavis sang, while dewdraps hang
Around her, on the castle wa'.

* This verse was written by the poet on the blank leaf of an uncut and worm-eaten, but splendidly-bound, copy of Shakespeare which he found in the library of a certain lord in Edinburgh, upon whom he had called.

† On hearing a gentleman sneering at the Solemn League and Covenant, calling it ridiculous and fanatical, the poet eyed him across the table, and replied in the above words.

Sae merrily they danced the ring,
Frae e'enin' till the cock did craw;
And aye the o'erword o' the spring
Was, Irvine's bairns are bonnie a'.

THE TWO LAWYERS.*

LORD ADVOCATE.

He clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation mist
His argument he tint it.
He gapèd for 't, he grapèd for 't,
He found it was awa', man;
But what his common sense cam' short,
He ekèd out wi' law, man.

DEAN OF FACULTY.

Collected, Harry stood a wee,
Then opened out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' ee,
And eyed the gathering storm, man.
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man;
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half wakened wi' the din, man.

TO A PAINTER,

WHOM HE FOUND PAINTING A PICTURE OF JACOB'S DREAM.

Dear ——, I 'll gi'e ye some advice,
You 'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

* During his first residence in Edinburgh, in 1787, Burns visited the Parliament House, and wrote these two sketches of the leading counsel of the day—the Lord Advocate (Mr. Hay Campbell) and the Dean of Faculty (Harry Erskine).

To paint an angel 's kittle wark,
Wi' Nick there 's little danger;
You 'll easy draw a lang-kent face,
But no sae weel a *stranger*.—R. B.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.*

O COULD I give thee India's wealth
As I this trifle send!
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest bard's esteem.

TO THE SAME.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of Care,
Nor ever Sorrow add one silver hair!
Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

EPITAPH ON ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

Born, September 5, 1751; died, October 16, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust;" †
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

* John M'Murdo, Esq., steward to the Duke of Queensberry, was a faithful friend of Burns during the whole period of his residence in Nithsdale.

† Gray's "Elegy."

ON A SHEEP'S HEAD.

Dining at the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, when a sheep's head happened to be the fare, Burns was asked to say grace, and instantly replied :—

O Lord ! when hunger pinches sore,
Do Thou stand us in stead,
And send us from Thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head !—Amen.

When dinner was over, he was again asked to return thanks, and repeated the following lines without premeditation :—

O Lord ! since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit !—Amen.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS LOOKING UP THE TEXT DURING SERMON.

Fair maid, ye need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue ;
'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant,
Not *angels* such as you ! *

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

Now health forsakes that angel face,
Nae mair my dearie smiles ;
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak for thee !
Ye heavens, how great is my despair !
How can I see him die !

* The young lady was Miss Ainslie, the sister of his travelling companion during his Border tour. The preacher's text containing a heavy denunciation against impenitent sinners, Burns took out a slip of paper and wrote on it the above lines.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON THE POET, IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 17, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

LINES WRITTEN ON A TUMBLER.

YOU 'RE welcome, Willie Stewart;
You 're welcome, Willie Stewart;
There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That 's half sae welcome 's thou art.

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it;
The tappit hen, gae bring her ben
To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,
Ilk action may he rue it;
May woman on him turn her back
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart! *

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM NICOL.†

YE maggots, feast on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts ye 've gotten;
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For de'il a bit o 't 's rotten.

* The tumbler on which the poet inscribed these verses was acquired by Sir Walter Scott, and is still preserved at Abbotsford. Willie Stewart was factor at Closeburn.

† A master of the High School, Edinburgh, and a friend of the poet's.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX.

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He 'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair;
Cauld Poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious Fear, nor cankert Care,
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him,
Except the moment that they crushed him;
For sune as Chance or Fate had hushed 'em,
Though e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
And thought it sport.

Though he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man;
But tell him he was learned and clark,
Ye roosed him than! *

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE.†

He who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock haps his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

* This fragment was found by Cromek among the poet's manuscripts. Ruisseaux is a translation into French of his own name—that is, Burns, or rivulets.

† These lines were written by Burns on his death-bed, and were sent to Adamhill after his death.

BALLADS.

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

"As the authentic prose history of 'The Whistle' is curious," says Burns, "I shall here give it. In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a match-less champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it (everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle) was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scots bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name, who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son of the Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th of October 1790, at Friars' Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field."

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle 's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the laird of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained;
Which now in his house has for ages remained;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renewed.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw—
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients," Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I 'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,†
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er!"

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend;
Said, "Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,"
And, knee-deep in claret, he 'd die or he 'd yield.

* See Ossian's "Caric-thura."—BURNS.
† See Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides."—BURNS.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet, lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day—
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a core,
And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he 'd see them next morn.

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
A high-ruling elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend?
Though Fate said a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—
"Craigdarroch, thou 'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce;
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

Burns tells us that "this is partly composed on the plan of an ol song known by the same name," a copy of which was obtained by M Robert Jamieson from a black-letter sheet in the Pepys Library, Can bridge. The version of Burns is perhaps more consistent, but not mo graphic, than the old strain.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head,
An' they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They 've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgelled him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

THE AMERICAN WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

This ballad was composed when the poet's political opinions, as Dr Blair has remarked, "smelt of the smithy." It is interesting, therefore as an example of the direct and familiar way in which the rustic min deals with the highest military and political affairs.

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man.
Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,
And in the sea did jaw,* man;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then through the lakes Montgomery† takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's burn‡ he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man;
But yet, whatreck, he at Quebec
Montgomery-like§ did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
Was kept at Boston ha', man;‖

* After the English Parliament had imposed a tax upon tea imported into the American colonies, the East India Company sent several tea-laden ships to Boston; but on their arrival, the colonists boarded the vessels, and emptied the tea into the harbour.

† The colonial General Montgomery invaded Canada in the autumn of 1775, and took Montreal; the British commander, Sir Guy Carleton, retiring before him. He was less successful in his attack on Quebec, where he was killed in leading on his men at Cape Diamond.

‡ A pseudonym for the St. Lawrence.

§ A passing compliment to his patrons, the Montgomeries of Coilsfield.

‖ A reference to General Gage being shut up in Boston by General Washington. For inefficiency, Gage was replaced by General Howe.

Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man.*
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hackèd sma', man.†

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.‡
Cornwallis fought as lang 's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.§

Then Montague, an' Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thraw, man:
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lowsed his tinkler jaw,‖ man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man.
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man;

* General Howe removed his troops from New York to Philadelphia in the summer of 1777.

† Alluding to a raid made by orders of Howe at Peekshill, when a large number of cattle belonging to the colonists were destroyed.

‡ General Burgoyne surrendered himself and his army to the colonial General Gates at Saratoga, October 1776.

§ Alluding to the operations of Lord Cornwallis in Virginia, in 1780, which ended in the surrender of his army at Yorktown, October 1781, while vainly hoping for reinforcements from General Clinton at New York.

‖ Free-spoken speech. Tinklers are noted for their powers of speech.

For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.*

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*,† man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee Dundas aroused the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith
(Inspirèd bardies saw, man),
Wi' kindling eyes cried, "Willie, rise!
Would I ha'e feared them a', man?"

But word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.,
Gowffed Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthrons raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, through dirt and bluid,
To make it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

* Lord North was succeeded as prime minister by the Marquis of Rockingham in 1782. At the death of the marquis, in the same year, Lord Shelburne succeeded him, and peace was restored in January 1783; but by the union of Lord North and Mr. Fox, Lord Shelburne was soon afterwards forced to resign.

† Fox's famous India Bill of 1783, which drove him out of office.

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

Tune—"Up and waur them a'."

This ballad commemorates an election contest for the representation of Dumfries Burghs, which took place in September 1789, between the Tory member, Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, and the Whig candidate, Captain Miller of Dalswinton, the eldest son of Burns's landlord. (See "The Five Carlins" and the "Second Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry.")

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his Grace* wi' a', Jamie,
But he 'll sair them as he saired the king,
Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.†
Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstons ha'e the guidin' o't;
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

The day he stood his country's friend,
Or gaed her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, the country's boast,
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark here 's Whistlebirck,‡
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
And we 'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.
Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstons ha'e the guidin' o't;
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

* The Duke of Queensberry.

† The duke deserted the cause of George III., in whose household he had a place, and voted for the right of the Prince of Wales to assume the government without the consent of Parliament.

‡ Alexander Birtwhistle, merchant in Kirkcudbright, and provost of the town. He is alluded to in the second of the Heron Ballads.

THE FIVE CARLINS.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Tune—"Chevy-Chace."

The ballad of "The Five Carlins" (that is, old women) represents i cleverly-drawn personifications the towns of Dumfries, Annan, Kirkcud bright, Sanquhar, Lochmaben. It was the same election which th previous ballad commemorates, and was penned when the contest wa hottest.

THERE were five carlins in the south ;
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town,
To bring them tidings hame.

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there ;
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,*
A dame wi' pride eneugh ;
And Marjory o' the mony lochs,†
A carlin auld and teugh ;

And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,‡
That dwelt near Solway-side ;
And whisky Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide ;§

And black Joan, frae Crichton-peel,‖
O' gipsy kith an' kin ;—
Five wighter carlins were na foun'
The south countrie within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
They met upon a day ;
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
Their errand fain wad gae.

* Dumfries.
† Lochmaben.
‡ The small burgh of Annan.
§ The burgh of Kirkcudbright.
‖ Sanquhar.

Oh, mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please—
Oh, ne'er a ane but twae.

The first he was a belted knight,*
Bred o' a border-clan;
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstan';

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say;
And ilka ane at Lon'on Court
Wad bid to him guid-day.

Then niest cam in a sodger youth,†
And spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlins fell;
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman ‡ o' Lon'on Court
She dinna care a pin;
But she wad send a sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.§

* Sir J. Johnston.
† Captain Miller.
‡ George III.
§ The Prince of Wales.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow;
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots bluid was true.

"The Lon'on Court set light by me—
I set as light by them;
And I will send the sodger lad
To shaw that Court the same."

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And swore a deadly aith,
Says, "I will send the border-knight,
Spite o' you carlins baith.

"For far-aff fowls ha'e feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I ha'e tried this border-knight,
An' I 'll try him yet again."

Then whisky Jean spak owre her drink,
"Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on Court,
His back 's been at the wa';

"And mony a friend that kissed his caup,
Is now a fremit wight;
But it 's ne'er be said o' whisky Jean—
I 'll send the border-knight."

Says black Joan frae Crichton-peel,
A carlin stoor and grim,
"The auld guidman an' the young guidman
For me may sink or swim.

"For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh in their sleeve;
But wha blaws best the horn shall win—
I 'll spier nae courtier's leave."

Sae how this weighty plea may end
Nae mortal wight can tell:
God grant the king, and ilka man,
May look weel to himsel'!

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley."

The Hon. Henry Erskine held the honourable post of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates from 1786–96. In the year 1795, a time of great national suffering and discontent, he presided at a large gathering held to petition against the passing of the well-known sedition bills. This gave mortal offence to the Tory party at the Scottish bar, and they resolved to oppose his re-election to the Deanship. Consequently, at the election in January 1796, he was defeated by Mr. Robert Dundas, the Lord Advocate. It was out of feelings of regard for his defeated friend and patron in these circumstances, besides having an old grudge against Dundas, that the poet composed the following satirical ballad.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal* and Bob† for the famous job
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was numbered;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remembered.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire;
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil —— in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

* The Hon. Henry Erskine. † Robert Dundas, Esq. of Arniston.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight
Of a son of circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind mental vision;
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be opened yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the angel met
That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may ye live and die,
Ye heretic eight-and-thirty!
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your honours and a certain king,
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION,

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

This inscription was written on an altar to Independence erected by Heron of Kerroughtree, in Galloway, in 1795, at a time when it was fashionable to raise altars to Freedom, and plant trees to Liberty. It was written immediately before the Heron Election Ballads.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have, a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear—
Approach this shrine and worship here.

THE HERON ELECTION BALLADS.

The Heron Ballads were written by Burns in support of his friend Mr. Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree, who contested, in the Whig interest, the election to the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in February 1795. They were disseminated over the country as broadsheets, and were considered mere election squibs.

BALLAD I.

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament, and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Through Galloway and a' that,
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
(And wha is't never saw that?)
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth, in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that,
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk?
And is 't against the law that?
For why, a lord may be a gouk
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
A lord may be a lousy loon
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills
Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
But we 'll ha'e ane frae 'mang oursels,
A man we ken and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
For we 're not to be bought and sold
Like naigs, and nowt, and a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he 's worthy a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They would be blest that saw that.

BALLAD II.—[THE ELECTION.]

Tune—"Fy, let us a' to the Bridal."

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin' there;
For Murray's light horse are to muster,
An' oh, how the heroes will swear!
An' there will be Murray* commander,
An' Gordon,† the battle to win;
Like brothers they 'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.

An' there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,‡
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An he get na hell for his haddin',
The de'il gets na justice ava';
An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy no sae black at the bane,
But as for his fine nabob fortune,
We 'll e'en let the subject alane. §

* Murray of Broughton.
† Gordon of Balmaghie, the Tory candidate.
‡ John Bushby of Tinwald Downs, a sharp-witted lawyer.
§ William Bushby of Kempleton, who had made a fortune in the East Indies, but which was popularly supposed to have been got before he went abroad through some questionable transactions connected with the ruinous affairs of the Ayr Bank.

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,*
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
She 's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, L—d, what 's become o' the head?
An' there will be Cardoness,† Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
A wight that will weather damnation—
The devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglases ‡ doughty,
New christening towns far and near;
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the —— o' a peer.
An' there will be Kenmure § sae generous,
Whose honour is proof to the storm;
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle, ‖
The body, e'en let him escape!
He 'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
An' where is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
Sae famed for his gratefu' return?
The billie is gettin' his questions
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead ¶ wha 's as gude as he 's true;
An' there will be Buittle's apostle,**
Wha 's mair o' the black than the blue;
An' there will be folk frae St. Mary's,††
A house o' great merit and note—

* Mr. Bushby Maitland, son of Mr. John Bushby.
† David Maxwell of Cardoness.
‡ The Douglases of Carlinwark and Orchardton, who had given the name of Castle Douglas to a village in their neighbourhood.
§ Mr. Gordon of Kenmure, with whom Burns was on good terms.
‖ Walter Sloan Lawrie of Redcastle.
¶ Rev. Mr. Muirhead, minister of Urr, a high Tory.
** Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Buittle, another high Tory.
†† The Earl of Selkirk's family.

The de'il ane but honours them highly,
The de'il ane will gi'e them his vote!

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,*
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck;
For prodigal, thriftless bestowing,
His merit had won him respect:
An' there will be rich brother nabobs—
Though nabobs, yet men of the first;
An' there will be Collieston's† whiskers,
An' Quintin,‡ o' lads not the worst.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,§
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram;
An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam;‖
An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,¶
Whose honour was ever his law—
If the Virtues were packed in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

An' can we forget the auld Major,**
Wha 'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flattery we 'll keep for some other,
Him only it 's justice to praise.
An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,††
And also Barskimming's guid knight,‡‡
An' there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,§§
Wha luckily roars in the right.

An' there, frae the Niddisdale borders,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;

* Richard Oswald of Auchincruive.
† Mr. Copland of Collieston.
‡ Quintin M'Adam of Craigengillan.
§ Mr. John Syme, distributor of stamps, Dumfries.
‖ Colonel Goldie of Goldielea.
¶ Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.
** Major Heron, brother of the above, a retired officer of the Scot Greys.
†† Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran.
‡‡ Sir William Miller of Barskimming, afterwards Lord Glenlee.
§§ Mr. Alexander Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.

Teugh Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an' Walie*
That griens for the fishes an' loaves;
An' there will be Logan M'Dowall,†
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.‡

Then hey the chaste int'rest o' Broughton,
An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king.
An' hey for the sanctified Murray,
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
He foundered his horse amang harlots,
But gi'ed the auld naig to the Lord. §

Several of the men lampooned in these verses were worthy men. But at the time the lines were written the contest had taken a turn against Mr. Heron, the Whig candidate; and the chief object of the poet was to help the cause of his patron by lavishing praise on the chief supporters of Mr. Heron, and bestowing abuse on those of the Tory candidate.

BALLAD III.—[AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.]

Tune—"Buy Broom Besoms."

This ballad refers to the election between Mr. Heron and the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, the former of whom was elected, but was unseated by the House of Commons. He died on his way back to Scotland.

WHA will buy my troggin?
Fine election ware;
Broken trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair.
Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

* Mr. John Maxwell of Terraughty; Mr. George Maxwell of Carruchan; Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.
† Colonel M'Dowall of Logan. ‡ Mr. Blair of Dunskey.
§ Mr. Murray of Broughton had deserted his wife, and eloped with a lady of rank.

There 's a noble Earl's
  Fame and high renown *
For an auld sang—
  It 's thought the gudes were stown.
    Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's the worth o' Broughton
  In a needle's ee ;
Here 's a reputation
  Tint by Balmaghie.
    Buy braw troggin, etc

Here 's an honest conscience
  Might a prince adorn ;
Frae the downs o' Tynwald,
  So was never worn.†
    Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's the stuff and lining
  O' Cardoness's head ;
Fine for a sodger
  A' the wale o' lead.
    Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's a little wadset,
  Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawnèd in a gin-shop,
  Quenching holy drouth.
    Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's armorial bearings
  Frae the manse o' Urr ;
The crest an auld crab-apple,‡
  Rotten at the core.
    Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Satan's picture,
  Like a bizzard gled,

* The Earl of Galloway. † A bitter allusion to Mr. Bushby.
‡ Rev. Dr. Muirhead, minister of Urr, in Galloway. The referenc is a very apt one, Mr. Muirhead being a withered-looking little man yet claiming to be the *chief of the Muirheads!*

Pouncing poor Redcastle,
Sprawlin' like a taed.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast;
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock
To get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
If to buy ye 're slack,
Hornie 's turnin' chapman,—
He 'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

BALLAD IV.—[JOHN BUSHBY'S * LAMENTATION.]

Tune—"The Babes in the Wood."

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
O' grace, and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man
O' ony man alive.

In March, the three-and-twentieth morn,
The sun rase clear and bright;
But oh, I was a waefu man
Ere to-fa' o' the night.

* John Bushby, Esq. of Tinwald Downs, against whom Burns had an old grudge.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
Wi' *equal* right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman joined,
The Murray's noble name!

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre 's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonny Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray on the auld gray yaud
Wi' wingèd spurs did ride,
That auld gray yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

An there hadna been the yerl himsel',
Oh, there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenkens came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed,
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
Looked on till a' was done;
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan,
My gamesome billie, Will;

And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Herons' name
We set nought to their score:
The Douglas and the Herons' name
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglases o' weight had we,
A pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae famed,
And christening kail-yards.

And by our banners marched Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whase haly priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black?

And there Redcastle drew his sword,
That ne'er was stained wi' gore,
Save on a wanderer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

And last came creeping Collieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind,
To keep that knave frae scaith.

SONGS.

"By far the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns are, without doubt, to be found among his songs. It is here that, although through a small aperture, his light shines with the least obstruction, in its highest beauty, and purest sunny clearness.....They are already part of the mother tongue, not only of Scotland, but of Britain, and of the millions that, in all ends of the earth, speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the hearts of men unfold themselves, in the joy and woe of existence, the name, the voice of that joy or woe, is the name and voice which Burns has given them."—CARLYLE.

MY HANDSOME NELL.

Tune—"I am a man unmarried."

Nelly Kilpatrick, the heroine of this song, was the poet's companion on the harvest-rig, when he was in his seventeenth year, and first kindled within him the spark of love and poetry. "This composition," says Burns, in his Commonplace Book, "was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity, unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world."

OH, once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I 'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
And mony full as braw;
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the ee,
But without some better qualities
She 's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet;
And, what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel;
And then there 's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it 's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

Oh, raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
Oh, raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

I DREAMED I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

"These stanzas," says the poet, "which are amongst the oldest of my printed pieces, I composed when I was seventeen."

I DREAMED I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the sunny beam,
Listening to the wild birds singing
By a falling crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoyed;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flowery bliss destroyed.
Though fickle Fortune has deceived me
(She promised fair and performed but ill),
Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

O TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

Tune—"Invercauld's Reel."

Isabella Steven, the subject of these verses, was the daughter of a portioner of Kyle—that is, the proprietor of three acres of peat-moss—who thought herself rich enough to treat a ploughman with disdain.

Chorus.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I 'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
  Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that 's sae mean
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
  That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye 'll cast your head anither airt,
  And answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
Ye 'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
  Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie lass, tak my advice:
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The de'il a ane wad spier your price,
  Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gi'e her in her sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark!
  Ye need na look sae high.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

Tune—"The weaver and his shuttle, O."

"This song," says Burns, "is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification; but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over."

My father was a farmer
  Upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me
  In decency and order, O.

He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
For without an honest, manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O;
Though to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O.
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O;
Resolved was I at least to try
To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted Fortune's favour, O;
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour, O:
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpowered;
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O;
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harassed, and tired at last,
With Fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O:
The past was bad, and the future hid,
Its good or ill untried, O;
But the present hour was in my power,
And so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
Nor person to befriend me, O;
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
And labour to sustain me, O.
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O;
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly, O.

Thus, all obscure, unknown and poor,
Through life I 'm doomed to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay
In everlasting slumber, O.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
I live to-day as well 's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well
As a monarch in a palace, O,
Though Fortune's frown still hunts me down
With all her wonted malice, O.
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O;
But, as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes gen'rally upon me, O,—
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
Or my good-natured folly, O;
But come what will, I 've sworn it still,
I 'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O.
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
Or nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown
I will prefer before you, O.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

Tune—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

The subject of these verses is generally believed to have been a young woman named Annie Ronald, afterwards Mrs. Paterson of Aikenbrae, and the daughter of a neighbour of the poet.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie.
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
'Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me through the barley.

Chorus.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I 'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I loved her most sincerely;
I kissed her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I locked her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright
That shone that hour so clearly,
She aye shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I ha'e been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinkin';
I ha'e been joyfu' gatherin' gear;
I ha'e been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs o' barley.

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

Tune—"Gala Water."

"This fragment," says Burns, "is done something in imitation of a noble old Scottish piece, called 'M'Millan's Peggy.' My Montgomery's Peggy was my deity for six or eight months." He then discovered that her affections had been bestowed on another, and it cost the poet some heart-aches before he got over the affair.

ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy,
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron, proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gi'e o' joy to me,
The sharin't wi' Montgomery's Peggy.

THE MAUCHLINE LADY.

Tune—"I had a horse, and I had nae mair."

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye.

But when I came roun' by Mauchline toun,
Not dreadin' ony body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.*

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Tune—"The deuks dang o'er my daddy!"

"My Highland lassie," observes Burns, "was a warm-hearted charming young creature, as ever blest a man with generous love. Afte a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met b appointment on the second Sunday in May, in a sequestered spot by th banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before sh should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among he friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn sh crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce lande when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear gi to the grave, before I could even hear of her illness."

It is almost superfluous to add that the subject of these verses wa Mary Campbell, "Highland Mary," whom the poet ardently loved, an whom he made the heroine of some of his noblest lyrics.

Nae gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care:
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gi'e me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I 'll love my Highland lassie, O.

* Jean Armour, afterwards his wife.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I 'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I 'll trace the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand;
By sacred truth and honour's band,
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I 'm thine, my Highland lassie, O!

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!
Fareweel the plains sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

PEGGY.

Tune—"I had a horse, and I had nae mair."

Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring hern the fountains:
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find—
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine,
Some solitary wander.
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
The fluttering, gory pinion!

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature—
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly.
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

OH THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED!

This song is an old one; the last verse only is by Burns.

Oh that I had ne'er been married!
I wad never had nae care.
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
And they cry "Crowdie" ever mair.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye "crowdie" ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
Glowrin' by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I 'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye "crowdie" ony mair,
Ye 'll crowdie a' my meal away.

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O 'T.

Tune—"East Nook o' Fife."

The unfortunate heroine of this song was the mother of the poet's "sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess." "I composed it," says Burns, "pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud."

Oh, wha my baby-clouts will buy?
Oh, wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
The rantin' dog the daddie o 't.

Oh, wha will own he did the faut?
Oh, wha will buy the groanin' maut?
Oh, wha will tell me how to ca 't?—
The rantin' dog the daddie o 't.

When I mount the creepie chair,*
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gi'e me Rob, I 'll seek nae mair,—
The rantin' dog the daddie o 't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?—
The rantin' dog the daddie o 't.

* Stool of repentance.

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLITHE AND FREE

Tune—"To the Weavers gin ye go."

"The chorus of this song is old," says Burns; "the rest of it is mine One summer evening, when he desired to escort a Mauchline lass hom he found he had been anticipated by "a bonnie westlin weaver lad," a wrote the following song in consequence.

My heart was ance as blithe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonnie westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go,
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonnie westlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it ga'e a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west,
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlin weaver lad
Convoyed me through the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But, oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel'.

Chorus.—To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go,
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

GUDE'EN TO YOU, KIMMER.

Tune—"We're a' noddin'."

GUDE'EN to you, kimmer,
And how do ye do?
Hiccup, quo kimmer,
The better that I 'm fou.

We 're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
We 're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen broo;
De'il tak Kate,
An' she be na noddin' too!

How 's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o 't,
And twa pints mair.

How 's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye thrive?
How mony bairns ha'e ye?
Quo' kimmer, I ha'e five.

Are they a' Johnny's?
Eh! atweel na;
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnny was awa'.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo,

Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.

We 're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
We 're a' noddin' at our house at hame.*

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"John Anderson my Jo."

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bickered to the seas;
A cushat crooded o'er me,
That echoed through the braes.

O WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE?

Written extempore, April 1782.

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
An' be an ill foreboder?
I 'm twenty-three, and five feet nine;
I 'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it 's gane, and something mair—
I 'll go and be a sodger.

* There is another version of this verse and the chorus in a letter to Mr. Robert Ainslie, jun., dated 23rd August 1787, which is here subjoined:—

The cats like kitchen,
The dogs like broo,
The lasses like the lads weel,
And th' auld wives too.

Chorus.

And we 're a' noddin',
Nid, nid, noddin',
We 're a' noddin' fou at e'en.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

Chorus.

ROBIN shure in hairst,*
I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden;
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin?

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cotter,
Played me sic a trick—
And me the eller's dochter!

Robin promised me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure, etc.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee;
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

* Reaped at harvest time.

WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

MY NANNIE, O!

Tune—"My Nannie, O."

Agnes Fleming, the heroine of what has been called the finest song i the language, was a servant to Mr. Gavin Hamilton, the poet's friend She lived to a good old age, and died unmarried.

Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin' wind blaws loud an' shrill;
The night 's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie 's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she 's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I 'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I 'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by;
I 'll tak' what Heaven will sen' me, O:
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live an' love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Green grow the rashes."

This song is an improvement upon an ancient ditty of considerable spirit and freedom.

Chorus.

GREEN grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

There 's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The warl'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warl'ly cares an' warl'ly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;
Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

MENIE.

Tune—"Jockey's grey breeks."

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steeped in morning dews.

*Chorus.**

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that 's in her ee?
For it 's jet, jet black, an' it 's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw;
In vain to me the violets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team;
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's. Menie is the common abbreviation of Mariamne.—Burns. It is also the diminutive of Marion.

The wanton coot the water skims;
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry;
The stately swan majestic swims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shrill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And, raging, bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me.

Chorus.

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that 's in her ee?
For it 's jet, jet black, an' it 's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

The story of this affecting lyric is thus told by the poet himself:—"I ..d been for some time skulking from covert to covert under all the ...rors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless ...k of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few ...ends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; and I had composed ...e last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—

'The gloomy night is gathering fast'—

...ne a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my ...hemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,

Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, pressed with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar;
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those:
The bursting tears my heart declare—
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

MY JEAN.

Tune—"The Northern Lass."

Composed at the same period as the preceding lyric.

THOUGH cruel Fate should bid us part,
Far as the Pole and Line,

Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.*

RANTIN' ROVIN' ROBIN.

Tune—"Daintie Davie."

This song, it is said, commemorates an incident which occurred when Robert Burns was born.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,†
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it 's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun;
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof;
Quo' she, "Wha lives will see the proof
This waly boy will be nae coof—
I think we 'll ca' him Robin.

"He 'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He 'll be a credit till us a'—
We 'll a' be proud o' Robin.

"But, sure as three times three mak nine,
I see, by ilka score and line,

* Jean Armour. † A district of Ayrshire.

This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin!

"Guid faith, quo she, I doubt ye gar
The bonnie lasses lie aspar;
But twenty fauts ye may ha'e waur,
So blessin's on thee, Robin!"

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

Tune—"Braes o' Balquhidder."

Chorus.

I'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mair o' heav'n to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O.

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O;
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O.

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

MAUCHLINE BELLES.

Tune—"Mauchline Belles."

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles!
Ye 're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks—like Rob Mossgiel.*

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your veins, and fire your brains,
And then ye 're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that 's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In London or Paris they 'd gotten it a'.

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland 's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There 's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour 's† the jewel for me o' them a'.

* Robert Burns of Mossgiel.
† Jean Armour, afterwards his wife.

HUNTING SONG.

Tune—"I rede you beware at the hunting."

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony a glen,
At length they discovered a bonnie moor-hen.

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather-bells,
Her colours betrayed her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,
And oh! as she wantonèd gay on the wing,

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peeped o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he trièd his skill;
He levelled his rays where she basked on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but marked where she lay

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads, wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight—
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

YOUNG PEGGY.

Tune—"Last time I cam' o'er the muir."

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass
With pearly gems adorning.

Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them.
Her smile is as the evening mild,
When feathered tribes are courting,
And little lambkins, wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage Winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen;
And spiteful Envy grins in vain,
The poisoned tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From every ill defend her!
Inspire the highly-favoured youth
The Destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom,
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

Tune—"Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly."

Burns wrote these lines shortly after he joined the Tarbolton Lodge of Freemasons, which had considerable fame in the west for its festivities.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,

No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-bellied bottle 's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown, how it waves in the air?
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon provèd it fair
That a big-bellied bottle 's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter informed me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddled upstairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts" *—a maxim laid down
By the bard—what d 'ye call him?—that wore the blac
gown;
And, faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair,
For a big-bellied bottle 's a heav'n of a care.

STANZA ADDED IN A MASONIC LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harassed with care!

* Young's "Night Thoughts."

THE FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.*

Tune—"Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favoured, ye enlightened few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honoured with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heaven bless your honoured, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here—
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

* Written on the eve of the poet's projected voyage to the West Indies.

ELIZA.

Tune—"Gilderoy."

This song was written when Burns was about to emigrate to the Wes Indies. The heroine was the "braw Miss Betty" of the belles o Mauchline, whom the poet has celebrated in verse.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel Fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

Tune—"Shawnboy."

The original, in the poet's handwriting, belongs to Gabriel Nei Glasgow, and has the following note attached to it:—"This song wrote by Mr. Burns, was sung by him in the Kilmarnock Kilwinnin Lodge, in 1786, and given by him to Mr. Parker, who was Master the Lodge."

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation,
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honourèd station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying 's the ton of your fashion;

A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,—
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who markèd each element's border;
Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order!
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or witherèd envy ne'er enter;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre!

KATHERINE JAFFRAY.

THERE lived a lass in yonder dale,
And down in yonder glen, O!
And Katherine Jaffray was her name,
Weel known to many men, O!

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the south countrie, O!
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be, O!

He 's telled her father and mother baith,
As I hear sundry say, O!
But he has na telled the lass hersel'
Till on her wedding day, O!

Then came the Laird o' Lochington
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this pretty maid,
All mounted in good order.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

Tune—"If he be a butcher neat and trim."

The subject of this "song of similes," as it has been termed, is said to have been one Ellison Begbie. She was the daughter of a small farmer in Galston parish, and was herself at the time a servant in a family residing on the banks of the Cessnock. Burns was very much in love with her; but she ultimately rejected him, and married another lover.

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass;
Could I describe her shape and mien,
The graces of her weel-fared face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' een!

She 's fresher than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

She 's stately, like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

She 's spotless as the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flowery May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her forehead 's like the showery bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen—

They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossomed bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she 's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

But it 's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching Beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in every grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

IMPROVED VERSION.

Tune—"If he be a butcher neat and trim."

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
Could I describe her shape and mien!
Our lasses a' she far excels,—
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She 's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She 's stately, like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She 's spotless, like the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When evening Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her forehead 's like the showery bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her bosom 's like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murm'ring streamlets flow;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen;
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossomed bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,

While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she 's twa sparkling, roguish een.

But it 's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching Beauty's fabled queen;
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace,
An' chiefly in her roguish een.

MARY.

Tune—"Blue Bonnets."

This is an adaptation of an old song published in a magazine while Burns was yet a youth. He changed the name in the original from "Serina" to Mary, and applied the words and sentiments to the relationship then subsisting between Mary Campbell and himself.

POWERS celestial! whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care;
Let her form, sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest.
Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home!

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

"In my early years," says Burns, "when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl"—(Mary Campbell, or "Highland Mary").

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I ha'e sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Katharine Ogie."

This beautiful lyric commemorates the parting interview between Burns and Mary Campbell, in the springtime of 1786, before she set out for her home in Campbeltown, to make preparations for their marriage; and her untimely death at Greenock, in the ensuing autumn, is lamented in pathetic strains. "The adieu was performed," says Cromeck, "in a striking and moving way. The lovers stood on each side of a small brook; they laved their hands in the stream; and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted never to meet again."

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There Simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there the langest tarry;

For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As, underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder.
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod and cauld 's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

The subject of this exquisite song was Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, the sister of the proprietor of Ballochmyle House, near Mauchline. Burns enclosed the song in a letter to Miss Alexander, in which he says:—"I had roved out, as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse—the banks of the Ayr—to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart.....Such was the

scene, and such was the hour, when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of Nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape or blest a poet's eye.....The enclosed song was the work of my return home, and perhaps but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene."

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green;
On every blade the pearls hang;
The zephyrs wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang;
In every glen the mavis sang,
All Nature listening seemed the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy:
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile;
Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild;
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foiled
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain;
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine.
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

The second verse only of this song was written by Burns.

O WHARE did ye get that hauver meal bannock?
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie that ga'e me 't!
Aft has he doudled me up on his knee;
May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonnie ee bree!
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou 's aye be dearer and dearer to me!
But I 'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
And I 'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Tune—"Maggie Lauder."

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.

Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steered,
And gone I know not whither.

Would I could guess, I do profess—
I speak, and do not flatter—
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowèd well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell—
The de'il could ne'er abide her.

I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

THERE WAS A WIFE.

This song is inserted in Johnson's "Musical Museum," where it said to have been written by Burns.

THERE was a wife wonned in Cockpen,
Scroggam;
She brewed guid ale for gentlemen;
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam;
The priest o' the parish fell in anither;
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam;
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither;
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

HISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Tune—"Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad."

This version of an old fragment was composed for Johnson's "Museum," but the poet afterwards considerably altered and extended for Thomson's Collection.

Chorus.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither should baith gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na coming to me.

SECOND VERSION.

"Is 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,' one of your airs?" asks the poet of Thomson, in transmitting this song. "I admire it much, and yesterday I set the following verses to it."

Chorus.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,

And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle, and I 'll come, etc.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
O whistle, and I 'll come, etc.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

O whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I 'll come to you, my lad.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

THERE 'S news, lasses, news,
Gude news I have to tell;
There 's a boat fu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

Chorus.

The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod,
An' I 'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I 'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.
The wean, etc.

I ha'e as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun till't again.
The wean, etc.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Tune—"I'm o'er young to marry yet."

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
And lying in a strange bed,
I'm fleyed wad mak me eerie, sir.

I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

My mammy coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun ha'e the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
I'm feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir;
An' you an' I in ae bed
In trouth I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

I'm o'er young to marry yet,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

Tune—"The tither morn, as I forlorn."

Yon wandering rill that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, sir,
Slides by a bower where mony a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, sir.

There Damon lay with Sylvia gay—
To love they thought nae crime, sir;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, sir.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Tune—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

Burns says that he composed this song while standing under the Fall of Moness, near Aberfeldy, in Perthshire, in September 1787.

Chorus.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Tune—"Macpherson's Rant."

This "grand lyric," as Lockhart terms it, was written by Burns as n improvement of an older song, entitled "Macpherson's Lament," aid to have been composed by a famous Highland freebooter on the ve of his execution. "Macpherson's Lament," says Sir Walter Scott, was a well-known song many years before the Ayrshire Bard wrote ese additional verses, which constitute its principal merit. This noted eebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last ntury. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which has bequeathed his name upon a favourite violin; and holding up e instrument, he offered it to any one of his clan who would under- ke to play the tune over his body at the lyke-wake. As none swered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung mself from the ladder."

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring and danced it round
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh! what is death but parting breath?
On mony a bloody plain
I 've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there 's no a man in all Scotland
But I 'll brave him at a word.

I 've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring and danced it round
Below the gallows-tree.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale
The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are numbered by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none

But 'tis not my suff'rings thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends—'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER.

Tune—"Gala Water."

The air and chorus of this song are very old. Burns was so enamoured with the air that he afterwards wrote another set of words to it for his friend Thomson, which are given below.

Chorus.

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water;
O braw lads of Gala Water!
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost a silken snood*
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

* The reference here will be best understood from the following note by Sir Walter Scott:—"The snood or ribbon with which a Scottish lass braided her hair had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the curch, toy, or coif, when she passed by marriage into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood nor advance to the graver dignity of the curch."

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water;
O braw lads of Gala Water!
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

SECOND VERSION.

THERE 's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I 'll be his, and he 'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I ha'e na meikle tocher,
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We 'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
Oh, that 's the chiefest warld's treasure!

STAY, MY CHARMER.

Tune—"An Gille dubh ciar dhubh."

STAY, my charmer—can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me!
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

James Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, whom these verses commemorate, escaped with difficulty from the field of Culloden, where his father fell, in 1746. He died abroad.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engagèd,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly wagèd,
But the heavens denied success.

Farewell, fleeting, fickle treasure,
'Tween Misfortune and Folly shared!
Farewell, Peace! and farewell, Pleasure!
Farewell, flattering man's regard!

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us;
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

MY HOGGIE.

Tune—"What will I do gin my hoggie die?"

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie!

The lee-lang night we watched the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;

We heard nought but the roaring linn
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the houlet cried frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod replied upon the hill:
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw', and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggy;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my hoggie.

HER DADDY FORBADE.

Tune—"Jumpin' John."

Her daddie forbade, her minnie forbade;
Forbidden she wadna be;
She wadna trow't the browst she brewed *
Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty guid shillin's and three;
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
The lass with the bonnie black ee.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Chorus.

Up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

* She would not believe the drink she brewed.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"Morag."

The young Highland rover was, according to Stenhouse, Prince Charles Edward, who at one period of his adventurous career was warmly entertained at Castle Gordon.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey
And bonnie Castle Gordon!

The trees, now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging;
The birdies, dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty Warden
My youth 's returned to fair Strathspey
And bonnie Castle Gordon.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Tune—"The Dusty Miller."

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat;
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck.
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gi'e my coatie
For the dusty miller.

BONNIE PEG.

As I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary,
O wha came tripping down the street,
But bonnie Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linkèd hands we took the sands
Adown yon winding river;
And, oh! that hour and broomy bower,
Can I forget it ever?

THERE WAS A LASS.

Tune—"Duncan Davison."

The poet was delighted with the liveliness of this old air, and, brooding over the old words, conceived the following strain, full of the spirit of other days.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that followed her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between.
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen;
Sae blithe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

SHELAH O'NEIL.

WHEN first I began for to sigh and to woo her,
Of many fine things I did say a great deal,
But above all the rest, that which pleased her the best,
Was, oh! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neil?

My point I soon carried, for straight we were married;
Then the weight of my burden I soon 'gan to feel,
For she scolded, she fisted—O then I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O'Neil.

Then tired and dull-hearted, O then I deserted,
And fled into regions far distant from home,
To Frederick's army, where none e'er could harm me,
Save Shelah herself in the shape of a bomb.
I fought every battle, where cannons did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas! and the sharp-pointed steel;
But in all my wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found
Ought so sharp as the tongue of curst Shelah O'Neil.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

Tune—"The Ruffian's Rant."

In coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin' in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown 's a berry;
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

We lap and danced the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae an' weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—"Bhannerach dhon na chri."

"These verses," says Burns, "were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton. She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the Devon." The poet was something more than a mere admirer of this lady; but, unfortunately for him, she had already set her heart on a more favoured lover.

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes and flowers blooming fair!
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

Tune—"There are few guid fellows when Willie's awa'."

"You must know a beautiful Jacobite air, 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.' When political combustion ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of historians and poets."—BURNS.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We dare na weel say 't, though we ken wha 's to blame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird:
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

YE HA'E LIEN WRANG, LASSIE.

Chorus.

Ye ha'e lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye 've lien a' wrang;
Ye 've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan,
Ye 're greener than the grass, lassie!
Your coatie 's shorter by a span,
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.

O lassie, ye ha'e played the fool,
And ye will feel the scorn, lassie;
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them e'er the morn, lassie.

Oh, ance ye danced upon the knowes,
And through the wood ye sang, lassie!
But in the herrying o' a bee byke,
I fear ye 've got a stang, lassie.

Ye ha'e lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye 've lien a' wrang;
Ye 've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—"Macgregor of Ruara's Lament."

"I composed these verses," says Burns, "on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudoun, who shot himself out of sheer heartbreak at some mortification he suffered from the deranged state of his finances."

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella strayed deploring:—
"Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure!
Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering,
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

WOMEN'S MINDS.

Tune—"For a' that."

THOUGH women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift and turn, and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.

Chorus.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle 's a' that,
The bonnie lass that I lo'e best,
She 'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that,
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, and a' that;
A bonnie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that?

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

To a Gaelic Air.

How lang and dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie;
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary;
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae—ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie;
It was na sae—ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Tune—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

How lang and dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie;

I restless lie frae e'en to morn
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

Chorus.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang!
And oh, her dreams are eerie!
And oh, her widowed heart is sair,
That 's absent frae her dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?
For oh, etc.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae—ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie!
For oh, etc.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"Druimion dubh."

Composed out of compliment to Mrs. M'Lauchlan, whose husband was an officer in the West Indies.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven, in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law;
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that 's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me!
Downy sleep, the curtain draw!
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far awa'!

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Tune—"Andro and his Cutty Gun."

"I composed these verses," says the poet, in his notes in the Museum "while I stayed at Auchtertyre with Sir William Murray." The heroine of the song was Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, a lovely young creature of eighteen, called "The Flower of Strathmore."

Chorus.

BLITHE, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She trippèd by the banks of Ern,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

The Highland hills I 've wandered wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.

Blithe, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

SONG OF DEATH.

Burns sent this noble lyric enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in which he says:—"I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady the descendant of Wallace, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology." It was suggested, the poet tells us, by an Isle of Skye tune, entitled, "Oran an Doig; or, the Song of Death," which he found in Macdonald's collection of Highland airs, and to the measure of which he adapted these heart-stirring verses.

Scene, a field of battle; time of the day, evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song of death.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships—ye dear, tender ties—
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh, who would not die with the brave?

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

Air—"The mill, mill, O."

Of the origin of this charming song, a correspondent of Thomson's says:—"Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill with a couple of friends, when a poor, wayworn soldier passed the window. Of a sudden it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures: after listening to which he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. The result was the admirable song which he sent you for 'The mill, mill, O.'" It became very popular, and was sung in every cottage, village, and town.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I 'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstained wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonnie glen
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
Oh, happy, happy may he be
That 's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I 've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I 've served my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed—
Forget him shall I never:

Our humble cot and hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake it;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed—she reddened like a rose,
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I 'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we 're rich in love,
And mair we 'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenished fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou 'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he 's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Tune—"Jockie Hume's Lament."

This is an old ditty trimmed up by the poet for Johnson's "Musical Museum." It retained, however, so much of its original coarseness and indelicacy that he afterwards wrote an entirely new version, and to a different air, for Thomson's Collection.

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?

A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,
And that 's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten.

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly?
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,
And that 's what Meg o' the Mill lo'es dearly.

O ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married,
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married?
The priest he was oxtered, the clark he was carried,
And that 's how Meg o' the Mill was married.

O ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded,
An' ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?
The groom gat sae fu', he fell awald beside it,
And that 's how Meg o' the Mill was bedded.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Air—"O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack?"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claute o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;*
She 's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter more moving,—
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chainèd bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

Oh, wae on the siller—it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
A tocher 's nae word in a true lover's parle;
But gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

* Crooked, blear-eyed dwarf.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

The first two lines are taken from an old ballad; the rest is wholly original.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He 's the king o' guid fellows and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She 's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She 's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh! she 's an heiress, auld Robin 's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed—
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hoped she wad smiled upon me!
Oh, how past descriving had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

This song was composed after the style of an old ditty of the same name, but has nothing in common with it save the first line and a part of the third. From its lively air and clever words, it became very popular. "'Spak' o' lowpin o'er a linn,'" wrote the Hon. Andrew Erskine to the poet, "is a line of itself that should make you immortal."

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo—
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't!
On blithe Yule night, when we were fu'—
Ha, ha, the wooing o 't!

Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleeched, and Duncan prayed—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig*—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn;†
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Slighted love is sair to bide—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

How it comes let doctors tell—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Meg grew sick, as he grew heal—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And oh, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Maggie's was a piteous case—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoored his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

* A well-known rocky islet in the Frith of Clyde.
† Spoke of jumping o'er a precipice.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
The girdin' brak, the beast cam' down,
I tint my curch and baith my shoon;
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—
Wae on the bad girdin' o't!

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin' o't.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Tune—"Up wi' the Ploughman."

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo;
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!

Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He 's aften wat and weary:
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
I ha'e been at Saint Johnston;
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

Snaw-white stockin's on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A guid blue bonnet on his head—
And oh, but he was handsome!

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And the corn-mou, man;
I never gat my coggie fou
Till I met wi' the ploughman.

Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'.

Tune—"Hey tutti, taiti."

The first two verses only are by Burns.

LANDLADY, count the lawin',
The day is near the dawin';
Ye 're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I 'm but jolly fou.

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha 's fou now?

Cog an' ye were aye fou,
Cog an' ye were aye fou;
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may we never see!
God bless the king, boys,
And the companie!

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha 's fou now?

TO DAUNTON ME.

Tune—"To daunton me."

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea,
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flattering tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain dreeps down frae his red bleared ee—
That auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flattering tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

COME, BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.*

Tune—"O'er the Water to Charlie."

Come, boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I 'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We 'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We 'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we 'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him;
But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I 'd die as aft for Charlie.

We 'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We 'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we 'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

* Prince Charles Edward.

A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—"The Rosebud."

Composed in honour of little Jean Cruikshank, to whom the poet so addressed that sweet poem beginning, "Beauteous rosebud, young and gay." She was the daughter of William Cruikshank, one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh, at whose house Burns resided during one of his visits to the capital.

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosèd bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest;
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedewed,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watched thy early morning.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

Tune—"Rattlin', roarin' Willie."

"The hero of this chant," says Burns, "was one of the worthiest fellows in the world—William Dunbar, Esq., Writer to the Signet,

Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps, a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the Fencible regiments." Only the last stanza is said to be by Burns.

OH, rattlin', roarin' Willie—
Oh, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle,
An' buy some other ware:
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his ee;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I ha'e had.

As I cam' by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en'—
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie.
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lament for Abercairny."

The subject of this song was Margaret Chalmers. The poet called her "one of the most accomplished of women," and frequently spoke of her with more than common warmth and tenderness.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms,
First blest my wondering eyes;

As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonished, doubly marks its beam
With art's most polished blaze.

Blest be the wild sequestered shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first surveyed,
When first I felt their power!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

"The following verses," says Burns, "were made extempore to the old air, 'My wife's a wanton wee thing;' and though, on further study, might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink."

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I 'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

O leeze me on my wee thing,
My bonnie, blithesome wee thing;
Sae lang 's I ha'e my wee thing,
I 'll think my lot divine.

Though warld's care we share o 't,
And may see meikle mair o 't,
Wi' her I 'll blithely bear it,
And ne'er a word repine.

BONNIE LESLEY.

"I have just been looking over the 'Collier's Bonnie Dochter;' and if the following rhapsody, which I composed the other day on a charming Ayrshire girl, Miss Lesley Baillie, as she passed through this place to England, will suit your taste better than the 'Collier Lassie,' fall on, and welcome."—BURNS.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley;
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The de'il he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee;
Thou 'rt, like themselves, sae lovely
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we ha'e a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—"Johnny M'Gill."

O WILT thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie,
His lands and his money;
I care na thy kin
Sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt ha'e me
For better for waur;
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune—"Highlander's Lament."

"The oldest title," says Burns, "I ever heard to this air was 'The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland.' The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine."

MY Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
But now he 's banished far away,
I 'll never see him back again.

O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;

I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain,
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

THE TAILOR.

Tune—"The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'."

The second and fourth verses only are by Burns; the remainder is very old.

THE tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a';
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma'—
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'.

The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill;
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill:
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still;
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gi'e me the groat again, canny young man;
Gi'e me the groat again, canny young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang—
The dearest siller that ever I wan!

There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There 's some that are dowie, I trow, wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

BONNIE JEAN.

Tune—"Bonnie Jean."

The subject of this song was Miss Jean M'Murdo, the eldest daughter of John M'Murdo, Esq. of Drumlanrig, at whose table the poet was a frequent guest. The poet tells us that he did not paint Jean in her proper rank, but in the dress and character of a cottager.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whispered thus his tale o' love:—

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na;
At length she blushed a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

Tune—"Aye waukin', O."

The first verse only is by Burns; the remainder had the benefit of his revisal.

Simmer's a pleasant time—
Flowers of every colour;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

Aye waukin', O,
Waukin' still and wearie;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I 'm eerie;

Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my bonnie lad,
And bleer my een with greetin'.

Aye waukin', O,
Waukin' still and wearie;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Tune—"Ye gallants bright."

"I composed this song," says Burns, "out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, daughter of my friend, Mr. Allan Masterton, composer of the air 'Strathallan's Lament.'"

Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply laced her genty waist
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann!

WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

Tune—"The gardener wi' his paidle."

"In other days every trade and vocation had a tune to dance or marc to: the air of this song is the march of the gardeners. The title only old; the rest is the work of Burns."—CUNNINGHAM.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green, spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours—
The gardener wi' his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa';
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gardener wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews he maun repair—
The gardener wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best—
The gardener wi' his paidle.

BLOOMING NELLY.

Tune—"On a bank of flowers."

This song is an improvement on an English lyric by Mr. Theobald, given in Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany."

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie, wandering through the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheathed,
Were sealed in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breathed,
It richer dyed the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild, wanton, kissed her rival breast;
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll;
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
And sighed his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspirèd wings,
So Nelly, starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs:
But Willie followed, as he should;
He overtook her in the wood;
He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

THE DAY RETURNS.

Tune—"Seventh of November."

Written in honour of the anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Riddel of Friars' Carse.

The day returns, my bosom burns—
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live.
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Tune—"Lady Badinscoth's Reel."

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her need na say she's wooed,
But he may say he's bought her, O.

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never missed it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kissed the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

Tune—"Jamie, come try me."

Chorus.

JAMIE, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Tune—"Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine."

Of this song Burns says that the first half-stanza is old, and the reminder his. It was composed out of compliment to a young officer who was about to embark for a foreign shore, and who was accompanied to the pier of Leith by a young lady—Bonnie Mary of the song.

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship lies by the Berwick Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar—
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

THE LAZY MIST.

Tune—"Here's a health to my true love."

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark, winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse;
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!

How long I have lived, but how much lived in vain!
How little of life's scanty span may remain!
What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn!
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained!
And downward, how weakened, how darkened, how pained!
This life 's not worth having, with all it can give;
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

Tune—"O mount and go."

Chorus.

O MOUNT and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the captain's lady.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquished foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we 'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

Chorus.—O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the captain's lady.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow wand to be him boots and jacket;
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

O GUID ALE COMES.

Chorus.

O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose—
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel eneugh;
I selled them a' just ane by ane—
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool* when I ha'e done;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose—
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

* Stool of repentance.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

This deservedly popular song was written, Burns tells us, in compliment to Mrs. Burns (Jean Armour), and during their honeymoon.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

In most collections of Scottish songs the two following stanzas ar appended to this beautiful lyric. They were composed by Mr. Joh Hamilton, a music-seller in Edinburgh, and are worthy of their companion verses:—

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That 's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean!

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Ha'e passed atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!

The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean!

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

Tune—"Whistle o'er the Lave o't."

This well-known song was composed by Burns as a substitute for some indelicate verses found in Herd's collection.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we 're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was Nature's child;
Wiser men than me 's beguiled—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dished up in her winding-sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see 't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

O CAN YE LABOUR LEA?

O CAN ye labour lea, young man,
An' can ye labour lea?
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
Ye 'se never scorn me.

I fee'd a man at Martinmas
Wi' airl-pennies three;
An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
He could na labour lea.

The stibble rig is easy ploughed,
The fallow land is free;
But wha wad keep the handless coof
That could na labour lea?

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

This song was composed in honour of Mrs. Burns during the poet's residence at Ellisland, and while his wife was staying with his family at Mossgiel till a house was prepared for her at the former place. "There is nothing," says the Rev. Hamilton Paul, "in the whole circle of lyrical poetry, ancient or modern, to be named with it. It bids defiance to comparison."

O WERE I on Parnassus hill,
Or had of Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon* I 'll glower and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I could na sing, I could na say
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een;
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, afield, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.

* A lofty conical hill, 1,574 feet in height, in New Cumnock parish, about 25 miles from Ellisland. Beyond this hill lay the vale where "bonny Jean" was living.

Though I were doomed to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then—and then I love thee!

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

Tune—"Hughie Graham."

The first two stanzas are by Burns; the last two are old.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing,—

How I wad mourn when it was torn
By autumn wild and winter rude!
But I wad sing, on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa',—

O there, beyond expression blest,
I 'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fleyed awa' by Phœbus' light!

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lament."

"The first half-stanza of this song is old; the rest is mine."—BURNS.

THERE 's a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses should wander awa';
For he 's bonnie and braw,
Weel favoured witha',
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.

His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie 's been courtin'—
Weel-featured, weel-tochered, weel-mounted, and braw;
But chiefly the siller
That gars him gang till her,
The penny 's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There 's Meg wi' the mailen
That fain wad a haen him;
And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha';
There 's lang-tochered Nancy
Maist fetters his fancy:
But the laddie 's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—"Failte na Miosg."

"The first half-stanza," says Burns, "of this song is old; the rest is mine."

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth!
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow!
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands wherever I go.

BLITHE HA'E I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Tune—"Liggeram Cosh."

The subject of these tender verses was Miss Lesley Baillie, whom Burns also made the heroine of the song entitled "Bonny Lesley." Of this young lady and her sister Burns thus wrote:—"I declare, one day I had the honour of dining at Mr. Baillie's, I was almost in the predicament of the children of Israel, when they could not look on Moses' face for the glory that shone in it when he descended from Mount Horeb."

BLITHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me.
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang, can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow nocht but glower,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

Tune—"Cauld Kail."

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The warld's wealth and grandeur.

And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I 'll seek nay mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure.
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I 'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Tune—"John Anderson, my Jo."

This gem is founded on an old song, set to an air which is said to have been a piece of sacred music before the Reformation.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESH AND FAIR.

Tune—"Awa', Whigs, awa'!"

Some authorities maintain that this song is merely an old Jacobite ditty dressed up by Burns.

Our thrissles flourished fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloomed our roses;
But Whigs cam' like a frost in June,
And withered a' our posies.

Chorus.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye 're but a pack o' traitor louns;
Ye 'll do nae guid at a'.

Our ancient crown 's fa'n in the dust—
De'il blin' them wi' the stoure o 't!
And write their names in his black beuk
Wha gae the Whigs the power o 't!

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my descriving;
The Whigs cam' o'er us like a curse,
And we ha'e done wi' thriving.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye 're but a pack o' traitor louns;
Ye 'll do nae guid at a'.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Tune—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

The first version of this song was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," and was simply an old pastoral containing several emendations and additions by the poet. He afterwards mused upon the same subject and air, and finally produced a lyric which was worthy of his fame. In transmitting the latter to Thomson for his Collection, he says:—"I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes,' as it was owing to me that it ever saw the light. About seven years ago I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr Clunie, who sang it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others; but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll, which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head."

Chorus.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad:
He rowed me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye 'se lie and sleep,
And aye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

If ye 'll but stand to what ye 've said,
I 'se gang wi' thee, my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my ee,
Ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

SECOND VERSION.

Chorus.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis' e'ening sang
Sounding Clouden's * woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

We 'll gae down by Clouden's side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

* The Clouden, or Cluden (a tributary of the Nith), on the banks of which the scene of this lyric is laid, is a beautiful stream.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou 'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, etc.

BROSE AND BUTTER.

O GI'E my love brose, brose,
Gi'e my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Can please a lassie better.

The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
The muirhen lo'es the heather;
But gi'e me a braw moonlight,
And me and my love together.

O MERRY HA'E I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

Tune—"Lord Breadalbane's March."

O MERRY ha'e I been teethin' a heckle,*
And merry ha'e I been shapin' a spoon;
And merry ha'e I been cloutin' a kettle,
And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.

* Mending the steel prongs of the flax-dressing machine called a "heckle."

O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night am as happy 's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
O' marrying Bess, to gi'e her a slave;
Blest be the hour she cooled in her linens,
And blithe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drunken or sober, here 's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Braes o' Ballochmyle."

The subject of this sweet song was Miss Maria Whitefoord, the eldest daughter of Sir John Whitefoord. It was written as a farewell to the family residence. Ballochmyle had long been in the possession of the Whitefoord family; but about this period Sir John, on account of financial difficulties, was compelled to sell the estate. It passed into the hands of Claud Alexander, Esq., whose sister, Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, was the heroine of "The Lass of Ballochmyle."

The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decayed on Catrine lea,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sickened on the ee.
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye 'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
Again ye 'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr!
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle!

LAMENT.

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.*

Tune—"The Banks of the Devon."

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of their lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
Where the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dewdrops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast;
I haste with the storm to a far-distant shore,
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—"Death of Captain Cook."

This pathetic and sublime ode was written on the third anniversary o the untimely death of Mary Campbell, the poet's "Highland Mary." It is said that his wife noticed that, towards evening, he grew sad about something, and went into the barnyard, where he strode restlessly up and down for some hours, although repeatedly asked to come in. When at last he entered the house he sat down and wrote this "the noblest o all his ballads," as Lockhart has termed it.

* Originally published in the *Dumfries Journal;* but the authorship is very doubtful. It is excluded from some editions of the poet's works.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

EVAN BANKS.

Tune—"Savourna Delish."

This song was printed in the "Musical Museum" with Burns's name attached; but its authenticity is doubtful.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires;
The sun from India's shore retires:
To Evan Banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

O banks to me for ever dear!
O stream whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who, trembling, heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye:

Does she, with heart unchanged as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound,
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;

What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs!
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost?
Return, ye moments of delight;
With richer treasures bless my sight!

Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart;
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

EPPIE ADAIR.

Tune—"My Eppie."

An' oh, my Eppie!
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
By love and by beauty,
By law and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair!

An' oh, my Eppie!
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair!

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

Tune—"Cameronian Rant."

This is an improved version of an old song on the same subject by the Rev. John Barclay, Edinburgh, the founder of a religious sect called the "Bereans."

The battle of Sheriff-muir was fought on November 13, 1715, between the Jacobites, under the Earl of Mar, and the Government forces, under the Duke of Argyle. Both sides claimed the victory.

"O cam' ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?

Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle sair and tough,
And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaumed at kingdoms three, man.

The redcoat lads, wi' black cockauds,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rushed and pushed, and blude outgushed,
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyll led on his files,
I wat they glanced for twenty miles;
They hacked and hashed, while broadswords clashed
And through they dashed, and hewed and smashed
Till fey men died awa', man.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dared our Whigs
And Covenant true blues, man!
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets o'erpowered the targe,
And thousands hastened to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man.

"O how de'il, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw mysel' they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling winged their flight,
But, cursèd lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit poor redcoat
For fear amaist did swarf, man!"

My sister Kate cam' up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blude to spill;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scared at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now, wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But mony bade the warld guid-night;
Say pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew off in frighted bands, man!

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Tune—"Young Jockey."

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa';
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
He roosed my een sae bonnie blue,
He roosed my waist say genty sma'.
And aye my heart cam' to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Through wind and weet, through frost and snaw,
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a',

An' aye he vows he 'll be my ain
As lang 's he has a breath to draw.

OH, WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

Tune—"Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut."

The poet gives the following account of the origin of this song:- "The air is Allan Masterton's, the song is mine. The occasion it was this: Mr. William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, bei at Moffat during the autumn vacation, honest Allan—who was at th time on a visit to Dalswinton—and I went to pay Nicol a visit. W had such a joyous meeting that Masterton and I agreed, each in his ow way, to celebrate the business."

OH, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to pree;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

Chorus.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
And aye we 'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys—
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we 've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That 's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she 'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

We are na fou, we 're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
And aye we 'll taste the barley bree.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

Killiecrankie is a pass in the Highlands of Perthshire. The battle fought on the 27th of July, 1689, between the Royalist forces, under General Mackay, and the Highland clans, under Viscount Dundee. The latter were victorious, but Dundee fell, and their victory was a loss.

WHARE ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare ha'e ye been sae brankie, O?
Oh, whare ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam' ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An ye had been whare I ha'e been,
Ye wad na been sae canty, O;
An ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the devil an' Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled
On the braes of Killiecrankie, O.

THE BLUE-EYED LASS.

Tune—"The Blue-eyed Lass."

The subject of this song was Miss Jean Jeffrey, daughter of the Minister of Lochmaben. The poet spent an evening at the manse, and was much pleased with the winning manners and laughing blue eyes of the young lady. Next morning at breakfast he presented her with the song.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I 'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,

Her heaving bosom, lily-white;
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled;
She charmed my soul—I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She 'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I 'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—"Robie donna Gorach."

This song, according to Stenhouse, was intended to portray the fe
ings of a native of Nithsdale, residing in London, reflecting upon
happy scenes of his youthful days spent on the banks of the Nith.

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins* ance had high command.
When shall I see that honoured land,
That winding stream I love so dear?
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
Though wandering now must be my doom,
Far frae thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

* The Comyns of Scottish history.

TAM GLEN.

Tune—"Tam Glen."

This is generally considered to be one of the best of the author's humorous songs. It at once became, and has continued to be, a great favourite. The tune, however, to which it is now usually sung is called "The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie!
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow
In poortith I might mak a fen;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
"Gude day to you, brute!" he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I 'll forsake him,
He 'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten:
But if it 's ordained I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing
My heart to my mou' gi'ed a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry—
I 'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

Air—"Carron Side."

FRAE the friends and land I love,
Driven by Fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best beloved I rove,
Never mair to taste delight.
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care;
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' laurelled head,
Bring our banished hame again,
And ilka loyal bonnie lad
Cross the seas an' win his ain.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.

Tune—"Craigieburn-wood."

This song was composed to aid the suit of a Mr. Gillespie, a frie of the poet's, who at the time was paying his addresses to Miss Je Lorimer of Craigieburn-wood. Jean was the "Chloris" to whom Bur addressed several of his most enchanting lyrics. The air is one of t finest of Scottish tunes.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigieburn-wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

Chorus.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And oh, to be lying beyond thee!
Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That 's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they ha'e nane for me
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me,
And a' my days o' life to come
I 'll gratefully adore thee.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And oh, to be lying beyond thee!
Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That 's laid in the bed beyond thee!

COME REDE ME, DAME.

Come rede me, dame, come tell me, dame,
And nane can tell mair truly,
What colour maun the man be of
To love a woman duly?

The carlin clew baith up and down,
And leugh, and answered ready,—
I learned a sang in Annandale,
A dark man for my lady.

But for a country quean like thee,
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I 've made a shift,
And brown will do fu' rarely.

There 's mickle love in raven locks,
The flaxen ne'er grows youden ;
There 's kiss and hause me in the brown,
And glory in the gowden.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

Tune—"Cock up your Beaver."

This is a much-amended version of an older ditty. The original w an English production, in ridicule of those many Scots who follow James the Sixth into England.

When first my brave Johnnie lad
Cam' to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
We 'll over the Border
And gi'e them a brush ;
There 's somebody there
We 'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver !

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

Tune—"My Tocher's the Jewel."

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

Tune—"Guidwife, count the Lawin."

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light;
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And Pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink but deep ye 'll find him out.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

THE BONNIE LAD THAT 'S FAR AWA'.

Tune—"Owre the Hills and far awa'."

In this song the poet expresses the supposed feelings of Jean Armo when the sternness of her father compelled her, in a delicate conditi to leave home for the second time, for having renewed her intima with Burns. "This lamentation of a desolate damsel," says Jeffrey, tender and pretty."

O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It 's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that 's far awa';
But aye the tear comes in my ee,
To think on him that 's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they ha'e disowned me a',
But I ha'e ane will tak my part—
The bonnie lad that 's far awa';
But I ha'e ane will tak my part—
The bonnie lad that 's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa;

And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that 's far awa';
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that 's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
And my young babie will be born,
And he 'll be hame that 's far awa';
And my young babie will be born,
And he 'll be hame that 's far awa'.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

Tune—"I do confess thou art sae fair."

"This song," says Burns, "is altered from a poem by Sir Robert ...un, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland. The ...n is to be found in James Watson's collection of Scottish poems. I ...k that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving ... a Scots dress."

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could muve.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Though thou may gaily bloom awhile;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Tune—"Yon wild mossy Mountains."

"This song," says the author, in his memoranda, "alludes to a part o my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know."

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather t
feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed—
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather t
feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed--

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequestered clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream—
For there, by a lanely, sequestered clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love—
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me—
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement ha'e polished her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts—

And when wit and refinement ha'e polished her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling ee,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I 'm clasped in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms—
And the heart-beating love, as I 'm clasped in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

Tune—"The Maid's Complaint."

These verses, the poet informs us, were originally English, but he bestowed a Scotch dress upon them.

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape, that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I ha'e,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I 'd wish to live,
For thee I 'd bear to die.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE?

Tune—"Eppie M'Nab."

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?

She 's down in the yard, she 's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou 's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, as fause as thou 's fair,
Thou 's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

Tune—"Lass, an I come near thee."

Wha is that at my bower door?
(O wha is it but Findlay?*)
Then gae your gate, ye 'se nae be here!
(Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.)
What mak ye, sae like a thief?
(O come and see, quo' Findlay.)
Before the morn ye 'll work mischief.
(Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.)

Gif I rise and let you in
(Let me in, quo' Findlay),
Ye 'll keep me waukin' wi' your din.
(Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.)
In my bower if ye should stay
(Let me stay, quo' Findlay),
I fear ye 'll bide till break o' day.
(Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.)

* James Findlay, an Excise officer in Tarbolton. He married one of the "belles of Mauchline."

Here this night if ye remain
(I 'll remain, quo' Findlay),
I dread ye 'll learn the gate again.
(Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.)
What may pass within this bower
(Let it pass, quo' Findlay),
Ye maun conceal till your last hour.
(Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.)

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO?

Tune—"What can a young lasssie do wi' an auld man?"

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie, etc.

He 's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He 's doylt and he 's dozin', his bluid it is frozen—
Oh, dreary 's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He 's doylt and he 's dozin', etc.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers;
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He 's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows—
Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He 's peevish and jealous, etc.

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I 'll do my endeavour to follow her plan!
I 'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I'll cross him, and wrack him, etc.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Tune—"Bonnie wee Thing."

This song was, according to the author's own note, composed on hi "little idol, the charming lovely Davies," to whom he paid many prett compliments in prose and verse. (See the song entitled "Lovel Davies," p. 496.)

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish,
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland air.

"This tune," says Burns, "is originally from the Highlands. I hav heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not b any means a lady's song."

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I 'd see my jo
Beside me, gin the gloaming.
But he sae trig
Lap o'er the rig,

And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what-reck,
Did least expec'
To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cocked sprush when first he clasped me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he pressed me.
De'il tak the war!
I late and air
Ha'e wished since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I 'm wi' my lad
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blithe and merry,
I cared na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest,
My mind 's at rest,
I 'm happy wi' my Johnny;
At kirk and fair
I'se aye be there,
And be as canty 's ony.

AE FOND KISS.

Tune—"Rory Dall's Port."

"These exquisitely affecting stanzas," says Sir Walter Scott, "contain the essence of a thousand love tales;" and Mrs. Jameson eloquently adds, "They are in themselves a complete romance, the alpha and omega of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure distilled into one burning drop." The last half of the second stanza supplied Lord Byron with a motto to his "Bride of Abydos." There is little doubt that the song was inspired by the fair Clarinda

(Mrs. M'Lehose). It was sent to her in a letter dated Dumfries, December 27, 1791, and its farewell character is to be attributed to the fact that she was about to depart for the West Indies, to rejoin her unworthy husband.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune—"Miss Muir."

Miss Deborah Davies, the heroine of this song, was the daughter of a physician at Tenby in South Wales, and was connected, it is said, by ties of blood with the family of Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, at whose house the poet first met her. Though small of stature, she was of exquisite form and beauty, and possessed more than an ordinary share of mental graces, all of which made a deep impression on the poet.

O HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation?

The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration—
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore
When winter-bound the wave is,
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances.
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse, to dream of such a theme
Thy feeble powers surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour.
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Tune—"The Weary Pund o' Tow."

Chorus.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow!

I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.

Quoth I, "For shame, ye dirty dame!
Gae spin your tap o' tow."
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I 'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow!
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

BANKS OF CREE.

Tune—"Banks of Cree."

In forwarding this song to Thomson, Burns says:—"I know you value a composition because it has been made by one of the great ones as little as I do. However, I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron, which she calls the 'Banks of Cree.' Cree is a beautiful, romantic stream; and as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the enclosed song to it." The Maria of the song was Mrs. Walter Riddel of Woodleigh Park.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;

The village bell has tolled the hour—
  Oh, what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
  'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixed with some warbler's dying fall,
  The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
  So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer;
  At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
  O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
  Along the flowery banks of Cree.

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

Tune—"Oran-gaoil."

These lines were addressed to Clarinda on the eve of her departure for the West Indies. In bidding the poet farewell she wrote:—"Seek God's favour; keep His commandments; be solicitous to prepare for a happy eternity. There, I trust, we will meet in never-ending bliss."

Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
  Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Severed from thee can I survive?
  But Fate has willed, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
  Yon distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
  There latest marked her vanished sail."

Along the solitary shore,
  While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
  I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
"Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
  "Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
  O tell me, does she muse on me?"

LOGAN BRAES.

Tune—"Logan Water."

"Have you ever, my dear sir," says Burns, writing to Thomson on the 25th of June, 1793, "felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation, on reading of, or seeing how, the mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of 'Logan Water,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress—the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three-quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit." The two last lines are from a pretty song to the same air by Mr. John Mayne, author of the poem "The Siller Gun."

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,

Pass widowed nights and joyless days
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

O POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE!

Tune—"I had a Horse."

Jean Lorimer, the celebrated "Chloris" of the poet, was the subject of these verses. "I have been informed," says Mr. Chambers, "that Burns wrote this song in consequence of hearing a gentleman (now a respectable citizen of Edinburgh) sing the old homely ditty which gives name to the tune, with an effect which made him regret that such pathetic music should be wed to such unsentimental poetry. The meeting, I have been further informed, was held in the poet's favourite tavern, Johnnie Dowie's, in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh; and there, at a subsequent meeting, the new song was also sung for the first time, by the same individual."

O POORTITH cauld and restless love!
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.

Oh, why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
Oh, why, etc.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
Oh, why, etc.

Oh, wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
Oh, wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
Oh, why, etc.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.

Oh, why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

LORD GREGORY.

Dr. Wolcot ("Peter Pindar") had been requested by Mr. Thomson to write some verses to the old air "Lord Gregory." Thomson sent them to Burns, who wrote in reply:—"'Pindar's 'Gregory' is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scotch, on the same subject, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter—that would be presumptuous indeed! My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it." Wolcot complained that Burns tried to rob him of the original merit of "Lord Gregory;" but the idea of both is taken from an old strain.

Oh, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower—
Lord Gregory, ope' thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I owned that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see;
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

The poet styles this one of his juvenile works; yet nevertheless Hazlitt says of it:—"Of all the productions of Burns, his pathetic and serious love songs, in the manner of the old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines to Mary Morison."

O Mary, at thy window be;
It is the wished, the trysted hour.
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor.
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure—
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt not gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE.

This fine lyric was founded on an old song, published by Herd. In sending it to Mr. Thomson, the poet says:—"I leave it to you, my dear sir, to determine whether the above, or the old 'Through the lang muir,' be the best." In reply, Mr. Thomson wrote:—"Your 'Here awa', Willie,' must undergo some alterations to suit the air." Burns did not approve of all the suggested amendments, and the result was that he wrote a revised version of the song. Both versions are here given.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
It was na the blast brought the tear in my ee:
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie—
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave o' your slumbers!
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But if he's forgotten his faithfullest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

REVISED VERSION.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my ee;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie—
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But oh, if he 's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide, roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie 's my ain.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O!

Tune—"Open the Door to me, O!"

This is an old Irish song altered by Burns, and the poet remarks, "I do not know whether this song be really mended."

O OPEN the door, some pity to show,
O open the door to me, O!
Though thou hast been false, I 'll ever prove true,
O open the door to me, O!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, O!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart
Is nought to my pains frae thee, O!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, O!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I 'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, O!

She has opened the door, she has opened it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, O!
"My true love!" she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, O!

YOUNG JESSIE.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

"I send you a song," wrote Burns to Thomson, "on a celebrated toast in this county, to suit 'Bonnie Dundee.'" Young Jessie was the daughter of Provost Staig of Dumfries. Burns also made her the subject of a complimentary epigram. She died at the early age of twenty-six, and was long affectionately remembered in her native valley.

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
Enthroned in her een he delivers his law;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

Tune—"Naebody."

This vigorous and lively effusion was modelled after an old song which contained some very weak verses. It was written as a welcome to his wife shortly before she took up her abode in the house which the poet had prepared at Ellisland. At this period of his life, "sentiments of independence," says Currie, "buoyed up his mind, pictures of domestic

content and peace rose on his imagination, and a few days passed away, as he himself informs us, the most tranquil, if not the happiest, which he ever experienced."

I HA'E a wife o' my ain,
I 'll partake wi' naebody;
I 'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I 'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.
I ha'e a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I ha'e naething to lend,
I 'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I 'll be slave to naebody;
I ha'e a guid braid sword,
I 'll tak dunts frae naebody.
I 'll be merry and free,
I 'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I 'll care for naebody.

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—"The Moudiewort."

Stenhouse says that "the subject of this song had a real origin;" at any rate, it is one common to all countries and times. A maiden of eighteen, with rich expectations, is in vain pressed by her relatives to marry an old but wealthy wooer; she only longs the more ardently for the time when "ane-and-twenty" years shall permit her to bestow her hand and fortune on worthy Tam, who already has her heart.

Chorus.

AN' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I 'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A glieb o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They 'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there 's my loof—
I 'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I 'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

Tune—"O Kenmure 's on and awa', Willie."

It is difficult to say how much of this song is Burns's, but it was undoubtedly manufactured from an old ditty. Its subject is the fortunes of the Gordons of Kenmure in the fatal "'Fifteen." The Right Hon. William George, Viscount Kenmure, was the commander of the Jacobite forces in the south-west of Scotland in 1715, and surrendered at Preston on the 13th of November. He was taken to London, and beheaded on Tower Hill, February 24, 1716. Burns was, at least once, an invited guest at Kenmure.

O KENMURE 'S on and awa', Willie!
O Kenmure 's on and awa'!
And Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band!
There 's no a heart that fears a Whig
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here 's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here 's Kenmure's health in wine!
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men!
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

They 'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They 'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon wi' sounding victory
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here 's him that 's far awa', Willie!
Here 's him that 's far awa'!
And here 's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that 's like the snaw!

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

Tune—"The Collier Laddie."

Burns, in sending this song to the "Museum," says, "I do not know a blither *old* song than this."

O WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass?
An' tell me what they ca' ye.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie—
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.

O see you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye leave your Collier Laddie—
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.

And ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie—
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a,'
And embrace my Collier Laddie—
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies a day,
And spend 't at night fu' brawlie;
And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie—
And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie—
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie!

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

This song was written as a welcome to Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, granddaughter of the forfeited Earl of Nithsdale, on her return to Scotland. Terreagles House is situated at the foot of a fine range of green and lofty hills, about three miles from Dumfries.

The noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they 'll gae big Terreagles' towers,
An' set them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagles fair;
For their abode they choose it:
There 's no a heart in a' the land
But 's lighter at the news o 't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather,
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:

The weary night o' care and grief
May ha'e a joyfu' morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

AS I WAS A-WAND'RING.

Tune—"Rinn M'eudial mo Mhealladh"—a Gaelic air.

This is an old song, with alterations by Burns.

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were makin' their game;
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;
I may be distressed, but I winna complain:
I'll flatter my fancy I may git anither—
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawin for greetin';
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain:
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
For, oh! luve forsaken 's a tormenting pain!
Weel, since he has left me, etc.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
Than ever ha'e acted sae faithless to him.
Weel, since he has left me, etc.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

Tune—"The sweet Lass that lo'es me."

Virtue and thrift, a favourite theme with the poet, are here treated ith great felicity of expression.

Oh, leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel.

Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I 'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
Oh, leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
Oh, wha wad leave this humble state
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

THE POSIE.

Tune—"The Posie."

Of this song Burns, writing to Thomson, says:—"The 'Posie' is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs. Burns's voice. It is well known in the west of Scotland, but the old words are trash."

H. luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen,
h, luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
ur I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

he primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
nd I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear—
or she 's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

ll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
or it 's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
he hyacinth 's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

he lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
nd in her lovely bosom I 'll place the lily there;
e daisy 's for simplicity and unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

he hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an agèd man, it stands at break o' day;
ut the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

he woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
nd the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
he violet 's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
nd I 'll place it in her breast, and I 'll swear by a' above
hat to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

Tune—"The Country Lass."

This song is remarkable, especially the fourth stanza, for the number f "wise saws" the poet has made use of.

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,

While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield,
Blithe Bessie, in the milking shiel,
Says, I 'll be wed, come o 't what will.
Out spak a dame, in wrinkled eild,
O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

It 's ye ha'e wooers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye 're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie butt, a routhie ben.
There 's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It 's plenty beets the luver's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me:
But blithe 's the blink o' Robie's ee,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
Ae blink o' him I wad na gi'e
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life 's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
A hungry care 's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

Oh, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve
The gowd and siller canna buy.
We may be poor, Robie and I;
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve bring peace and joy—
What mair ha'e queens upon a throne?

FAIR ELIZA.

A GAELIC AIR.

The original title was "Fair Robina;" but Mr. Johnson, the publisher of the "Museum," for which the song was written, disliked that name, and Burns willingly changed it. Robina was a young lady to whom a friend of Burns was attached.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part;
Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden;
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his ee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gi'es to me.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

Tune—"Ye Jacobites by Name."

Founded on some old verses set to a popular air. Stenhouse says it is "an unclaimed production of Burns."

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bludie war.

Then let your schemes alone in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

There are three versions of this popular song. The first version wa sent in a letter to Mr. Alexander Cunningham, Edinburgh, on th 11th March, 1791, in which the poet says:—"If the foregoing pie be worth your strictures, let me have them. For my own part, a thir that I have just composed always appears through a double portio of that partial medium in which an author will ever view his own works An Ayrshire legend says that the subject of this affecting song was Mi Kennedy of Dalgarrock, a beautiful and accomplished young creatur who fell a victim to her love for M'Dowall of Lorn.

FIRST VERSION.

Sweet are the banks, the banks o' Doon,
The spreading flowers are fair,

And everything is blithe and glad,
  But I am fu' o' care.
Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
  That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
  When my fause love was true:
Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
  That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
  And wist na o' my fate.

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
  To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
  And sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
  Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover staw my rose,
  And left the thorn wi' me:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
  Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished in the morn,
  And sae was pu'd or noon.

Of the origin of the second version, the poet, in a letter to Mr. John allantine, Ayr, says:—"While here I sit, sad and solitary, by the side a fire in a little country inn, and drying my wet clothes, in pops a or fellow of a sodger, who tells me he is going to Ayr. By heavens! s I to myself, with a tide of good spirits which the magic of that ind, 'Auld Toon o' Ayr,' conjured up, I will send my last song to r. Ballantine. Here it is." It differs very slightly from the first rsion.

SECOND VERSION.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
  How can ye bloom sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
  That sings upon the bough;

Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true.

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

In the third version Burns recast this lyric to suit an air compos by Mr. Miller, a writer in Edinburgh. This version has supplanted i predecessors in the popular estimation.

THIRD VERSION.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou 'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Tune—"The Eight Men of Moidart."

he heroine of this song, according to Cunningham, was the wife of rmer who lived near Burns at Ellisland—a very singular woman, strongly conservative in her mode of living. She was, it is need- to say, an unlovely dame; but her daughters were beautiful.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie;
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clue wi' ony body.
He had a wife was dour and din,
Oh, Tinkler Maidgie was her mither:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She has an ee, she has but ane—
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She 's bow-houghed, she 's hem-shinned;
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig—
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water:

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

LADY MARY ANN.

Tune—"Craigston's growing."

This ballad was modelled by Burns from a fragment of an old one entitled "Craigston's growing," said to be founded on a real incident The young Urquhart of Craigston, having fallen into the guardianshi of the Laird of Innes, was married in his twelfth year to the laird' daughter, in order that the latter might secure Urquhart's estates. Tw years afterwards, as the old ballad says, the grass was growing gree above his grave, "and that was the end of his growing."

Oh, Lady Mary Ann
Looked o'er the castle wa':
She saw three bonnie boys
Playing at the ba'.
The youngest he was
The flower amang them a'.
My bonnie laddie 's young,
But he 's growin' yet.

O father, O father!
An ye think it fit,
We 'll send him a year
To the college yet;
We 'll sew a green ribbon
Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
He 's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann
Was a flower i' the dew;
Sweet was its smell,
And bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossomed
The sweeter it grew,
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane
Was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin'
And straught was its make:
The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane
When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa'
That we ha'e seen;
But far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie 's young,
But he 's growin' yet.

FAREWEEL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH FAME.

Tune—"Such a parcel of rogues in a nation."

This song alludes to the legislative Union of Scotland with England 1707, which was bitterly opposed at the time by a majority of the Scottish people, especially by the Jacobite party. The union continued to be unpopular for many years after it had been effected—an unpopularity intensified by the corrupt means which had been used to carry it through. Burns here writes in the character of one of those Scotsmen who were hostile to the measure.

FAREWEEL to a' our Scottish fame!
Fareweel our ancient glory!
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story!
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.

The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Oh would or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld gray head had lien in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!

But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration:
We're bought and sold for English gold;
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Tune—"Wandering Willie."

Clarinda was the inspirer of these verses. The last interview of t
poet with her took place in Edinburgh, on the 6th December 1791, a
while still under the influence of the feelings induced by it, Burns wro
these beautiful lines.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown—
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember—
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Tune—"The Sutor's Dochter."

The poet greatly prided himself in this lyric, and considered it one of his best efforts of his muse. Writing to Mr. Alexander Cunningham on 3rd March 1794, he says:—"Do you know the much-admired Highland air called 'The Sutor's Dochter'? It is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it."

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul—
And that 's the love I bear thee—
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie;
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou 'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me;
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Tune—"She 's fair and fause."

This little song was written to comfort a friend of the poet's who had been disappointed in love.

SHE 's fair and fause that causes my smart—
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She 's broken her vow, she 's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam' in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I ha'e tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
A woman has 't by kind.
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form 's fa'n to thy share;
'Twad been owre meikle to gi'en thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

AFTON WATER.

Tune—"Afton Water."

The MS. of this exquisite lyric was presented by the poet to his kir patroness, Mrs. Stewart of Afton and Stair, in return for the notice sl had taken of him. She had expressed a wish to see Burns, and he cons quently waited upon her. The treatment he received from Mrs. Stewa on this occasion seems to have made a deep impression on him; for son time afterwards, when he was about to go abroad, he wrote to her these words:—"I shall ever with grateful pleasure remember the rece tion I got when I had the honour of waiting on you at Stair." Aft Water is the stream on which stands Afton Lodge, to which Mrs. Stewa removed from Stair. Considerable discussion has taken place as to wl was the heroine of this song, but the probability is that the character w purely imaginary on the part of Burns.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!

There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gath'ring sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave!

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

MY BONNIE BELL.

Tune—"Bonnie Bell."

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The evening gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Tune—"The Weavers' March."

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh, I had wooers aught or nine;
They gi'ed me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was feared my heart would tine,
And I gi'ed it to the weaver.

My daddie signed my tocher-band,
To gi'e the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I 'll add my hand,
And gi'e it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I 'll love my gallant weaver.

JEANIE'S BOSOM.

Tune—"Louis, what reck I by thee?"

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me—
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me;
Kings and nations, swith awa'!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

Tune—"For the Sake of Somebody."

This song was suggested to Burns by Allan Ramsay's "For the Sake of Somebody."

My heart is sair, I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
Oh, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?—
For the sake o' somebody.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

It is said that the idea of this song occurred to the mind of the poet as he passed over the fatal moor of Culloden. Cromek says that Burns's most successful imitation of the old style of ballad composition is to be found in "The Lovely Lass of Inverness."

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, "Alas!"
And aye the saut tear blin's her ee:
"Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;

And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord!
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee."

THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER.

Tune—"O May, thy morn."

This song, the production of a lighter mood, is said to have been written in memory of his parting interview with Clarinda.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber;
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember—
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember.

And here's to them that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel—
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum—
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

Tune—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

The heroine of this song was Miss Lucy Johnstone of Hilton, afterwards Mrs. Oswald. She was a beautiful and accomplished lady. The poet first met her while she was residing with her husband near Dumfries. The song is written in the character of her husband. It was, however, originally composed in honour of Jean Lorimer; but changing the name from "Jeanie" to "Lucy," he used the verses as a tributary offering to Mrs. Oswald.

Chorus.

Oh, wat ye wha 's in yon town
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame 's in yon town
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw!
Ye catch the glances o' her ee.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

Oh, sweet is she in yon town
Yon sinkin' sun 's gane down upon;
A fairer than 's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doomed to bear,
I careless quit aught else below;
But spare me—spare me Lucy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

Tune—"Bonnie lassie, tak a man."

JOCKEY 's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome ee,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he 'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

LADY ONLIE.

Tune—"The Ruffian's Rant."

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They 'll step in an' tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky.
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky;
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

A FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Tune—"Hey, ca' through."

Up wi' the carles o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers' o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we ha'e mickle ado;
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we ha'e mickle ado.

We ha'e tales to tell,
And we ha'e sangs to sing;
We ha'e pennies to spend,
And we ha'e pints to bring.

We 'll live a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we ha'e mickle ado;
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we ha'e mickle ado.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O!

Tune—"The deuks dang o'er my daddie."

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fien ma care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin' body, O!
He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O!
Thae seven lang years I ha'e lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
I 've seen the day, and sae ha'e ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I 've seen the day ye buttered my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O!
But downa-do 's come o'er me now,
And oh, I find it sairly, O!

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

Tune—"The de'il cam' fiddling through the town."

Cromek states that, at a meeting of his fellow-excisemen in Dumfrie Burns was called upon for a song, and in reply handed these vers extempore to the chairman, written on the back of a letter.

THE de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
And danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries, "Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"

The de'il 's awa', the de'il 's awa',
The de'il 's awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
He 's danced awa', he 's danced awa',
He 's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

We 'll mak our maut, we 'll brew our drink,
We 'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;

And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il
That danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

There 's threesome reels, there 's foursome reels,
There 's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was—the de'il 's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

The de'il 's awa', the de'il 's awa',
The de'il 's awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
He 's danced awa', he 's danced awa',
He 's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman!

DAINTY DAVIE.

"'Dainty Davie' is the title of a merry old Scotch song, from which Burns has taken nothing but the title and the measure."—CURRIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Chorus.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I 'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, etc.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, etc.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that 's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I 'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

BY ALLAN STREAM.

Tune—"Allan Water."

In forwarding this song to Mr. Thomson, the poet says :—"I walke out yesterday evening with a volume of the 'Museum' in my hand, whe turning up 'Allan Water,' the words appeared to me rather unworthy so fine an air, and I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn till wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it is not my worst style. Bravo! say I; it is a good song. Autumn is my pr pitious season. I make more verses in it than all the year else."

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listened to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower!
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I 'm thine for ever!"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring 's the primrose brae,
The Simmer joys the flocks to follow;

How cheery, through her shortening day,
  Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
  Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
  Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

Miss Phillis M'Murdo, afterwards Mrs. Norman Lockhart of Carnwath, was the heroine of this song. Burns wrote it at the request of Stephen Clarke, the musician, who thought he was in love with Miss Phillis, one of his pupils.

WHILE larks with little wing
  Fanned the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
  Forth I did fare;
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peeped o'er the mountains high:
Such thy morn! did I cry,
  Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
  Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among,
  Chance led me there;
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray:
Such thy bloom! did I say,
  Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
  Doves cooing were;
I marked the cruel hawk
  Caught in a snare:
So kind may Fortune be—
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
  Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

The poet in this song endeavours to express the feelings of Mr. Alexander Cunningham, writer, Edinburgh, a warm friend of Burns, who had been jilted by a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

Tune—"Fee him, father."

"I enclose you Fraser's set of 'Fee him, father,'" writes the poet to Thomson, "when he plays it slow; in fact, he makes it the language of despair. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be an improvement. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirably pathetic song." The lyric was left unfinished, the poet either forgetting his intention to add another stanza, or failing to find the muse in a suitable mood.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever!
Aften hast thou vowed that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou 'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I 'll see thee never!

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken!
Thou canst love another jo
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken!

AULD LANG SYNE.

Writing to Thomson, the poet says:—"One song more, and I have done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is but mediocre, but the following song, the song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." Again, in sending a copy of this song to Mrs. Dunlop, he speaks of it thus:—"Is not the Scotch phrase 'Auld lang syne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on another sheet. Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half a dozen of modern English bacchanalians!" The song is now, however, universally ascribed to Burns.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we 've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa ha'e paidl'd in the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine:
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gi'e 's a hand o' thine;
And we 'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I 'll be mine;
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

Tune—"Hey, tuttie taitie."

"There is a tradition," says the poet, in a letter to Thomson enclosing this ode, "which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that the old air, 'Hey, tuttie taitie,' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, has warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I have thrown into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning." Professor Wilson remarks that this ode—the grandest outside the Bible—is sublime!

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do, or die!

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

Tune—"My Jo Janet."

Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience,
I 'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so, good-bye, allegiance!

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I 'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I 'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead
Still I 'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I 'll wed another like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy."

FAIR JENNY.

Tune—"Saw ye my father?"

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wandering
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer 's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known—
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me—my griefs are immortal—
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come, then, enamoured and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I 'll seek in my woe.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"Ye 're welcome, Charlie Stuart."

"Lovely Polly" was the daughter of Mr. William Stewart, factor at Closeburn, adjoining the poet's farm of Ellisland. When Burns first knew her, she was a young blooming girl, about sixteen years old, and a fitting theme for his Muse.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That 's half sae fair as thou art.
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That 's half sae sweet as thou art.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Tune—"If thou 'lt play me fair play."

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;

His loyal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go! for yoursel' procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie!

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Tune—"Bonnie Mary."

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiven;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of heaven.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

"The stream of Girvan," says Cunningham, "and the banks of Cassillis, flowed and flourished to the last in the heart and fancy of Burns. When he desired to compose a song for any tune which affected him, he recalled a favourite haunt of his youth, and a form dear to his heart, and, like the lyrist Cowley, gave dancing words to speaking strings."

Now banks an' braes are claithed in green,
And scattered cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks, when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's ee!

The chield wha boasts o' warld's walth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary, she is a' my ain—
Ah! Fortune canna gi'e me mair!
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's ee!

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—"Graham's Strathspey."

Oh, my luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

O PHILLY! HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

Tune—"The Sow's Tail."

Burns, in writing to Thomson on 19th November 1794, says:—"This morning, though a keen blowing frost, in my walk before breakfast, I finished my duet, which you were pleased to praise so much. Whether I have uniformly succeeded, I will not say; but here it is for you, though it is not an hour old. Tell me honestly how you like it, and point out whatever you think faulty. I am much pleased with your idea of singing our songs in alternate stanzas, and regret that you did not hint it to me sooner. In those that remain I shall have it in my eye."

HE.

O PHILLY! happy be that day
When, roving through the gathered hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy! aye I bless the grove
Where first I owned my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight, is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tine and knaves may win,
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that 's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What 's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e!
I carena wealth a single flie;
The lad I love 's the lad for me,
And that 's my ain dear Willy.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Tune—"Lumps o' Pudding."

It would seem that the poet intended this song for a personal sketch, or in writing to Thomson he says:—"I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette of me to my song, 'Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,' in order that the portrait of my face, and the picture of my mind, may go down the stream of time together."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp, as they 're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and guid-humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom 's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid-fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

"Well! I think this," says Burns, "to be done in two or three turn across my room, and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard, i not so far amiss. I am determined to have my quantum of applaus from somebody."

Chorus.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
Canst thou, etc.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!

Thou mayst find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, etc.

CHLORIS.*

"On my visit the other day," says the poet, "to my fair Chloris (that the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration), she suggested idea, which I, on my return home, wrought into the following song."

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The laverock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
In lordly lighted ha';
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale—
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I 've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tisna love like mine.

* Jean Lorimer.

HAD I THE WYTE?

Tune—"Had I the wyte?—she bade me."

Burns found much of the story and some of the words of this song i an old lyric with the same title. Although the poet's production somewhat indelicate, it is purity itself compared with the old song whic suggested it.

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte?—she bade me;
She watched me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shawed me;
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me:
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I'd lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftily she took me ben,
And bade me mak nae clatter;
"For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
Is o'er ayont the water."
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace
When I did kiss and dawt her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refused her?
And wadna manhood been to blame
Had I unkindly used her?
He clawed her wi' the ripplin'-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruised her:
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excused her?

I dighted aye her een sae blue,
And banned the cruel randy;
And weel I wat her willing mou'
Was e'en like sugar-candy.
At gloaming-shot it was, I trow,
I lighted on the Monday;
But I cam' through the Tysday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Tune—"Coming through the rye."

Burns has here simply retouched an old song bearing the same title, d which was once very popular in the northern glens.

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming through the rye.

Oh, Jenny 's a' wat, poor body;
Jenny 's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the warld ken?

Oh, Jenny 's a' wat, poor body;
Jenny 's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
Coming through the rye.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

Gilbert Burns, speaking of this fragment, says it was not written by s brother, but that he well recollects it being sung by his mother when was a boy. Burns may, however, have made emendations on it.

THE winter it is past, and the summer 's come at last,
And the little birds sing on every tree;
Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest
But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun—in the firmament does run,
For ever is constant and true;
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And is every month changing anew.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full o' woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

Tune—"The Carlin o' the Glen."

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
Through a' our lasses he did rove,
And reigned, resistless, king of love:
But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays among the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves:

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near
Repentance I should buy sae dear.
The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!"

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Tune—"Charlie Gordon's Welcome Hame."

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my baby and me.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—"De'il tak the wars."

Regarding these verses the poet says:—"Having been out in the country dining with a friend [Mr. Lorimer of Kemmis Hall], I met with a lady [Mrs. Whelpdale—Chloris], and as usual got into song, and on returning home composed the following:—"

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The laverock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.

When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravished sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart—
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

Tune—"Jacky Latin."

This song was written by Burns at Ecclefechan, whither he had gon in the exercise of his duties as exciseman. He describes the place as a unfortunate, wicked little village, in which he was forced either to ge drunk to forget his miseries, or hang himself to get rid of them. Whil he was there an old song, entitled, "The Lass of Ecclefechan," wa sung to him, and he was so pleased with it that he noted it down, an afterwards rendered the language more delicate and the sentiments les warm.

GAT ye me, oh, gat ye me,
Oh, gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin'-wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour my gutcher has
A heigh house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonnie sel',
The toss of Ecclefechan.

Oh, haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
Oh, haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

Tune—"Bob at the Bowster."

"The delicacy of this song," says Cunningham, "cannot be compared to its wit. Burns was in all respects the poet of the people. He relished the rough jokes, natural humour, and lively stories of his fellow-peasants; no man in wide Scotland had so many merry tales to tell, and so many joyous songs to sing."

THE Cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa';
He ca'd the girrs out owre us a'—
And our guidwife has gotten a ca'
That angered the silly guidman, O.

We 'll hide the cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door;
We 'll hide the cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi', De'il ha'e her! and, De'il ha'e him!
But the body he was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.

They coopered at e'en, they coopered at morn,
Till our guidman has gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she 's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan', O.

We 'll hide the cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door;
We 'll hide the cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

AH, CHLORIS!

Tune—"Major Graham."

This is one of many beautiful lyrics which the poet composed in honour of "Chloris" (Jean Lorimer), the lightning of whose eye, as he says, was the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon!

Ah, Chloris! since it mayna be
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Although I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell,
My passion I will ne'er declare—
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Though a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

Tune—"Salt-fish and Dumplings."

I coft a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a coat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the linin' o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
And though his brow be beld aboon,
Yet I ha'e seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the linin' o't.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

Tune—"The lass that made the bed to me."

In his notes to this song in the "Musical Museum" Burns says:—"The bonnie lass that made the bed to me' was composed on an amour of Charles II., when skulking in the north, about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the house of Port Letham, who was the lass that made the bed to him! His success was recorded by a Cavalier minstrel in words which were once popular both in England and Scotland." It was from this old song that Burns manufactured the present improved version.

WHEN Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the North I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bowed fu' low unto this maid,
And thanked her for her courtesy;
I bowed fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

She snatched the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I called her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And servèd me wi' due respect;
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
Gif ye ha'e ony love for me,
Oh, wrang na my virginitie!"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polished marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kissed her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we rose,
I thanked her for her courtesy;
But aye she blushed, and aye she sighed,
And said, "Alas! ye 've ruined me."

I clasped her waist, and kissed her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in her ee;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me:
Blithe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me!

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I 'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me!

SAE FAR AWA'.

Tune—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

Oh, sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake, sae far awa';
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land, sae far awa'.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That formed this fair, sae far awa',
Gi'e body strength, then I 'll ne'er start
At this my way, sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa':
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh! she is sae far awa'.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far awa';
But fairer never touched a heart
Than hers, the fair, sae far awa'.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

Tune—"I 'll gae nae mair to yon town."

The heroine of this song was either Jean Armour or Jean Lorimer; ore probably the latter, for at the time the lyric was composed she was ie author's favourite divinity.

I 'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I 'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There 's nane sall ken, there 's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again;
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stowlins we sall meet again.

She 'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again;

And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she 's doubly dear again!

I 'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I 'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

"These English songs," says Burns to Thomson, "gravel me t death. I have not that command of the language that I have of n native tongue. I have been at 'Duncan Gray' to dress it into Englis but all I can do is deplorably stupid."

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove.

Look abroad through Nature's range,—
Nature's mighty law is change:
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We 'll be constant while we can,—
You can be no more, you know.

SAW YE MY PHELY?

Tune—"When she cam' ben she bobbit."

"If you like my idea of 'When she cam' ben she bobbit,'" says Bur writing to Thomson on 19th October, 1794, "the following stanzas mine, altered a little from what they were formerly, when set to anot air, may, perhaps, do instead of worse stanzas."

Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She 's down i' the grove, she 's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wot that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou 's fair,
Thou 's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune—"O'er the hills and far away."

In bringing this song under the notice of Thomson, the poet says:—"The last evening, as I was straying out, and thinking of 'O'er the hills and far away,' I spun the following stanzas for it; but whether my spinning will deserve to be laid up in stores, like the precious thread of the silkworm, or brushed to the devil, like the vile manufacture of the spider, leave, my dear sir, to your usual candid criticism. I was pleased with several lines in it at first, but I own that now it appears rather a flimsy business."

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He 's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that 's far away.

Chorus.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that 's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in the scorching sun
My sailor 's thundering at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that 's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that 's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end;
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may Heaven with prosperous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that 's far away.
On the seas, etc.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Tune—"Onagh's Waterfall."

The flaxen-haired heroine of this song was Jean Lorimer, or Mr Whelpdale, as she preferred to be called, though her husband had this time deserted her. Her figure was somewhat less than the midd size of women, and beautifully proportioned. Her hair, which she wo flowing over her white neck and round shoulders, was darker than th epithet flaxen seems to intimate; her eyes were large and lustrous. S was a sweet singer and a graceful dancer; and was altogether a bei well fitted to call forth the highest flights of the poet's muse.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows, of a darker hue,

Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wiling,
Wad mak a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The am'rous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'est me best of a'?

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

To thee, loved Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I ranged,
Though 'prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchanged.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Though memory there my bosom tear;
For there he roved that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

Tune—"The Killogie."

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here 's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley!
Wha in a brulzie
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley!

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here 's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley!
Wha, in his wae-days,
Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley?

HEE BALOU!

Tune—"The Highland Balou."

Hee balou! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;

Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
An thou live, thou 'lt steal a naigie;
Travel the country through and through,
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my baby, may thou furder!
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands, hame to me.

WAE IS MY HEART.

Tune—"Wae is my heart."

This lyric, it is said, was written for Clarke, the musician, who was in ve with a young Nithsdale lady. It is a pathetic little ballad, and formed the poet's best materials.

Wae is my heart, and the tear 's in my ee;
Lang, lang joy 's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep ha'e I loved;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair ha'e I proved;
But this bruisèd heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were, where happy I ha'e been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle-green;
For there he is wandering, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's ee.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

Tune—"The Job of Journeywork."

Stenhouse asserts that Burns threw this song off in allusion to Jean rmour's predicament before their marriage.

ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',
And though he be the fautor;
Although my back be at the wa',
Yet, here 's his health in water!

Oh! wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie he could flatter;
Till for his sake I 'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter.

But though my back be at the wa',
And though he be the fautor;
But though my back be at the wa',
Yet, here 's his health in water!

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

Tune—"My Peggy's face."

The Peggy of this song was Margaret Chalmers, afterwards the w of Lewis Hay, Esq., banker, Edinburgh. The gentleness, the candou and the accomplishments of that lady seem to have often recurred to t mind of Burns.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of humankind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace, so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye—
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

In this song Burns has given an English dress to an old Scottish ditty which he found in Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany." In transmitting to Mr. Thomson, he says:—"You may think meanly of this; but take a look at the bombast original, and you will be surprised that I have made so much of it."

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feathered people you might see
Perched all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrivalled by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothemurche's Rant."

"This piece," says the poet to Thomson, "has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral—the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night are regularly rounded."

Chorus.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou 'lt be my dearie, O?

And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheered ilk drooping little flower,
We 'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow waving fields we 'll stray.
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
I 'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON 'T

Tune—"Gregg's Pipes."

The idea and some of the words of this song are supposed to be ol
but most of it is the workmanship of Burns.

Chorus.

My lady's gown, there 's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

My lord a-hunting he has gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady 's white, my lady 's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Where gor-cocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns;
The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady 's dink, my lady 's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
Oh, that 's the lass to mak him blest.

My lady's gown, there 's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

AMANG THE TREES, WHERE HUMMING BEES.

Tune—"The King of France, he rode a race."

Amang the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirled them aff fu' clearly, O,

When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeals,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws, and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
Till we were wae and weary, O;
But a royal ghaist,* wha ance was cased
A prisoner aughteen year awa',
He fired a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune—"Banks of Banna."

"A Dumfries maiden," says Cunningham, "with a light foot and merry eye, was the heroine of this clever song. Burns thought so well of it himself that he recommended it as one of his best to Thomson; but the latter—aware, perhaps, of the free character of her of the 'gowden locks'—was unwilling to give her a place among lyrics dedicated to the charms of ladies of high degree and unblemished reputation, and therefore excluded the song, though pressed by the poet to publish it. Irritated, perhaps, at Thomson's refusal, he wrote the additional stanza, by way of postscript, in defiance of his colder-blooded critic."

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gi'e me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.

* King James the First of Scotland, who was a prisoner in England for eighteen years.

There I 'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa', thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I 'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a',
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

The Kirk and State may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna:
The Kirk and State may gae to hell,
And I 'll gae to my Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my ee,—
To live but her I canna;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

OH, WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID?

Oh, wat ye what my minnie did,
My minnie did, my minnie did—
Oh, wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
And bade guid e'en to me, jo.

And wat ye what the parson did,
The parson did, the parson did—
And wat ye what the parson did,
A' for a penny fee, jo?

He loosed on me a lang man,
A mickle man, a strang man—
He loosed on me a lang man,
That might ha'e worried me, jo.

And I was but a young thing,
A young thing, a young thing—
And I was but a young thing,
Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
In the wyte, in the wyte,
To pit a young thing in a fright,
And loose a man on me, jo.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Tune—"There 'll never be peace," etc.

It is generally supposed that Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose) is the Nann of this affecting pastoral. It was written some time after her departu for the West Indies, to rejoin her husband there.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it 's delightless—my Nannie 's awa'.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie 's awa'.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie 's awa'.

Come, Autumn sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie 's awa'.

THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL.

A FRAGMENT.

THE last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmas day,
And there was routh o' drink and fun,
And mickle mirth and play.
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
And the dames danced in the ha':
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

Tune—"Laggan Burn."

HERE's to thy health, my bonnie lass!
Guid night, and joy be wi' thee!
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
Oh, dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee;
I vow and swear, I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou 'rt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time ha'e I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee,
Depending on some higher chance—
But Fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me;
But I 'm as free as any he,—
Sma' siller will relieve me.

I 'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae long as I 'll enjoy it ;
I 'll fear nae scant, I 'll bode nae want,
As lang 's I get employment.

But far-off fowls ha'e feathers fair,
And aye until ye try them ;
Though they seem fair, still have a care,
They may prove waur than I am.
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
My dear, I 'll come and see thee ;
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
Nae travel makes him weary.

THE FAREWELL.

Tune—" It was a' for our rightfu' king."

Lockhart informs us that Sir Walter Scott never wearied of hearing this ballad sung by his daughter ; and Scott himself acknowledges his indebtedness to it for his song of " A weary lot is thine," in the third canto of " Rokeby." The ballad records the farewell to his love and his native land of a follower of the Stuarts, when compelled to cross the seas after the failure of the cause of James II. in Ireland.

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain ;
My love and native land, farewell !
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore ;
And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear !
With adieu for evermore !

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I ha'e parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again!

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that 's far awa'
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

O STEER HER UP.

Tune—"O steer her up, and haud her gaun."

O STEER her up, and haud her gaun,
Her mither 's at the mill, jo;
And gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo;
And gin she tak the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate;
And gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo.
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo—
That gin the lassie winna do 't,
Ye 'll fin' anither will, jo.

OH, AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

Tune—"My wife she dang me."

OH, aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me;

If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she 'll soon o'ergang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' their days are done, man:
My pains o' hell on earth are past—
I 'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
Oh, aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she 'll soon o'ergang ye.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Tune—"The Lass o' Livingston."

This song is a tribute of the poet to his ministering angel, Miss Jessy Lewars. According to Mr. Chambers, Burns called upon her one morning, and volunteered, if she played him any one of her favourite airs for which she would like new verses, to gratify her wish. Accordingly, she sat down to the piano, and played over several times an old ditty ("The Wren"). After a few minutes' abstraction, the poet produced the following song. It is now usually sung to a duet composed for the words by Mendelssohn.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I 'd shelter thee, I 'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;

Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

OH, WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

Tune—"Morag."

Oh, wha is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
Oh, sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rosebuds steeping!

Chorus.

Oh, that 's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
Oh, that 's the queen of womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming,
Oh, that 's, etc.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted,
Oh, that 's, etc.

If thou hast met this fair one—
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted,

Oh, that 's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer ;
Oh, that 's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

OH, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

Tune—"Cordwainer's March."

This song was written for Johnson's "Museum," and appears in th sixth volume. It is adapted, says Stenhouse, to a favourite old tun which in former times was played as a march at the annual processio of the ancient and honourable fraternity of shoemakers on St. Crispin Day.

Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There 's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best ;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

Gilbert Burns gives the following account of the origin of this ba lad :—"When Mr. Cunninghame of Enterkin came to his estate, tw mansion houses on it, Enterkin and Annbank, were both in a ruinou state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *éclat* to the county, h got temporary erections made on the banks of Ayr, tastefully decorate with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of th

spectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty in the arty, and attracted much notice. A dissolution of Parliament was on expected, and this festivity was thought to be an introduction to canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were oken of, particularly Sir John Whitefoord, then residing at Cloncaird, mmonly pronounced Glencaird, and Mr. Boswell, the well-known biog- pher of Dr. Johnson. The political views of this festive assemblage, hich are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were, however, id aside, as Mr. Cunninghame did not canvass the county."

Oh, wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
To do our errands there, man?
Oh, wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
Or will we send a man o' law?
Or will we send a sodger?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.
Ane gi'es them coin, ane gi'es them wine,
Anither gi'es them clatter;
Annbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,
He gi'es a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay greenwoods amang, man,
Where, gathering flowers and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man;
A vow, they sealed it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone, the patent bliss,
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing;
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw, she knew, man.
She summoned every social sprite
That sports by wood or water,

On the bonnie banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes, like kye, man;
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man:
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter;
The western breeze steals through the trees
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats,
What sparkling jewels glance, man,
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man!
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter,
When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man,
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man:
He blushed for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champêtre.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA

Tune—"Here's a health to them that's awa'!"

The following song, composed in honour of the Liberal leaders in t
House of Commons, was written by the poet at a time when Whigge
had triumphed over Jacobitism in his heart.

HERE's a health to them that's awa'!
Here's a health to them that's awa'!
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!

It 's guid to be merry and wise,
It 's guid to be honest and true;
It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.*

Here 's a health to them that 's awa'!
Here 's a health to them that 's awa'!
Here 's a health to Charlie,† the chief of the clan,
Although that his band be but sma'!
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here 's a health to them that 's awa'!
Here 's a health to them that 's awa'!
Here 's a health to Tammie,‡ the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here 's freedom to him that wad read!
Here 's freedom to him that wad write!
There 's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa'!
Here 's a health to them that 's awa'!
Here 's Chieftain M'Leod,§ a chieftain worth gowd,
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here 's friends on both sides of the Forth,
An' friends on both sides of the Tweed;
An' wha wad betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread.

* The colours of the Whig party. During the celebrated Westminster elections, these colours formed the livery of Charles James Fox, and were afterwards adopted as those of his party generally.

† The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

‡ The Hon. Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine.

§ M'Leod of Dunvegan, M.P. for Inverness-shire, an ardent reformer.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Push about the jorum."

When Napoleon threatened to invade Britain in 1795, the whol nation sprang to arms, and volunteer corps were raised throughou the land. Two companies were formed in Dumfries, and Burns en rolled himself as a member. In the full glow of his patriotism the poe wrote "The Dumfries Volunteers," which at once became very popula and did more, says Cunningham, "to right the mind of the rustic pa of the population than all the speeches of Pitt and Dundas, or the chose Five-and-Forty."

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, sir;
There 's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
The Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
We 'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

Oh, let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursel's united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
For never, etc.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in 't;
But de'il a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in 't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought;
And wha wad dare to spoil it?
By heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By heavens, etc.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing "God save the King!"
Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King!"
We 'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing, etc.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

Tune—"Gil Morice."

This plaintive song was written when the poet's constitution began to ive way under the worry of disappointed hopes, and the double burden f poverty and ill health.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day;
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay;
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa';
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

TO MARY.

Tune—"Could aught of song."

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,

The Muse should tell, in laboured strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen yet tender eye,
Oh, read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
The voice of Nature prizing.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Burns heard this song sung in one of his northern excursions, and wrot the following homely version of it.

Oh, I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,—
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

Oh, I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me.

WELCOME TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A Parody on "Robin Adair."

Charles François Dumourier, or Dumouriez, was a famous general in the army of the French Republic. Though he had by his victories saved France from foreign enemies, he was denounced as a traitor by the revolutionists in Paris on account of his leanings towards constitutional monarchy, and only saved his head by riding over into the camp of the Austrians, against whom he was fighting at the time. He finally settled in England, where he died on 14th March 1823.

One day, while in the King's Arms, Dumfries, Burns overheard a stranger expressing joy at the desertion of Dumourier from the French army. Almost immediately afterwards he repeated the following verses:—

YOU 'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier;
You 're welcome to despots, Dumourier.
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier? *

* Dampiere was a brother general, and Bournonville was an emissary of the Convention, both of whom Dumourier had calculated upon following his example; but in this he was disappointed.

I will fight France with you, Dumourier,
I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier!

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damned, no doubt, Dumourier!

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's delight."

The poet here presents us with a curious epitome of our early national history, and in the concluding stanza proves, by mathematical demonstration, the immortality of Caledonia!

THERE was once a day—but old Time then was young—
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcadès was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would;
Her heavenly relations there fixèd her reign,
And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew;
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned, till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand;*

* The Romans.

Repeated, successive, for many long years
They darkened the air and they plundered the land.
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They 'd conquered and ruined a world beside.
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas and the dread of the shore;*
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore.†
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevailed;
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel:
But brave Caledonia in vain they assailed,
As Largs well can witness and Loncartie tell.‡

The Cameleon-savage disturbed her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife:
Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robbed him at once of his hopes and his life.
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learnèd to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquered, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run;
For brave Caledonia immortal must be—
I 'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:—
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we 'll choose:
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia 's the hypothenuse;
Then, ergo, she 'll match them, and match them always.§

* The Saxons. † The Danes, or Norsemen.
‡ Two famous battles, in which the Danes were defeated.
§ This singular figure of poetry, taken from the mathematics, refers to e famous proposition of Pythagoras, the 47th of Euclid:—In a right-gled triangle, the square of the hypothenuse is always equal to the uares of the two other sides.—CURRIE.

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

Tune—"For a' that, and a' that."

In transmitting this lyric to Thomson, the poet says:—"A great crit on songs says that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-wri ing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song but it will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good pro thoughts inverted into rhyme." Notwithstanding this affected depr ciation by the poet, this song could least be spared from a collection his works, for its manly, independent, and inspiriting sentiments.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil 's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

The poet was indebted to an old strain for this lyric, but he has immensely improved upon the original.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

Chorus.

Oh, let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night;
Oh, rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
Oh, let me in, etc.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
Oh, let me in, etc.

HER ANSWER.

Oh, tell na me o' wind and rain!
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.

Chorus.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, etc.

The sweetest flower that decked the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed:
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, etc.

The bird that charmed his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey:
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate 's the same, jo.
I tell you now, etc.

BONNIE PEG-A-RAMSAY.

Tune—"Cauld is the e'enin' blast."

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin' it is dreary
When birks are bare at Yule.

Oh, cauld blaws the e'enin' blast
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er sae mirky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

AN UNFINISHED SKETCH.

THERE was a bonnie lass,
And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quail,
Or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

OH, MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

Cunningham gives the following account of the origin of this song:—"The poet was one day walking along the High Street of Dumfries, when he met a young woman from the country, who, with her shoes and stockings packed carefully up, and her petticoats kilted, was proceeding towards the Galloway side of the Nith. The sight, by no means so unusual then as now, influenced the muse of Burns, and the result was this exquisite lyric."

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet;

But oh, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Oh, Mally 's meek, Mally 's sweet,
Mally 's modest and discreet,
Mally 's rare, Mally 's fair,
Mally 's every way complete.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

Oh, Mally 's meek, Mally 's sweet,
Mally 's modest and discreet,
Mally 's rare, Mally 's fair,
Mally 's every way complete.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—"Where 'll bonnie Ann lie?" or "Loch Eroch side."

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow joined,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken!

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Aye wakin', O."

This is one of the poet's brief and happy productions, and is founded on an old lyric still popular in some parts of the north.

Chorus.

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care—
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, etc.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.
Long, etc.

Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, etc.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

In forwarding this song to Thomson, the poet remarks:—"The Irish air, 'Humours of Glen,' is a great favourite of mine, and as there are

not any decent verses for it, I have written for it as follows." Mrs. Burn (*née* Jean Armour) was the heroine of the song, and she is said to hav charmed her husband so much by the way in which she sang it, that h declared it one of his luckiest lyrics.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

'TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE EE.

Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."

'TWAS na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,—
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But though fell Fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I 'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou 'rt the angel that never can alter—
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS!

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice!
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife—
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet!

MARK YONDER POMP.

Tune—"De'il tak the wars."

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride;
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?—
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art;
The polished jewel's blaze
May draw the wondering gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array?

Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day,—
Oh, then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing sou
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,—
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipped deity,
And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Tune—"This is no my ain house."

Chorus.

Oh, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
Oh, weel ken I my ain lassie,—
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
It wants, to me the witching grace,
The kind love that 's in her ee.
Oh, this is no, etc.

She 's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that 's in her ee.
Oh, this is no, etc.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.
Oh, this is no, etc.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learnèd clerks;

But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that 's in her ee.

Oh, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
Oh, weel ken I my ain lassie,—
Kind love is in her ee.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

This song was written by Burns to soothe the wounded feelings of his end, Mr. Alexander Cunningham, writer, Edinburgh, who, as already ated, had been jilted by an Edinburgh lady.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strewed the lea wi' flowers;
The furrowed, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers:
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
Oh, why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe?

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But Love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorched my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine—till Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now, beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The wakened laverock, warbling, springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching Love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

Oh, had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I 'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "Hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

OH, BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Oh, bonnie was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

This pathetic song, put into the lips of Chloris, was a very hasty production; for in forwarding it to Thomson, the poet says:—"How do you like the foregoing? I have written it within this hour: so much for the speed of my Pegasus; but what say you to his bottom?"

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee—the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

Chorus.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert, etc.

Cold, altered Friendship's cruel part
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert, etc.

But, dreary though the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert, etc.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Tune—"The Lothian lassie."

This exquisitely arch and humorous song has been a popular favourite ever since it was published.

Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,—
The deuce gae wi 'm to believe me, believe me!
The deuce gae wi 'm to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vowed for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he likèd for Jean,—
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying!
The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel-stockèd mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenned it, or cared,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less—
The de'il tak his taste to gae near her!—
He up the lang loan* to my black cousin Bess,—
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear h
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!—
I glow'red as I 'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glow'red as I 'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he capered as he 'd been in drink,
And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vowed I was his dear lassie.

I spiered for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shauchled feet,—
But heavens, how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
But heavens, how he fell a-swearin'!

* In the original MS. Gateslack—a passage among the Lowther H

He begged, for Gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
Sae, e'en to preserve the poor body his life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

Why, why tell thy lover
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while Fancy, raptured, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme—
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

Tune—"The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

"Another favourite air of mine," says the poet to Thomson, "is 'The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.' When sung low, with expression, I have fancied that it had better poetry. That I have endeavoured to supply." The young lady who inspired this song was Miss Phillis M'Murdo, afterwards Mrs. Norman Lockhart of Carnwath.

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties!
They never wi' her can compare:
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;

Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.

The rosebud 's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest;
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast!

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie;
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dewdrop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting!
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties!
They never wi' her can compare:
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT.

These verses first appeared in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of the poet's works.

Oh, meikle do I rue, fause love,
Oh, sairly do I rue,
That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
That e'er your face I knew.

Oh, I ha'e tint my rosy cheeks,
Likewise my waist sae sma';
And I ha'e lost my lightsome heart,
That little wist a fa'.

Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a saucy quean,
When, gin the truth were a' but kent,
Her life 's been waur than mine.

Whene'er my father thinks on me,
He stares into the wa';
My mither, she has ta'en the bed
Wi' thinkin' on my fa'.

Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
My heart wad burst wi' pain;
Whene'er I meet my mither's ee,
My tears rin down like rain.

Alas! sae sweet a tree as love
Sic bitter fruit should bear!
Alas! that e'er a bonnie face
Should draw a sauty tear.

But Heaven's curse will blast the man
Denies the bairn he got,
Or leaves the painfu' lass he loved
To wear a ragged coat.

SONG.

Tune—"Maggie Lauder."

This song first appeared in *The New York Mirror* in 1846, accompanied with the following notice of the heroine, Mrs. Renwick (*née* Miss ...an Jeffrey):—"The lady to whom the following verses—never before ...blished—were addressed, known to the readers of Burns as the 'Blue-...ed Lassie,' is one of a race whose beauty and virtues formed for several ...nerations the inspiration of the masters of Scottish song. Her mother ...as Agnes Armstrong, in whose honour the touching words and beauti... air of 'Roslin Castle' were composed."

When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ailed me;
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My een they almost failed me.
She 's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
All grace does round her hover,

Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became a lover.

She 's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
She 's aye sae blithe and cheerie;
She 's aye sae bonnie, blithe, and gay,
Oh, gin I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
Or humbler bays entwining—
I 'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her,
And, prouder than a belted knight,
I 'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She 's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, etc.

But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour:
If so, may every bliss be hers,
Though I maun never have her!
But gang she east, or gang she west,
'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She 'll always find a lover.
She 's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, etc.

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

This fragment is said to have been an extemporaneous productlor called forth by the sight of a beautiful young lady whom the poet me one day in the streets of Mauchline.

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
Oh, what a feast her bonnie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

THE DISCREET HINT.

"Lass, when your mither is frae hame,
May I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower window,
And creep in frae the cauld?
As come to your bower window,
And when it 's cold and wat,
Warm me in thy fair bosom,—
Sweet lass, may I do that?"

"Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
When our gudewife 's frae hame,
As come to my bower window,
Whare I am laid my lane,
To warm thee in my bosom,—
Tak tent, I 'll tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk,—
Young man, do ye hear that?"

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

Tune—"The Collier's Dochter."

Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

Oh! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:

Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM!

Tune—"Nancy 's to the greenwood gane."

This appears to be only an amended version of the song beginning "The last time I came o'er the moor," with the substitution of the nam Eliza for that of Maria. "The alienation of Mrs. Riddel," observe Chambers, "and the poet's resentment against her, must have rendere the latter name no longer tolerable to him."

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O Mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemned to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
Till fears no more had saved me:
Th' unwary sailor, thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER!

Tune—"Balinamona Ora."

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms!
O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

Chorus.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher!
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher!
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher!
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty 's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they 're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
Then hey, etc.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they 're carest.
Then hey, etc.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!

Tune—"The Lea-rig."

This was the first song supplied by Burns for Thomson's Collection. That gentleman had sent the poet eleven songs for which he wished new versions to be written; and in returning this one, Burns says:—"Let me tell you that you are too fastidious in your ideas of songs and ballads. I own that your criticisms are just; the songs you specify in your list have, all but one, the faults you remark in them. But who shall mend the matter? Who shall rise up and say, Go to, I will make a better? For instance, on reading over the 'Lea-rig,' I immediately set about trying my hand on it; and, after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which, Heaven knows, is poor enough."

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo;

And owsen frae the furrowed field
Return sae dowf and weary, O!
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I 'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I 'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I 'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloaming gray,—
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

MY LOVELY NANCY.

Tune—"The Quaker's Wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy—
Every pulse along my veins,
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish;
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure;

Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love 's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

JESSY.

Tune—"Here 's a health to them that 's awa'."

The heroine of this song was Miss Jessy Lewars, to whom reference has already been made. She was a kind-hearted and amiable young creature, and one whom the poet, when he wrote these lines, had great reason to "lo'e dear." For at that time, the poet being under the triple visitation of poverty, domestic sorrow, and ill health, she ministered to him and to his young family with all the tenderness and assiduity of a daughter.

Chorus.

HERE 's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here 's a health, etc.

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am locked in thy arms—Jessy!
Here 's a health, etc.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee:
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here 's a health, etc.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

This song is only a smooth abridgment of the lyric beginning "Swee closes the evening on Craigieburn Wood," given on p. 484. Craigie burn Wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, and abou three miles distant from the village of that name. The woods of Craigie burn and of Dumcrief were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. I was there he met the "lassie wi' the lint-white locks," and where h conceived several of his most beautiful lyrics.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they 'll wither.

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

Cunningham assigns this song to Burns, but on somewhat doubtfu grounds.

HERE around the ingle bleezin',
Wha sae happy and sae free?
Though the northern wind blaws freezin',
Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we 'll be yin an' a';
Time shall see us a' the blither
Ere we rise to gang awa'.

See the miser o'er his treasure
Gloating wi' a greedy ee!
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
That around us here we see?

Can the peer in silk and ermine
Ca' his conscience half his own?
His claes are spun and edged wi' vermin,
Though he stan' afore a throne!

Thus then let us a' be tassing
Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame;
And while round the board 'tis passing,
Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

Frien'ship maks us a' mair happy,
Frien'ship gi'es us a' delight;
Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
Frien'ship brings us here to-night.

Happy we 've been a' thegither,
Happy we 've been ane an' a';
Time shall find us a' the blither
When we rise to gang awa'.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

Tune—"Kellyburn Braes."

The following humorous ballad was modelled by Burns upon an old one, and appeared in Johnson's "Museum." When Mrs. Burns was telling Cromek of the alterations made by her husband on various old songs, she said, "Robert gae this ane a terrible brushing."

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
An' he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),

He met wi' the devil—says, "How do you fen?"
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that 's a' my complaint
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme);
For, saving your presence, to her ye 're a saint:
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

"It 's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime."

"Oh, welcome, most kindly," the blithe carle said
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme);
"But if ye can match her, ye 're waur than ye 're ca'd,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime."

The devil has got the auld wife on his back
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme);
An', like a poor pedlar, he 's carried his pack,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

He 's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme);
Syne bade her gae in, for a b—h an' a w—e,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Turn out on her guard in the clap o' a hand;
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed through them like ony wud bear
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Whae'er she gat hands on cam' near her nae mair;
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa'
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme);
"Oh, help, master, help! or she 'll ruin us a',
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime."

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk an' the bell
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He was not in wedlock, thank Heav'n, but in hell;
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme);
An' to her auld husband he 's carried her back;
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime.

"I ha'e been a devil the feck o' my life
(Hey, an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife;
An' the thyme it is withered, an' rue is in prime."

SONG,

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUINED FARMER.

Tune—"Go from my window, love, do."

Mr. Robert Chambers, in his latest edition of the poet's works, says:—"By the liberality of Mr. Dick, bookseller, Ayr, the possessor of a manuscript of ten leaves in Burns's handwriting, and which was formerly in the possession of Mrs. Stewart of Stair, we are enabled to give the following song, which has not hitherto seen the light."

THE sun he is sunk in the west,
All creatures retirèd to rest,
While here I sit all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and woe;
An' it 's O, fickle Fortune, O!

The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep:

But misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow:
An' it 's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lies the dear partner of my breast,
Her cares for a moment at rest:
Must I see thee, my youthful bride,
Thus brought so very low?
An' it 's O, fickle Fortune, O!

There lie my sweet babes in her arms,
No anxious fear their little hearts alarms,
But for their sake my heart doth ache
With many a bitter throe:
An' it 's O, fickle Fortune, O!

I once was by Fortune carest,
I once could relieve the distrest:
Now, life's poor support hardly earned,
My fate will scarce bestow:
An' it 's O, fickle Fortune, O!

No comfort, no comfort I have!
How welcome to me were the grave!
But then my wife and children dear,
O whither would they go?
An' it 's O, fickle Fortune, O!

O whither, O whither shall I turn!
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn!
For in this world rest or peace
I never more shall know!
An' it 's O, fickle Fortune, O!

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

Tune—"Rothemurche."

This was the last song composed by Burns. It was sent to Thomson on July 12, 1796. The poet died on the 21st of the same month. "In this song," says Cunningham—"the last he was to measure in this world—his thoughts wandered to Charlotte Hamilton, and the banks of the Devon."

Chorus.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear!
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
Oh, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so."
Fairest maid, etc.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, etc.

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo* or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*.—BURNS.

A.

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof, backwards.
Abeigh, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above, up.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Abreed, in breadth.
Ae, one.
Aff, off. *Aff loof*, unpremeditated.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft. *Aften*, often.
Agee, *ajee*, on one side.
A-gley, off the right line, wrong, awry.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Aidle, putrid water, etc.
Ain, own.
Airles, hiring money. *Airl-penny*, a silver penny given as airles.
Airn, iron, a mason's chisel.
Airt, quarter of the earth or sky.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Akwart, awkward.
Alake, alas.
Alane, alone.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
An, if. See *Gif* and *Gin*.
An', and.
Ane, one. *Ance*, once.
Anent, over against, concerning, about.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes of wood, remains of a hearth fire.

Asklent, asquint, aslant.
Asteer, abroad, stirring in a lively manner.
Athart, athwart.
Athout, athwart.
Attour, moreover, besides.
Atweel no, by no means.
Atween, between.
Aught, possession—as, *In a' my aught*, in all my possession.
Auld, old.
Auld-farran', *auld farrant*, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years.
Aumos, alms. *Aumos-dish*, a beggar's dish in which alms is received.
Ava', at all.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, etc. *Awnie*, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

B.

Ba', ball.
Babie-clouts, child's first clothes.
Backets, ash-boards, buckets.
Backlins, coming, coming back, returning.
Back-yett, private gate.
Bad, did bid.
Baggie, the belly.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Bainie, having large bones, stout.
Bairin', laying bare.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ballets, *ballants*, ballads.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat, to strive, to excel.
Bannock, flat, soft cake.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barket, barked.
Barley-bree, *barley-broo*, juice of barley, malt liquor.
Barmie, of or like barm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, botts.
Bauckie-bird, the bat.
Baudrons, the cat.
Bauk, a cross-beam. *Bauks*, rafters.
Bauld, bold.
Bawk, bank of unploughed land among corn.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.
Bear, barley.
Beastie, diminutive of beast.
Beet, *beek*, to add fuel to a fire.
Befa', to befall or happen.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by-and-by, presently, quickly.
Ben, into the spence or parlour; a spence.

Benmost-bore, the remotest hole, the innermost recess.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a wooden dish, a short rapid race.
Bie, *bield*, shelter, a sheltered place, the sunny nook of a wood.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful, snug.
Big, to build. *Biggin*, building, a house. *Biggit*, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow, a companion.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, etc.
Birdie-cocks, young cocks.
Birk, birch.
Birken-shaw, *birchen-wood-shaw*, a small wood.
Birkie, a conceited fellow.
Birring, the noise of partridges, etc., when they rise.
Birses, bristles.
Bit, crisis, nick of time, place.
Bizz, a bustle; to buzz.
Blaithrie, idle talk, flattery.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt, full of mischief.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blaud, a flat piece of anything; to slap.
Blaudin-shower, a heavy driving rain (a *blauding* signifies a beating).
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleer't, *bleerit*, bleared, (eyes sore with rheum.
Bleer't and blin', bleared and blind.
Bleeze, flame. *Bleezin'*, blazing.
Blellum, an idle, talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly; nonsense *Bleth'rin'*, talking idly.
Blink, a little while, a smiling look; to look kindly, to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin', smirking.
Blirt and blearie, outburst of grief with wet eyes.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birthday, a blue cloak or gown with a badge.
Bluid, *blude*, blood.
Bluntie, a sniveller, a stupid person.
Blype, a shred, a large piece.
Bobbit, obeisance made by a lady.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently. *Bocket*, *bocked*, gushed, vomited.
Bodle, a small coin of the value of two pennies Scots.
Bogie, a small morass.
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.
Bonnie, *bonny*, handsome, beautiful.
Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannock or loaf made of oatmeal. See *Bannock*.

Scord, a board.
Boortree, the shrub elder (planted much of old in hedges of barnyards and gardens).
Boost, behoved, must needs.
Bore, a hole in a wall.
Botch, an angry tumour.
Bouk, *bowk*, body, bulk.
Bousing, drinking.
Bow-hought, out-kneed.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bowt, bended, crooked.
Brachens, ferns.
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braik, a kind of harrow, an instrument for rough-dressing flax.
Brainge, *braindge*, to run rashly forward. *The horse braing't*, plunged and fretted in the harness.
Brak, broke, made insolvent.
Brankie, gaudy, spruce.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brats, coarse clothes, children.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brawlie, *brawlys*, very well, finely, heartily.
Braxies, diseased sheep.
Breastie, diminutive of breast.
Breastit, *breastet*, sprung up or forward; the act of mounting a horse.
Brechame, a horse-collar.
Breckan, fern.
Bree, *brie*, juice, liquid.
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent, smooth.
Brent-new, brand-new, in fashion.
Brewin', brewing, gathering.
Brig, a bridge.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, the badger.
Brogue, a hum, a trick.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, a race at country weddings.
Brose, a dish made by pouring boiling water on oatmeal seasoned with butter, etc.
Browst, quantity of liquor brewed at a time, ale.
Browster-wives, ale-house wives.
Brugh, a burgh.
Bruilyie, *bruilzie*, a broil, a combustion.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Brunt, did burn, burnt.
Brust, to burst, burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling sea among the rocks of Buchan.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Buff our beef, thrash us soundly, give us a beating behind and before.
Bught, a pen.
Bughtin'-time, the time to col-

lect the sheep in the pens to be milked.
Buirdly, stout made.
Bum-clock, the humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
Bummin', humming as bees.
Bummle, to blunder. *Bummler*, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat or chest.
Burdies, diminutive of birds.
Bure, did bear.
Burn, burnie, water, a rivulet.
Burnewin' (burn the wind), a blacksmith.
Burr-thistle, the thistle o Scotland.
Buskie, bushy.
Buskit, dressed.
Buskit-nest, an ornamente residence.
Busks, dresses.
Buss, shelter.
Bussle, a bustle; to bustle.
But, bot, without, void of.
But an' ben, the country kit chen and parlour.
By himsel', lunatic, distracted
Byke, a bee-hive.
Byre, a cow-house, a sheep-pen

C.

Ca', to call, to name, to drive. *Ca't, ca'd*, called, driven, calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadie, caddie, a young fellow, a public messenger.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Calimanco, a kind of cotton cloth worn by ladies.
Callan, callant, a boy.
Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing.
Callet, a female follower of a camp.
Cam', came.
Canie, cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous. *Cannilie*, dexterously, gently.
Canna, cannot.
Cantie, canty, cheerful, merry
Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
Cap-stane, cope-stone, key stone.
Careerin', moving cheerfully.
Carl, carle, an old man.
Carl-hemp, the male stalk o hemp.
Carlin, carline, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards.
Castock, the stalk of a cab bage.
Caudron, a caldron.
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking vessel, a quaich.
Cavie, a hen-coop.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanter, the drone of a bag pipe.

Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Cheek for chow, side by side, brotherly.
Cheekit, cheeked.
Cheep, a chirp; to chirp.
Chiel, *chield*, *cheal*, a young fellow.
Chimla, *chimlie*, a fire-grate, a fire-place. *Chimla-lug*, the fireside.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin', choking.
Chow, to chew; a quid of tobacco.
Chuckie, a brood hen.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, *claes*, clothes.
Claith, cloth. *Claithing*, clothing.
Claivers, nonsense; not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clartie, dirty, filthy.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell idle stories; an idle story.
Claught, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape. *Clauted*, scraped clean.
Clavers, idle stories. *Clavers and havers*, agreeable nonsense, foolish talk.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleckin, a brood of chickens.
Cleed, to clothe. *Cleeds*, clothes.
Cleek, hook, snatch. *Cleekit*, having caught.
Clegs, gad-flies.
Clinkin', jerking, clinking. *Clinkin' down*, sitting down hastily.
Clinkumbell, the church-bell, he who rings the church-bell.
Clips, shears.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch; a beetle. *Clockin'*, hatching.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, etc.
Clootie, a familiar name for the devil.
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
Cloutin', repairing with cloth.
Clouts, pieces of cloth.
Cluds, clouds.
Clunk, the sound made in setting down an empty bottle.
Coaxin', wheedling.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied up on a girl's head, a cap.
Cod, a pillow.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish. *Coggie*, diminutive of *cog*.
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, says tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general name for country curs, a sheep-dog.

Collie-shangie, a quarrel among dogs, an Irish row.
Commaun, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
Cooser, *coosser*, a stallion.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ankle, a species of water-fowl.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen-dish; also, those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be *cootie*.
Corbies, carrion crows.
Core, corps, party, clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house, a cottager.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cave.
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, etc.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over. *Cowpit*, tumbled. *Cowp the cran*, to tumble a full bucket or basket.
Cowrin', cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation; to converse. *Crackin'*, conversing.
Craft, *croft*, a field near a house (in old husbandry).
Craig, *craigie*, neck, a high rock.
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly, the corn-rail.
Crambo-clink, *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggerel verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Cranreuch, hoar-frost.
Crap, a crop; to crop.
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
Creel, a basket. *To have one's wits in a creel*, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
Creepie-chair, another name for the cutty-stool (*q.v.*).
Creeshie, greasy.
Creuks, a disease of horses.
Cronie, a friend, a gossip.
Crood, *croud*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune. *Crooning*, humming.
Croose, *crouse*, cheerful, courageous. *Crously*, cheerfully, courageously.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water. *Crowdie-time*, breakfast time.
Crowlin', crawling hatefully.
Crummie, *crommie*, *crummock*, a cow with crooked horns. *Crummie's nicks*, marks on the horns of a cow.
Crump, hard and brittle (spoken of bread).
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuddle, to clasp and caress.

ait, a blockhead, a ninny.
ummock, *crummock*, a short staff with a crooked head. *Cummock driddle*, walk slowly leaning on a cummock.
urch, a covering for the head.
urchie, a curtsy.
urler, a player at a game on the ice practised in Scotland, called curling.
urlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
Curling, a well-known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
Curpin, *curpan*, the crupper, the rump.
Curple, the rear.
Cushat, the dove or woodpigeon.
Cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle.
Cutty-stool, the stool of repentance.

D.

addie, a father.
affin', merriment, foolishness.
aft, merry, giddy, foolish. *Daft-buckie*, mad fish.
aimen, rare, now and then. *Daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then.
ainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.
aise, *daez*, to stupefy.
ales, plains, valleys.
ander, to wander.
appl't, dappled.
arklins, darkling.
aud, *dawd*, a large piece of bread, etc.; to thrash, to abuse. *Daudin' - showers*, rain urged by wind.
aur, to dare. *Daur't*, dared. *Daurna*, dare not.
aurg, *daurk*, a day's labour.
aut, *dawt*, to fondle, to caress. *Dautit*, *dawtet*, fondled, caressed.
Davoc, diminutive of Davie.
Dawin', dawning.
Dead-sweer, very loath, averse.
Dearies, diminutive of dears.
Dearthfu', dear, expensive.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-ma-care, no matter, for all that.
Deleerit, delirious.
Descrive, to describe.
Deuks, ducks.
Devle, *devel*, a stunning blow.
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff. *Dighted*, cleaned from chaff.
Dimpl't, dimpled.
Ding, to worst, to push, to excel.
Dink, neat, tidy, trim, ladylike.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
Distain, stain.
Dizzen, *dizz'n*, a dozen.

Dochter, daughter.
Doited, stupefied, silly from age.
Dolt, stupefied, crazed; also, a fool.
Donsie, unlucky, affectedly neat and trim.
Doodle, to dandle.
Dool, sorrow. *To sing dool*, to lament, to mourn.
Doo, a dove.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douce, *douse*, sober, wise, prudent. *Doucely*, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, the breech, the end of a candle. *Doup-skelper*, striker on the breech.
Dour, hard, bold, inflexible, sour in aspect, sullen. *Dour and din*, sullen and sallow.
Dow, am or are able, can. *Downa*, am or are not able, cannot.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, etc., half asleep.
Doylt, *doylte*, stupid, wearied, exhausted.
Dozen, to stupefy, to benumb. *Dozent*, stupefied, impotent.
Drab, a young female beggar; to spot, to stain.
Draigle, to soil by trailing, to draggle among wet, etc.
Drap, a drop; to dro
Drappin', dropping.
Drauntin', drawling, of a slo enunciation.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about
Dribble, drizzling, tricklin slaver.
Driddle, the motion of a ba dancer or violinist.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, the chanter of a ba pipe.
Droop-rumpl't, that droops the crupper.
Droukit, *drouket*, wet.
Drountin', drawling.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, *drumlie*, muddy.
Drummock, *drammock*, ra oatmeal and cold wate mixed.
Drunt, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, *duddies*, rags, clothe *Duddie*, ragged.
Dung, *dang*, worsted, pushed driven.
Dunsh, to push as a ram.
Dunt, a stroke, a blow.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dusht, overcome with fear, t drop down suddenly.

E.

Ee, the eye. *Een*, the eyes, the evening.
Eebree, the eyebrow.
E'en, *e'enin'*, evening.
E'en, even. *E'en's*, ever as.

Eerie, haunted; frighted, dreading spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldrich, *eldritch*, ghastly, frightful.
Elder, an elder, or church officer.
En', end.
Enbrugh, *Embrugh*, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, *eneuch*, enough.
Especial, especially.
Ether, an adder.
Ettle, to try, to aim.
Eydent, diligent.

F.

Fa', fall, lot, fate; to fall. *Fa's*, does fall; waterfalls.
Fa' that, to enjoy, to try.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Faem, foam.
Faes, foes.
Faiket, forgiven or excused, abated.
Fairin', a present from a fair.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake of oaten bread, etc.
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for. *Fasht*, troubled. *Fasheous*, troublesome.
Fastern-e'en, Fasten's even.
Fathrals, *fatt'rels*, ribbon ends.
Faught, fight.
Fauld, *fald*, a fold; to fold. *Faulding*, folding.
Faut, *faute*, fault, want, lack.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, loyal, steadfast, a field, smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Fear't, frighted.
Feat, neat, spruce, clever.
Fecht, to fight. *Fechtin'*, fighting
Feck, number, quantity.
Fecket, an under-waistcoat with sleeves.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Feckly, mostly, weakly.
Feg, a fig.
Fegs, Faith! (an exclamation).
Feide, feud, enmity.
Feirrie, stout, vigorous, healthy.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
Felly, relentless.
Fen, successful struggle, fight.
Fend, to make a shift, to live comfortably.
Ferlie, *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits. *Fetch't*, pulled intermittently.
Fey, strange, one marked for death.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fidgin'-fain, tickled with pleasure.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend (a petty oath).

Fier, fiere, sound, healthy, a brother, a friend.
Fissle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget; a bustle.
Fit, foot, footstep.
Fittie-lan', the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise; fuss, disturbance.
Flaffen, the motion of rags in the wind, or of wings.
Flaite, did flyte or scold.
Flang, threw with violence.
Flannen, flannel.
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a fright.
Flether, to flatter. *Flethers*, smooth wheedling words.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flichter, to flutter, as young nestlings when their dam approaches.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces, splinters.
Flingin'-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke. *Flisket*, fretted. *Flisky*, skittish.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Flyte, to scold. *Flyting*, a scolding.
Fodgel, squat and plump.
Foor, hastened, progressed.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forby, forbye, besides.
Forfairn, distressed, worn ou jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to e counter with.
Forgi'e, to forgive.
Forinawed, worn out.
Forjesket, forjaskit, jaded wit fatigue.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, fu', full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, mor than enough.
Fow, a bushel, etc.; also, pitchfork.
Frae, from, off.
Frammit, fremmit, strang estranged from, at enmit with.
Freath, froth.
Frien', friend.
Frosty-calker, the heels an front of a horse-shoe turne sharply up for riding on a icy road.
Fud, the scut or tail of th hare, cony, etc.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fu'-hant, full hand.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Fur-ahin, the hindmost hors on the right hand whe ploughing.
Furm, a form, a bench.

Fyke trifling cares; to be in a fuss about trifles.

Fyle, to soil, to dirty. *Fyl't*, soiled, dirtied.

G.

Gab, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly.

Gaberlunzie, a wallet-man or tinker.

Gadsman, a ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.

Gae, to go. *Gaed*, went. *Gaen*, *gane*, gone. *Gaun*, going.

Gaet, *gate*, way, manner, road.

Gairs, triangular pieces of cloth sewed on the bottom of a gown, etc.

Gang, to go, to walk.

Gangrel, a wandering person.

Gar, to make, to force to. *Gar't*, forced to.

Garten, a garter.

Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse. *Gashin'*, conversing.

Gatty, failing in body, swelled.

Gaucy, *gawcie*, jolly, large.

Gaud, *gad*, a plough, a goad.

Gaudsman, one who drives the horses at the plough.

Gaunted, yawned.

Gawkie, *gawky*, half-witted, foolish, romping; a thoughtless person and something weak.

Gaylie, *gaylies*, *gaylins*, pretty well.

Gear, riches, goods of any kind.

Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.

Ged, a pike.

Ged's hole, the grave.

Gentles, great folks, gentry.

Genty, elegantly formed, neat.

Geordie, a guinea.

Get, *geat*, a child, a young one.

Ghaist, a ghost.

Gi'e, to give. *Gi'ed*, gave. *Gi'en*, given.

Gif, if. See *Gin* and *An*.

Giftie, diminutive of gift.

Giglets, playful girls.

Gillie, *gillock*, diminutive of gill.

Gilpey, a half-grown or half-informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.

Gimmer, a ewe two years old, a contemptuous term for a woman.

Gin, if, against. See *Gif* and *An*.

Gipsey, a young girl.

Girdle, a round iron plate on which cakes are fired.

Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, etc.; a snare for birds. *Girnin'*, grinning.

Girran, a little vigorous animal.

Gizz, a periwig, the face.

Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.

Glaive, a sword.

Glaizie, glittering, smooth like glass.
Glaum, to snatch greedily. *Glaumed*, aimed, snatched.
Gled, a species of hawk.
Gleg, *gleck*, sharp, ready.
Gleib, *glieb*, a portion of ground. (The ground belonging to a manse is called "the glieb.")
Glen, dale, deep valley.
Gley, a squint; to squint. *A-gley*, off at a side, wrong.
Gleyde, an old horse.
Glib-gabbit, smooth and ready in speech.
Glint, to peep quickly. *Glinted by*, went brightly past.
Gloamin', the twilight. *Gloamin' shot*, twilight musing.
Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare, a look. *Glowrin'*, gazing.
Glum, displeased.
Glunsh, a frown, a sour look.
Goavan, looking round with a strange inquiring gaze, staring stupidly.
Gor-cocks, moor-cocks.
Gowan, the flower of the wild daisy, hawk-weed, etc. *Gowany*, daisied, abounding with daisies.
Gowd, gold.
Gowff, a fool, the game of golf; to strike as the club does the ball at golf. *Gowff'd*, struck.
Gowk, the cuckoo, a term of contempt.
Gowl, to howl.
Graff, grave.
Graip, a pronged instrumer for cleaning byres.
Graith, accoutrements, furn ture, dress, gear.
Graizle, to move like unoile machinery.
Grane, *grain*, a groan; t groan. *Grained and gaunte* groaned and yawned.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope. *Grapi* groped.
Grat, wept, shed tears.
Great, *grit*, intimate, familia
Gree, to agree. *Gree't*, agreed *To bear the gree*, to be d cidedly victor.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep *Greetin'*, crying, weeping.
Grien, to long, to desire.
Grieve, steward.
Grippit, catched, seized.
Grissle, gristle, stump.
Groanin'-maut, drink at lying-in.
Groat, *to get the whistle one's*, to play a losin game.
Grousome, *gruesome*, loath somely grim.
Grozet, *grosel*, gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun', ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the snout, a gruntin noise.
Grunzie, a pig-shaped mout

rushie, thick, of thriving growth.
ude, guid, the Supreme Being, good. *Gude auld-hasbeen*, was once excellent.
uid-e'en, good evening.
uidfather, guidmother, father-in-law, mother-in-law.
uidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house. *Young guidman*, a man newly married.
Guid-mornin', good morrow.
Guid-willie, liberal, cordial.
Gully, gullie, a large knife.
Gulravage, running wild with joy.
Gumlie, muddy.
Gumption, discernment.
Gusty, tasteful.

H.

:', hall.
:' Bible, the great Bible that lies in the hall.
:ddin, home, dwelling-place, a possession.
:'e, to have. *Ha'en*, had.
:ae, fient haet, a petty oath of negation, nothing.
affet, the temple, the side of the head.
affins, nearly half, partly, not fully grown.
:g, a scar or gulf in mosses and moors, moss ground.
:ggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a sheep or lamb.
:in, to spare, to save. *Hain'd*, spared. *Hain'd gear*, hoarded money.
:irst, harvest.
:ith, a petty oath.
:ivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
:l', hald, an abiding place.
:le, haill, whole, tight, healthy.
:lan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the thirty-first of October.
Haly, holy.
Hame, home. *Hamely*, homely, affable.
Han', haun', hand. *Han's-breed*, handbreadth.
Handsel, hansel, an earnest, a gratuity.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, etc.; to wrap, to cover.
Hap, to hop. *Happin'*, hopping.
Happer, the hopper of a mill.
Hap-shackled, bound fore and hind foot.
Hap-step-an'-loup, hop, skip, and leap.
Harigals, the internal organs.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a fellow who neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to hold.

Haughs, low-lying rich lands, valleys.
Haurl, to drag, to pull violently.
Haver-meal, oatmeal.
Haverel, *haveril*, a half-witted person, half-witted.
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow (properly one with a white face).
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Heapit, heaped.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hear't, hear it.
Heather, *hether*, heath.
Hech! oh! a sigh of weariness.
Hecht, promised; to foretell something that is to be got or given; the thing foretold, offered.
Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins used in dressing hemp, flax, etc.
Hee balou, words used to soothe a child.
Heels-owre-gowdie, topsy-turvy, bottom upwards.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
Hellim, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks.
Herrin', a herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests. *Herryment*, plundering, devastation.
Hersel', *hirsel'*, herself.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a ravine. *Coal heugh*, a coal-pit.
Hilch, a hobble; to halt *Hilchin'*, halting.
Himsel', himself.
Hiney, honey; also a term o endearment.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, t creep.
Hirsel, as many sheep o cattle as one person ca attend.
Histie, dry, chapped, barren.
Hitch, a loop, a knot.
Hizzie, hussy, a wild youn girl.
Hoddin, the motion of a cour tryman riding on a car horse, hobbling.
Hoddin-gray, coarse woolle cloth.
Hoggie, a one-year-old sheep.
Hog-score, a kind of distanc line in curling drawn acros the rink. (When a ston fails to cross it, a cry raised of, "A hog, a hog, and the stone is removed.
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse play by justling with th shoulder; to justle.
Hoodie-craw, the carrion crow
Hool, outer skin or case, nut-shell, a pea-cod.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely *Hoolie!* take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoar *Hoordit*, hoarded.

Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many familiar names of the devil.
Host, hoast, to cough; a cough. *Hostin'*, coughing.
Hotched, turned topsy-turvy, moved excitedly.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, howlet, the owl.
Housie, diminutive of house
Howe, to heave, to swell.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back (spoken of a horse, etc.).
Howff, a tippling house, a place of resort.
Howk, to dig. *Howkit*, digged.
Hoy, to urge. *Hoy't*, urged.
Hoyse, to pull upwards.
Hoyte, to amble crazily.
Hughoc, diminutive of Hughie.
Hums and hankers, mumbles and hesitates.
Hunkers, the hams.
Hurcheon, the hedgehog.
Hurdies, the hips, the crupper.
Hushion, hoshen, a cushion; also, a stocking wanting the foot, worn on the arm.

I.

'. in.
'cker, an ear of corn.
'ese, a great-grandchild.
'lk, ilka, each, every.
'll-deedie, mischievous.
'll o't, awkward at it.
'll-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire, fire-place.
Ingle-lowe, flame from the hearth.
I rede ye, I advise you, I warn you.
I'se, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

J.

'ad, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
'auk, to dally, to trifle. *Jaukin'*, trifling, dallying.
'auner, idle talk.
'aup, a jerk of water; to jerk, as agitated water.
'aw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
Jerkinet, a jerkin, or short gown.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, to jump; slender in the waist, handsome.
Jimps, easy stays.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning a corner. *Jinkin'*, dodging.
Jinker, that turns quickly; a gay sprightly girl, a wag.

Jirt, a jerk; to squirt.
Jocteleg, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.
Jow, *to jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to justle; a push with the elbow.

K.

Kae, the daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, etc., paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebars, rafters. See *Bauks*.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keckle, joyous cry; to giggle, to cackle as a hen.
Keek, a peep; to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know. *Kend*, *kenn'd*, knew, known.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well known, easily known.
Ket, *ketty*, matted, hairy; a fleece of wool.
Kiaugh, carking anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin, *kith*, kindred.
Kin', kind (*adj.*).
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, etc.
Kintra, *kintrie*, country. *Kintra cooser*, country stallion.
Kirn, the harvest supper, churn.
Kirsen, to christen, to baptize.
Kist, a chest, a shop counter.
Kitchen, anything that eat with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, etc.
Kith-and-kin, kindred.
Kittle, to tickle; ticklish, lively, apt.
Kittlen, a young cat.
Knaggie, like knags, or points of rocks.
Knap, to strike smartly; a smart blow.
Knappin'-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
Knowe, a small round hillock.
Knurl, a dwarf.
Knurlin, knotty.
Kuittle, to cuddle. *Kuittlin'*, cuddling.
Kye, cows, kine.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self.

L.

Labor, *labour*, to thrash or plough.
Laddie, diminutive of lad.
Laggen, the angle between the

side and bottom of a wooden dish.

Laigh, low.

Lairin', *lairie*, wading and sinking in snow, mud, etc.; mire, miry.

Laith, loath. *Laithfu'*, bashful, sheepish.

Lallans, Lowlands, the Scottish dialect.

Lambie, diminutive of lamb.

Lammas moon, harvest moon.

Lampit, *limpit*, a limpet.

Lan', land, estate.

Lan'-afore, foremost horse in the plough.

Lan'-ahin', hindmost horse in the plough.

Lane, lone. *My lane*, *thy lane*, etc., myself alone, etc.

Lanely, lonely.

Lang, long. *To think lang*, to long, to weary. *Lang syne*, long ago.

Lap, did leap.

Late and air, late and early.

Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.

Laverock, the lark.

Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.

Lawlan', Lowland.

Lay my dead, attribute my death.

Lea, unploughed land.

Lea'e, to leave.

Leal, loyal, true, faithful.

Lea-rig, grassy ridge.

Lear (pronounced *lare*), learning, lore.

Lee-lang, live-long.

Leesome, pleasant, lawful.

Leesome luve, gladsome love.

Leeze me on, a phrase of congratulatory endearment = I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.

Leister, a three-pronged and barbed dart for striking fish.

Leugh, did laugh.

Leuk, a look; to look.

Libbet, castrated.

Lichtly, sneeringly.

Lick, a stroke; to beat.

Lift, the sky.

Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to sing.

Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.

Limp't, limped, hobbled.

Link, to trip along. *Linkin'*, tripping. *Linket*, tripped.

Linn, a waterfall, a precipice.

Lint, flax. *Lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.

Lintwhite, the linnet, flaxen.

Loan, the place of milking.

Loaning, a lane.

Loof, the palm of the hand; *pl.*, *looves*.

Loot, did let.

Loove, *luve*, love. *To lo'e*, to love.

Losh, *man!* rustic exclamation = Lord, man.

Loun, *loon*, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.

Loup, jump, leap.

Louper-like, *lan'-louper*, a stranger of suspicious character.

Lout, loot, to stoop down.
Lowe, a flame. *Lowin'*, flaming.
Lowin'-drouth, burning desire for drink.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence. *Tod lowrie*, the fox.
Lowse, to loose.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Lug o' the law, at the judgment-seat.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney. *Lumhead*, chimney top.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, etc.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke. *Luntin'*, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, gray.

M.

Mae, mair, more.
Maggots'-meat, food for the worms.
Mailen, a farm.
Maist, most, almost. *Maistly*, mostly, for the greater part.
Mak, to make. *Makin'*, making.
Mallie, Molly, Mary.
Mang, among.
Manse, the minister's house.
Manteele, a mantle.
Mark, marks. (This and several other nouns, which in English require an *s* to form the plural, are, in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.)
Mark, merk, a Scottish coin.
Marled, variegated, spotted.
Mar's year, the year 1715 (so called from the Earl of Mar, who headed the Jacobite rebellion of that year).
Martial chuck, soldier's female follower.
Mashlum, meslin, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash (as malt, etc.), to infuse.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Maud, maad, a plaid worn by shepherds, etc.
Maukin, the hare.
Maun, must. *Maunna*, must not.
Maut, malt.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawn, a basket without a handle, for holding seed, etc.
Meere, meare, a mare.
Meikle, meickle, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle; also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.

Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Merle, the blackbird.
Messin, *messan*, a small dog, a mongrel.
Midden, a dunghill. *Midden-hole*, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill. *Midden-creels*, dung-baskets.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek. *Mim-mou'd*, gentle-mouthed
Min', mind, remembrance; to remember.
Minawae, minuet.
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, *mirkest*, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names. *Misca'd*, abused, slandered.
Mischanter, *mishanter*, misfortune, accident.
Mistear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, *monie*, many.
Mools, dust, mould, the earth of the grave. *To rake i' the mools*, to lay in the dust.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mottie, full of motes.
Mou', the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Mousie, diminutive of mouse.
Muckle, *mickle*, great, big, much.
Musie, diminutive of muse.
Muslin-kail, thin, poor broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel', myself.

N.

Na, *nae*, no, nor, not any.
Naething, *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse, a nag.
Nane, none.
Nappy, strong ale; to be tipsy.
Negleckit, *neglecket*, neglected.
Neibor, *neebor*, a neighbour.
Neuk, a nook.
Niest, next.
Nieve, *nief*, the fist. *Nievefu'*, handful.
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange. *To niffer wi' Auld Nick*, to bargain with the devil.
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed.
Nowte, black cattle.

O.

O', of.
O'ergang, to treat with indignity (literally, to tread on).
O'erlay, an upper cravat.
O haith, O faith! an oath.
Ony, onie, any.
Or, is often used for ere, before.
Ora, orra, supernumerary, that can be spared. *Orra duddies*, superfluous rags, old clothes.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel', oursel's, ourselves.
Outlers, cattle not housed (literally, out-lyers).
Owre, ower, over, too.
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.
Owsen, oxen.
Oxtered, supported under the arm.

P.

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
Paidle, paidlin', to walk in water.
Painch, paunch.
Paitrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, speech, courtship.
Parritch, porritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, did put; a pot.
Pattle, pettle, a small spade to clean the plough.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Paukie, pawkie, cunning, sly.
Pay't, paid, beat.
Peat-reek, smoke of peats, a kind of whisky.
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
Pechan, peghan, the crop, the stomach.
Peelin, the rind of fruit.
Penny-fee, small wages.
Penny-wheep, small beer.
Pet, a domesticated sheep, etc.
Pettle, to cherish.
Philabeg, the kilt worn by Highlandmen.
Phraise, fair speech, flattery; to flatter. *Phraisin'*, flattery.
Pibroch, Highland war music adapted to the bagpipe.
Pickle, a small quantity, a grain of corn.
Pigmy-scraper, little fiddler, a bad player.
Pine, pyne, pain, uneasiness.
Pingle, trouble, difficulty.
Pint-stoup, a two-quart measure.
Pit, to put.
Placad, public proclamation.
Plack, an old Scotch coin. *Plackless*, penniless, without money.
Plaidie, diminutive of plaid.

Platie, diminutive of plate.
Plew, *pleugh*, *pleuch*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Pock, a meal-bag.
Poind, to seize cattle or goods for rent.
Poortith, poverty.
Posie, a nosegay, a garland.
Pou, to pull. *Pou'd*, *pou't*, pulled.
Pouk, to pluck.
Pouse, to pluck with the hand.
Poussie, a hare or cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powther, *pouther*, gunpowder. *Powthery*, *pouthery*, like powder.
Preclair, supereminent.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, to print; print.
Prie, to taste. *Prie'd*, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute. *Priggin'*, cheapening.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Provoses, provosts.
Puddock-stool, a mushroom, fungus.
Pund, pound. *Pund o' tow*, pound of flax.
Pyet, a magpie.
Pyle, peel, skin. *A pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

Quak, *quaik*, quack; to quake.
Quat, quit; to quit.
Quech, *quaigh*, a drinking-cup.
Quey, a cow from one to two years old.
Quines, queans, young women.

R.

Ragweed, the herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ram-feezied, fatigued; overspread.
Rampin', raging.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Randie, a sturdy beggar, a shrew.
Rantin', joyous.
Raploch, a coarse cloth, but used for coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush. *Rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.
Raught, reached.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch, to reach out.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reamin', brimful, frothing.
Reave, *rieve*, to take by force, to rove.
Rebute, to repulse, to rebuke; a repulse, a rebuff.

Reck, to heed.
Rede, counsel; to counsel, to discourse.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled. *A ree yaud*, a wild horse.
Reek, smoke. *Reekin'*, smoking. *Reekit*, smoked.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requital.
Rest, to stand restive. *Restit, reestit*, stood restive; stunted, withered.
Restricked, restricket, restricted.
Rew, to repent, to compassionate.
Rickles, shocks of corn, stooks.
Riddle, an instrument for purifying corn.
Rief, reef, plenty.
Rief randies, thieves who use violence, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Rigwiddie, rigwoodie, the rope or chain that crosses the saddle of a horse to support the spokes of a cart; spare, withered, sapless.
Rin, to run, to melt. *Rinnin'*, running.
Rink, the course of the curling-stones on ice.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Ripplin-kame, an instrument for dressing flax.
Riskit, a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin', spinning on the rock or distaff; a friendly evening gathering. (In olden time young women met together in winter evenings, each with her distaff, to spin, and sing and be merry. Such meetings were called "rockings.")
Roke, rock, the distaff.
Rood, rude, the cross.
Roon, a shred, a border or selvage.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roosty, rusty.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roup, a sale by auction; to sell by auction.
Roupet, hoarse with a cold.
Routh, rowth, plenty. *Routhie*, plentiful. *Routh o' gear*, plenty of goods.
Row, to roll, to wrap, to roll as water. *Rowet, row't*, rolled, wrapped.
Rowte, to low, to bellow. *Rowtin'*, lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Rue, to regret, to repent.
Rumble-gumption, rough common sense.
Run-deils, downright devils.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, compassion.
Ryke, to reach. *Raught*, reached.

S.

Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, to serve; a sore. *Sairie*, sorrowful. *Sairly*, *sairlie*, sorely. *Sair't*, served.
Sark, a shirt, a shift. *Sarkit*, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow. *Saugh woodies*, withies made of willows.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint. *Sauntet*, dead and glorified.
Saut, salt. *Sautit*, salted.
Saw, to sow. *Sawin'*, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scaith, *skaith*, to damage, to injure; injury.
Scar, *scaur*, a cliff.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold. *Scawl*, a scold, a termagant.
Scaur, apt to be scared.
Scone, a cake of bread.
Sconner, *scunner*, a loathing; to loathe.
Scraich, *scriegh*, to scream as a hen, partridge, etc.
Screed, to tear, a rent.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along. *Scrieven*, gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant. *Scrimpit*, did scant, scanty.
Scroggie, bushy.
Sculduddrey, *sculduddrie*, fornication, loose talk.
See'd, did see.
Seizin', seizing.
Sel', self. *A body's sel'*, one's self alone.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send. *Sen't*, sent, or did send.
Servan', servant.
Sets, fits, becomes. *Sets off*, goes away.
Settlin', settling. *To get a settlin'*, to be frighted into quietness.
Shachled, *shauchled*, distorted, shapeless.
Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, etc., into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shanks, legs. *Shank it*, walk it.
Shaul, shallow.
Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.
Shavie, an ill turn.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank, a puny fellow. *To think one's self nae sheep-shank*, to be conceited.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, *shieling*, *shealing*, a shed, a shepherd's cottage.
Shill, shrill.
Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.

Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten. *Shor'd*, offered.
Shot, one traverse of the shuttle from side to side of the web.
Shouther, the shoulder.
Shure, did shear, shore.
Sic, such. *Sic-like*, such as.
Sicker, *siccar*, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since. *Sin' syne*, since then.
Skaith. See *Scaith*.
Skellum, a noisy, reckless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap, to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke. *Skelpin*, striking, tripping, walking.
Skelpie-limmer, a reproachful term in female scolding.
Skiegh, *skeigh*, proud, nice, high-mettled.
Skinklin, a small portion, thin, gauzy.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly. *Skirl't*, shrieked.
Sklent, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from truth. *Sklented*, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth, freedom to converse without restraint; range, scope.
Skriegh, *skreigh*, a scream; to scream.
Skyrin, shining, making a great show.
Skyte, force, very forcible motion; a worthless fellow.
Slade, did slide.
Slae, sloe.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaver, saliva; to emit saliva.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly. *Slee'st*, sliest.
Sleekit, sleek, sly.
Sliddery, slippery.
Slip-shod, loose shod.
Sloken, to quench, to slake.
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough. *Slypit-o'er*, fell over.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly. *Smoutie phiz*, sooty aspect.
Smytrie, a collection of small individuals.
Snapper, to stumble; a stumble.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow; to snow. *Snawie*, snowy. *Snaw-broo*, melted snow.
Sneck, *snick*, the latch of a door. *Snick-drawing*, trick-contriving, crafty.
Sned, to lop, to cut off. *Sned besoms*, to cut brooms.

Sneeshin, snuff. *Sneeshin-mill*, a snuff-box.

Snell, *snelly*, bitter, biting.

Snirt, *snirtle*, concealed laughter; to laugh restrainedly, to breathe through the nostrils in a displeased manner.

Snood, a ribbon for binding the hair.

Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.

Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.

Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, etc. *Snowkit*, *snowket*, scented, snuffed.

Sobbin', *sabbin'*, sobbing.

Sodger, *soger*, a soldier.

Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks, lucky, jolly.

Soom, to swim.

Sooth, truth, a petty oath.

Sough, a heavy sigh, a sound dying on the ear.

Souk, to suck, to drink long and enduringly.

Souple, flexible, swift.

Souter, a shoemaker.

Southron, an Englishman.

Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal.

Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.

Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.

Sowther, *souther*, solder; to solder, to cement.

Spae, to prophesy, to divine.

Spails, chips, splinters.

Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.

Spate, *speat*, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw.

Spaul, a limb.

Spaviet, having the spavin.

Spean, *spane*, to wean.

Speel, to climb.

Spence, a cottage parlour.

Spier, to ask, to inquire. *Spier't*, inquired.

Spinnin'-graith, wheel, roke, and lint.

Splatter, a splutter; to splutter.

Spleughan, *spleuchan*, a tobacco-pouch.

Splore, a frolic, a noise, a riot.

Sprackle, *sprachle*, to clamber.

Sprattle, to scramble.

Spreckled, spotted, speckled.

Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.

Sprit, *spret*, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.

Sprittie, *sprettie*, full of sprits.

Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.

Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-the-wisp or ignis fatuus, the devil.

Spurtle, a stick used in making porridge.

Squad, a crew, a party, a squadron.

Squatter, to flutter in water as a wild duck.

Squattle, to sprawl.

Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.

Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, peats.
Staggie, the diminutive of stag.
Staig, a two-year-old horse.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
Stan', to stand. *Stan't*, did stand.
Stane, a stone.
Stang, sting, an acute pain, a twinge; to sting.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
Stap, stop, stave.
Stapple, a plug or stopper.
Stark, stout.
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
Staukin', stalking, walking with dignity.
Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted.
Staw, did steal; a surfeit; to surfeit.
Stech, *stegh*, to cram. *Stechin'*, *steghin'*, cramming.
Steek, to shut; a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, firm, compacted.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear as a horse. *Sten't*, reared.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Stey, steep. *Steyest*, steepest.
Stibble, stubble. *Stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick-an'-stow, totally, altogether.
Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to limp. *Stilts*, crutches, poles for crossing a river.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, etc.
Stockin', stocking. *Throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stoiter, to stagger, to stammer.
Stook, a shock of corn; to make into shocks. *Stooked*, made up in shocks, as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
Stot, a young bull, or ox.
Stound, sudden pang of the heart.
Stoup, *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stour, *stowr*, dust in motion. *Stourie*, dusty.
Stowlins, by stealth.
Stown, stolen.
Stoyte, to stumble.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw. *To die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
Straik, to stroke. *Straiket*, stroked.

Strappan, strappin', tall and handsome.
Strath, a holm.
Straught, straight; to make straight.
Travagin', aimless wandering.
Streek, to stretch. *Streekit*, stretched.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Stroup, the spout.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily; huff, sullenness.
Studdie, the anvil.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Stumpie, diminutive of stump.
Sturt, trouble; to molest.
Sturtin, affrighted.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sugh, sough, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Sumph, a pluckless fellow.
Swaird, sward, the smooth grass.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, swanker, a tight strapping fellow or girl.
Swap, an exchange; to barter.
Swarf, to swoon; a swoon.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink, good ale.
Sweer, lazy, averse. *Deadsweer*, extremely averse.
Swinge, to beat, to whip.
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood. *Swirlie*, knaggie, full of knots.
Swith, get away.
Swither, to hesitate in choice.
Swoor, swore, did swear.
Swurd, a sword.
Sybo, syebow, a sort of onion.
Syne, since, ago, then.

T.

Tackets, broad-headed nails for the soles of shoes.
Tae, a toe. *Three taed*, having three prongs.
Taet, a small quantity.
Targe, targe, a shield.
Tak, to take. *Takin'*, taking.
Tangle, a sea-weed used as a salad.
Tap, the top. *Tap-pickle*, ear of corn.
Tapless, heedless, foolish.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance. *Tarrow't*, murmured.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tassie, a small drinking-cup.
Tauld, tald, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled (spoken of a horse, cow, etc.).
Tawted, tawtie, matted together (spoken of hair or wool).

Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Teen, to provoke ; provocation.
Ten-hours'-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke in the forenoon.
Tent, a field-pulpit ; heed, caution ; to take heed, to tend or herd cattle. *Tentie*, heedful, cautious. *Tentless*, heedless.
Teugh, tough.
Thack, thatch. *Thack an' rape*, clothing and other necessaries.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Themsel', themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited (spoken of a person's demeanour).
Thigger, a seeker of alms.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill. *Thirled*, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw ; to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy.
Thrang, busy, a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thrave, twenty-four sheaves or two shocks of corn, a considerable number.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict. *Thrawin'*, twisting, etc. *Thrawn*, sprained, twisted, contradicted.
Threap, *threep*, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin', thrashing. *Threshin'-tree*, a flail.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thrissle, *thristle*, thistle.
Through, to go on with, make out.
Throu'ther, *through-ither*, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thrum, thread at the end of a web.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thummart, the polecat.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel', thyself.
Till't, to it. *Fa' till't*, begin.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, *tyne*, to lose. *Tint*, lost. *Tint the gate*, lost the way.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tip, *toop*, a ram.
Tippence, twopence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise to uncover. *Tirlin'*, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper, to prate idly. *Tittlin'*, whispering and laughing.
Tocher, marriage portion. *Tocher bands*, marriage bonds.
Tod, the fox. *Tod i' the fauld*, fox in the fold.
Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child. *Toddlin'*, totter-

ng. Toddlen-dow, toddling dove.
oom, empty; to empty.
osie, ruddy with warmth, intoxicating.
oss, a toast.
oun, a hamlet, a farm-house.
out, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, etc.
ouzle, to ruffle in romping.
ow, a rope.
owmond, a twelvemonth.
owzie, *tousie*, rough, shaggy.
oy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
oyte, to totter like old age.
ransmugrified, metamorphosed.
rashtrie, trash, rubbish.
rews, trousers.
rickie, full of tricks.
rig, spruce, neat.
rimly, cleverly, excellently.
rinklin', trickling.
rinle, the wheel of a barrow.
Trintle, to roll, to trundle.
Troggers, wandering merchants. *Troggin*, their wares.
Trow, to believe, to trust to.
Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Tryste, an appointment, a fair; to make an appointment. *Trysted*, appointed.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made. *Tug or tow*, leather or rope.
Tulzie, *tulyie*, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two. *Twa-fauld*, twofold.
Twa-three, a few.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve. *Twal-penny-worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth. (One penny English is 12d. Scotch.)
Twin, to part with, to give up.
Tyke, a dog.
Tysday, Tuesday.

U.

uco, strange, uncouth, very great, prodigious. As an *adv.*, very: *Unco pack an' thick thegither*, very intimate and friendly.
ucos, news, strange things or persons.
ufauld, unfold.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, uncertain, insecure.
Unskaithed, undamaged, unhurt.
Unweeting, unwittingly, unknowing.
Upo', upon.
Urchin, the hedgehog.

V.

v'rin', vapouring, boasting dly.
untie, joyous.
ra, very.
Viri, a ring round a column, etc.
Vittle, corn of all kinds, food.
Vogie, vain.

W.

Wa', wall. *Wa's*, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge. *Wadna*, would not.
Wadset, a mortgage.
Wae, woe. *Waefu'*, woeful, sorrowful, wailing. *Waefu'-woodie*, hangman's rope.
Waesucks! wae's me! alas! O the pity!
Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; woof.
Waifs an' crocks, stray sheep and old ewes.
Wair, ware, to lay out, to expend. *Wair'd on*, spent upon.
Wale, choice; to choose. *Waled*, chose, chosen.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an exclamation of distress.
Wame, the belly. *Wamefu'*, a belly-full.
Wanchansie, unlucky.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warl', warld, world. *Warl'y*, worldly, eager on amassing wealth. *Warld's worm*, a miser.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warran', a warrant; to warrant.
Warsle, warstle, to wrestle. *Warsl'd, warstl'd*, wrestled.
Warst, worst.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, weet, wet; to wet.
Wat, wot. *I wat*, I know.
Water-brose, brose made meal and water simpl without the addition milk, butter, etc.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, a draught.
Waukin', waking, watchful.
Waukit, thickened as fulle do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse; to wors *Waur't*, worsted.
Wean, weanie, a child.
Wearie, exhausted, toilsom *Mony a wearie body*, man a toilsome person. *Wear widdle*, toilsome contest.
Weason, weasand, windpipe.
Wecht, weight, solidity.
Wee, little. *Wee things*, litt ones. *Wee bit*, a sma matter.
Weel, well. *Weelfare*, welfar
Weird, fate.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who. *Wha's*, who is.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whalpet, whelped.
Whang, a leathern thong, piece of cheese, bread, etc to give the strappado.
Whar, whare, where. *Wha e'er*, wherever.

Whase, whose.
What reck, nevertheless.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk. *Penny-wheep*, small beer.
Whid, the motion of a hare running but not frightened; a lie.
Whiddin', running as a hare or cony.
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whilk, which.
Whingin', crying, complaining, fretting.
Whirlygigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whisht, silence. *To hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash. *Whiskit*, *whisket*, lashed, switched.
Whissle, a whistle; to whistle.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whittle, a pocket-knife.
Whunstane, whinstone.
Whyles, *whiles*, sometimes.
Wi', with.
Wicht, *wight*, powerful, strong, inventive, of a superior genius. *Wight an' wilfu'*, strong and obstinate.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction (a term in curling).
Wicker, willow (the smaller sort).
Widdie, *woodie*, a rope. *Widdifu'*, meriting hanging.
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wifie, *wifikie*, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
Willyart, bashful and reserved, wild, strange, timid. *Willyart glower*, a bewildered stare.
Wimple, to meander. *Wimpl't*, meandered.
Win, *won*, to live, to dwell.
Win', to wind, to winnow. *Win't*, winded, as a bottom of yarn. *Winnin' thread*, putting thread into hanks.
Win', wind.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze, a curse or imprecation.
Wiss, to wish.
Withouten, without.
Wizened, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows.
Wooer-babs, the garter knitted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to teaze, to vex.

Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong; to wrong.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud, wild, mad. *Wud-mad*, distracted. *Red-wud*, stark mad.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, to beguile.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame; to blame.

Y.

Yaud, an old mare, a worn-out horse.
Ye. This pronoun is frequently used for *thou*.
Year is used both for singular and plural.
Yearn, *earn*, an eagle.
Yearns, longs much.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk. *Yerkit*, *yerket*, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yeuk, itch.
Yill, ale.
Yin, one. *Yince*, once.
Yird, earth. *Yirded*, earthed, buried.
Yitmeal, oatmeal.
Yokin', yoking, a bout.
Yont, *ayont*, beyond.
Yoursel', yourself, yourselves.
Yowe, a ewe. *Yowie*, diminutive of *yowe*.
Yule, Christmas.

INDEX

IN THE ALPHABETICAL ORDER OF THE FIRST LINES.

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere, ... 116
Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu! 405
Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, ... 150
Adown winding Nith I did wander, ... 599
Ae day, as Death, that gruesome carl, ... 327
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever, ... 496
Again rejoicing Nature sees, ... 396
Again the silent wheels of time, ... 109
A guid New Year I wish thee, Maggie, ... 88
Ah, Chloris! since it mayna be, ... 554
A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, ... 182
All devil as I am, a damnèd wretch, ... 239
All hail, inexorable lord, ... 106
Although my back be at the wa', ... 564
Although my bed were in yon muir, ... 385
Among the trees, where humming bees, ... 567
Among the heathy hills and ragged woods, ... 153
Once mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December, ... 522
An honest man here lies at rest, ... 325
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, ... 542
An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam, ... 507
An' oh, my Eppie, ... 477
A rosebud by my early walk, ... 447
As cauld a wind as ever blew, ... 334
As father Adam first was fooled, ... 329
As I came in by our gate end, ... 428
As I stood by yon roofless tower, ... 220
As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin' 511
As I was walking up the street, ... 589
Ask why God made the gem so small, ... 335
As Mailie an' her lambs thegither, ... 32
As on the banks o' wandering Nith, ... 230
As Tam the Chapman on a day, ... 325
At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer, ... 327
Auld the lads o' Thornie-bank, ... 530

Auld chuckie Reekie 's sair distrest, ... 296
Auld comrade dear, and brither sinner, ... 300
Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms, ... 605
A' ye wha live by soups o' drink, ... 112

Bannocks o' bear meal, ... 562
Beauteous rosebud, young and gay, ... 156
Before I saw Clarinda's face, ... 164
Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows, ... 394
Behold the hour, the boat arrive, ... 499
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes, ... 328
Bless the Redeemer, Cardoness, ... 344
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, ... 351
Blithe, blithe, and merry was she, ... 436
Blithe ha'e I been on yon hill, ... 467
Bonnie lassie, will ye go, ... 420
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing, ... 494
Braw, braw lads of Gala Water, ... 423
Bright ran thy line, O Galloway, ... 344
But lately seen in gladsome green, ... 581
But rarely seen since Nature's birth, ... 346
By Allan stream I chanced to rove, ... 531
By yon castle wa', at the close of the day, ... 431

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy, ... 546
Ca' the yowes to the knowes, ... 479
Cauld is the e'enin' blast, ... 588
Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing, ... 331
Clarinda, mistress of my soul, ... 163
Come, boat me o'er, come row me o'er, ... 449
Come, let me take thee to my breast, ... 467
Come rede me, dame, come tell me, dame, ... 481
Coming through the rye, poor body, ... 549
Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair, ... 549
Could aught of song declare my pains, ... 58
Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life, ... 331
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased, ... 351

Dear Peter, dear Peter, ... 341
Dear Smith, the sleest, pawkie thief, ... 281
Dear ——, I'll gi'e ye some advice, ... 351
Deluded swain, the pleasure, ... 601
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, ... 361
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat, ... 581
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, ... 441
Dweller in yon dungeon dark, ... 101

Earthed up here lies an imp o' hell, ... 341
Edina, Scotia's darling seat, ... 141
Expect na, sir, in this narration, ... 311

air empress of the poet's soul, ... 163
airest maid on Devon banks, ... 613
air fa' your honest, sonsie face, ... 142
air maid, ye need not take the hint, ... 352
air the face of orient day, ... 171
arewell, dear friend! may Guid-Luck hit you, ... 326
arewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, ... 114
arewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, ... 437
arewell, thou stream that winding flows, ... 604
arewell to a' our Scottish fame, ... 521
arewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, ... 421
ate gave the word, the arrow sped, ... 165
ill me with the rosy wine, ... 346
intry, my stay in worldly strife, ... 307
irst when Maggy was my care, ... 463
low gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, ... 524
or lords or kings I dinna mourn, ... 166
orlorn, my love, no comfort near, ... 597
rae the friends and land I love, ... 484
riday first's the day appointed, ... 341
riend of the poet, tried and leal, ... 235
rom thee, Eliza, I must go, ... 406
rom those drear solitudes and frowsy cells, ... 314
s, let us a' to Kirkcudbright, ... 370

ane is the day, and mirk 's the night, ... 487
at ye me, oh, gat ye me, ... 552
e, fetch to me a pint o' wine, ... 459
ant me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live, ... 337
een grow the rashes, O, ... 395
ade'en to you, kimmer, ... 391
aid-mornin' to your Majesty, ... 128
aid speed, an' furder to you, Johnny, ... 273

ad I a cave on some wild distant shore, ... 536
ad I the wyte, had I the wyte, ... 548
ail, Poesie! thou nymph reserved, ... 216
ail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie, ... 291
as auld Kilmarnock seen the de'il, ... 221
! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie, ... 92
alth to the Maxwells' veteran chief, ... 211
ard ye o' the tree o' France, ... 245
ar, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, ... 178
clenched his pamphlets in his fist, ... 350
e balou! my sweet wee Donald, ... 562
r daddie forbade, her minnie forbade, ... 426
re am I, Johnny Peep, ... 332
re around the ingle bleezin', ... 608
re awa', there awa', wandering Willie, ... 504
re brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct, ... 343

Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, ... 331
Here Holy Willie's sair-worn clay, ... 20
Here is the glen, and here the bower, ... 498
Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shammed, ... 340
Here lies a rose, a budding rose, ... 342
Here lies John Bushby, honest man, ... 324
Here lies Johnny Pigeon, ... 323
Here lie Willie Michie's banes, ... 333
Here's a bottle and an honest friend, ... 347
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, ... 607
Here's a health to them that's awa', ... 578
Here Souter Hood in death does sleep, ... 324
Here's to thy health, my bonnie lass, ... 571
Here Stuarts once in glory reigned, ... 339
Here, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives, ... 228
Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, ... 602
He who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead, ... 354
Hey, the dusty miller, ... 428
His royal visage seamed with many a scar, ... 227
Honest Will's to heaven gane, ... 334
How can my poor heart be glad, ... 555
How cold is that bosom which folly once fired, ... 227
How cruel are the parents, ... 595
How lang and dreary is the night, ... 434
How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon, ... 43
How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace, ... 180
How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite, ... 160
Humid seal of soft affections, ... 230
Husband, husband, cease your strife, ... 531

I am a keeper of the law, ... 320
I am my mammy's ae bairn, ... 411
I bought my wife a stane o' lint, ... 490
I burn, I burn, as when through ripened corn, ... 160
I call no goddess to inspire my strains, ... 310
I coft a stane o' haslock woo', ... 550
I do confess thou art sae fair, ... 480
I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing, ... 380
If ye gae up to yon hill-tap, ... 230
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue, ... 330
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, ... 480
I gat your letter, winsome Willie, ... 260
I ha'e a wife o' my ain, ... 500
I hold it, sir, my bounden duty, ... 280
I lang ha'e thought, my youthfu' friend, ... 280
I'll aye ca' in by yon town, ... 550
I'll kiss thee yet, yet, ... 400
I married with a scolding wife, ... 410
I mind it weel, in early date, ... 200
I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor, ... 250

murder hate, by field or flood, ... 341
coming by the brig o' Dye, ... 430
human man! curse on thy barb'rous art, ... 170
Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles, ... 401
nocence looks gaily smiling on; while rosy Pleasure, ... 342
politics if thou wouldst mix, ... 337
se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine, ... 333
simmer, when the hay was mawn, ... 513
stead of a song, boys, I 'll give you a toast, ... 238
Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men, ... 240
this strange land, this uncouth clime, ... 305
wood and wild, ye warbling throng, ... 343
sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, ... 355
there a whim-inspirèd fool, ... 249
there, for honest poverty, ... 586
is na, Jean, thy bonnie face, ... 491
was a' for our rightfu' king, ... 572
was the charming month of May, ... 565
was upon a Lammas night, ... 384

amie, come try me, ... 458
enny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather, ... 349
ockey 's ta'en the parting kiss, ... 530
ohn Anderson, my jo, John, ... 468

emble, thou cur'st my unbelief, ... 336
en ye ought o' Captain Grose, ... 180
ilmarnock wabsters, fidge an' claw, ... 120
ind sir, I 've read your paper through, ... 191
now thou, O stranger to the fame, ... 324

ament him, Mauchline husbands a', ... 324
ament in rhyme, lament in prose, ... 34
ndlady, count the lawin', ... 444
assie wi' the lint-white locks, ... 566
ass, when your mither is frae hame, ... 603
st May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen, ... 598
ate crippled of an arm, and now a leg, ... 311
et not woman e'er complain, ... 558
et other heroes boast their scars, ... 145
et other Poets raise a fracas, ... 21
fe ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, ... 204
ght lay the earth on Billy's breast, ... 326
ke Æsop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel, ... 330
ne on the bleaky hills the straying flocks, ... 158
ng life, my lord, and health be yours, ... 107
ng, long the night, ... 591
rd, we thank an' Thee adore, ... 348
ud blaw the frosty breezes, ... 427
uis, what reck I by thee, ... 526

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, ... 5
Maxwell, if merit here you crave, ... 3
Musing on the roaring ocean, ... 4
My blessings on you, sonsie wife, ... 3
My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie, ... 3
My bottle is my holy pool, ... 3
My Chloris, mark how green the groves, ... 5
My curse upon thy venomed stang, ... 1
My father was a farmer, ... 3
My Harry was a gallant gay, ... 4
My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie, ... 4
My heart is sair, I dare na tell, ... 5
My heart 's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, ... 4
My heart was ance as blithe and free, ... 3
My honoured Colonel, deep I feel, ... 2
My lady's gown, there 's gairs upon 't, ... 5
My lord, I know your noble ear, ... 1
My loved, my honoured, much-respected friend, ...
My love she 's but a lassie yet, ... 4
My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, ... 5

Nae gentle dames, though e'er sae fair, ... 3
Nae heathen name shall I prefix, ... 1
No churchman am I for to rail and to write, ... 4
No more of your guests, be they titled or not, ... 3
No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more, ... 2
No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay, ... 3
No song nor dance I bring from yon great city, ... 1
No Stewart art thou, Galloway, ... 3
Now banks an' braes are claithed in green, ... 5
Now health forsakes that angel face, ... 3
Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays, ... 5
Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse, ... 2
Now Nature hangs her mantle green, ... 2
Now Robin lies in his last lair, ... 3
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, ... 5
Now spring has clad the grove in green, ... 5
Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns, ... 3

O cam' ye here the fight to shun, ... 4
O can ye labour lea, young man, ... 4
O could I give thee India's wealth, ... 3
O Death, hadst thou but spared his life, ... 3
O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody, ... 3
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of their lone mountain straying, ... 4
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace, ... 2
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, ... 4
O gi'e my love brose, brose, ... 4
O Goudie! terror of the Whigs, ... 2
O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes, ... 4

h, aye my wife she dang me, ... 573
h, a' ye pious, godly flocks, ... 14
n, bonnie was yon rosy brier, ... 596
h, had each Scot of ancient times, ... 328
h, had the malt thy strength of mind, ... 340
h, I am come to the low countrie, ... 582
h, Lady Mary Ann, ... 520
n. lay thy loof in mine, lass, ... 576
h, leeze me on my spinning-wheel, ... 511
n, luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen, ... 513
h, meikle do I rue, fause love, ... 600
h, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, ... 502
h, my luve's like a red, red rose, ... 543
h, once I loved a bonnie lass, ... 378
how can I be blithe and glad, ... 488
how shall I, unskilfu', try, ... 496
h, raging Fortune's withering blast, ... 379
h, rattlin', roarin' Willie, ... 448
h, sad and heavy should I part, ... 557
h, saw ye my dear, my Phely, ... 559
h, sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave, ... 224
h that I had ne'er been married, ... 388
h, this is no my ain lassie, ... 594
h, wat ye wha 's in yon town, ... 529
h, wat ye what my minnie did, ... 569
n, wert thou in the cauld blast, ... 574
h, wha is she that lo'es me, ... 575
n, wha my baby-clouts will buy, ... 389
n, wha will to Saint Stephen's House, ... 577
n, Willie brewed a peck o' maut, ... 480
Kenmure's on and awa', Willie, ... 508
ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten, ... 439
lassie, art thou sleeping yet, ... 587
d Winter, with his frosty beard, ... 338
leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, ... 401
Logan, sweetly didst thou glide, ... 500
Lord ! when hunger pinches sore, ... 351
lovely Polly Stewart, ... 541
Mary, at thy window be, ... 503
May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet, ... 528
meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty, ... 487
merry ha'e I been teethin' a heckle, ... 472
mount and go, ... 460
. a bank of flowers, in a summer day, ... 456
ee fondly loved, and still remembered dear, ... 115
. Cessnock banks a lassie dwells, ... 409
Cessnock banks there lives a lass, ... 408
e night as I did wander, ... 392
e Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell, ... 329
pen the door, some pity to show, ... 505

O Philly! happy be that day, ... 54
O poortith cauld and restless love, ... 50
Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care, ... 11
O rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine, ... 27
Orthodox, orthodox, ... 17
O saw ye bonnie Lesley, ... 45
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab, ... 49
O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay, ... 59
O steer her up, and haud her gaun, ... 57
O Thou dread Power who reign'st above, ... 3
O Thou great Being! what Thou art, ... 24
O Thou, in whom we live and move, ... 34
O thou pale orb, that silent shines, ... 10
O Thou, the first, the greatest Friend, ... 3
O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause, ... 3
O Thou wha in the heav'ns does dwell, ... 1
O thou, whatever title suit thee, ... 5
O Thou, who kindly dost provide, ... 32
O thou whom Poesy abhors, ... 33
O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day, ... 38
Our thrissles flourished fresh and fair, ... 46
Out over the Forth I look to the north, ... 55
O were I on Parnassus hill, ... 46
O were my love yon lilac fair, ... 46
O whare did ye get that hauver meal bannock, ... 41
O where live ye, my bonnie lass, ... 50
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, ... 41
O why the deuce should I repine, ... 39
O wilt thou go wi' me, ... 45
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel', ... 12
O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains, ... 32

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare, ... 19
Powers celestial! whose protection, ... 41

Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet! thy name, ... 33
Raving winds around her blowing, ... 43
Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, ... 15
Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, ... 12
Robin shure in hairst, ... 39

Sad bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth, ... 18
Sad thy tale, thou idle page, ... 14
Sae flaxen were her ringlets, ... 56
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth, ... 34
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled, ... 53
Searching auld wives' barrels, ... 33
Sensibility, how charming, ... 21
She is a winsome wee thing, ... 44
She's fair and fause that causes my smart, ... 52

ould auld acquaintance be forgot, ... 537
rewd Willie Smellie to Crochallan came, ... 339
e a reptile was Wat, ... 334
mmer's a pleasant time, ... 454
ng on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough, ... 215
r. as your mandate did request, ... 94
r. o'er a gill I gat your card, ... 290
ep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature, ... 551
ow spreads the gloom my soul desires, ... 476
me books are lies frae end to end, ... 97
me ha'e meat, and canna eat, ... 342
are me thy vengeance, Galloway, ... 344
y, my charmer—can you leave me, ... 424
ill anxious to secure your partial favour, ... 237
op thief! dame Nature cried to Death, ... 336
reams that glide in Orient plains, ... 155
weet are the banks, the banks o' Doon, ... 516
weet closes the evening on Craigieburn-wood, ... 484
weetest May, let love inspire thee, ... 393
weet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, ... 608
weet Floweret, pledge o' meikle love, ... 203
weet *naïveté* of feature, ... 214

alk not to me of savages, ... 346
hat there is falsehood in his looks, ... 338
he bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, ... 532
he black-headed eagle, ... 347
he blude-red rose at Yule may blaw, ... 445
he bonniest lad that e'er I saw, ... 541
he Catrine woods were yellow seen, ... 473
he Cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa', ... 553
he day returns, my bosom burns, ... 457
he de'il cam' fiddling through the town, ... 532
he Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying, ... 334
hee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among, ... 226
he friend whom wild from wisdom's way, ... 229
he gloomy night is gath'ring fast, ... 397
he greybeard old Wisdom may boast of his treasures, ... 341
he heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn, ... 402
heir groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, ... 592
he King's most humble servant, I, ... 337
he laddies by the banks o' Nith, ... 363
he lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare, ... 148
he last braw bridal that I was at, ... 571
he lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, ... 460
he lovely lass o' Inverness, ... 527
he man, in life wherever placed, ... 38
he night was still, and o'er the hill, ... 349
he noble Maxwells and their powers, ... 510
he ploughman he's a bonnie lad, ... 443

The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps, ... 32
There came a piper out o' Fife, ... 34
There lived a carle on Kellyburn braes, ... 66
There lived a lass in yonder dale, ... 40
There 's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, ... 44
There 's a youth in this city, ... 46
There 's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, ... 42
There's death in the cup—sae beware, ... 33
There 's news, lasses, news, ... 41
There was a bonnie lass, ... 58
There was a lad was born in Kyle, ... 39
There was a lass, and she was fair, ... 45
There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, ... 42
There was a wife wonned in Cockpen, ... 41
There was once a day—but old Time then was young, ... 58
There were five carlins in the south, ... 36
There were three kings into the east, ... 35
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, ... 13
The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning, ... 42
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing, ... 52
The Solemn League and Covenant, ... 34
The sun had closed the winter day, ... 6
The sun he is sunk in the west, ... 61
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a', ... 45
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, ... 48
The tither morn, ... 49
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, ... 20
The winter it is past, and the summer 's come at last, ... 54
The wintry west extends his blast, ... 11
Thickest night, o'erhang my dwelling, ... 42
Thine am I, my faithful fair, ... 60
Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, ... 21
This day, Time winds the exhausted chain, ... 18
This wot ye all whom it concerns, ... 13
Thou bed, in which I first began, ... 18
Thou flattering mark of friendship kind, ... 34
Though cruel Fate should bid us part, ... 39
Though fickle Fortune has deceived me, ... 24
Though women's minds, like winter winds, ... 43
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, ... 53
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, ... 47
Thou of an independent mind, ... 36
Thou 's welcome, wean ! mishanter fa' me, ... 24
Thou whom chance may hither lead, ... 16
Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st, ... 21
Through and through the inspirèd leaves, ... 34
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, ... 23
To Riddel, much-lamented man, ... 33
To thee, loved Nith, thy gladsome plains, ... 56
True-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow, ... 50

Turn again, thou fair Eliza, ... 515
Twas even—the dewy fields were green, ... 414
Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle, ... 7
Twas in the seventeen hunder year, ... 375
Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin, ... 592
Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied, ... 232

Up in the morning's no for me, ... 426
Upon a simmer Sunday morn, ... 81
Upon that night when fairies light, ... 42
Up wi' the carles o' Dysart, ... 531

Vae is my heart, and the tear's in my ee, ... 563
Vae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf, ... 115
Vas e'er puir poet sae befitted, ... 326
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, ... 443
Wee cam' na here to view your warks, ... 330
Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower, ... 102
Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie, ... 40
Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet, ... 461
Wha is that at my bower door, ... 492
Whare ha'e ye been sae braw, lad, ... 481
What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h, ... 316
What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie, ... 493
What dost thou in that mansion fair, ... 343
What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on, ... 184
What of earls with whom you have supped, ... 331
What will I do gin my hoggie die, ... 425
Wha will buy my troggin, ... 373
When biting Boreas, fell and doure, ... 78
When by a generous public's kind acclaim, ... 144
When chapman billies leave the street, ... 196
When chill November's surly blast, ... 51
When death's dark stream I ferry o'er, ... 329
When first I began for to sigh and to woo her, ... 429
When first I came to Stewart Kyle, ... 385
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face, ... 601
When first my brave Johnnie lad, ... 486
When Guildford good our pilot stood, ... 360
When I think on the happy days, ... 394
When Januar' wind was blawing cauld, ... 555
When lyart leaves bestrew the yird, ... 58
When Nature her great masterpiece designed, ... 303
When o'er the hill the eastern star, ... 605
When rosy May comes in wi' flowers, ... 456
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, ... 438
Where are the joys I have met in the morning, ... 540
Where, braving angry winter's storms, ... 448
Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea, ... 526
While at the stook the shearers cower, ... 275

While briers an' woodbines budding green, ... 25
While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things, ... 21
While larks with little wing, ... 53
While new-ca'd kye rout at the stake, ... 26
While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, ... 21
While winds frae aff Ben Lomond blaw, ... 25
Whoe'er he be that sojourns here, ... 33
Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know, ... 32
Whoe'er thou art these lines now reading, ... 23
Whom will you send to London town, ... 36
Whose is that noble, dauntless brow, ... 22
Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene, ... 3
Why, why tell thy lover, ... 59
Why, ye tenants of the lake, ... 15
Wi' braw new branks, in mickle pride, ... 24
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, ... 51
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, ... 41
Wilt thou be my dearie, ... 52
With Pegasus upon a day, ... 16
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie, ... 29

Ye banks and braes and streams around, ... 41
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, ... 51
Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon, ... 51
Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right, ... 45
Ye ha'e lien a' wrang, lassie, ... 43
Ye holy walls, that, still sublime, ... 18
Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks, ... 34
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, ... 2
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear, ... 51
Ye maggots, feast on Nicol's brain, ... 35
Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering, ... 34
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie, ... 40
Yestreen I had a pint o' wine, ... 56
Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, ... 34
Yon wandering rill that marks the hill, ... 42
Yon wild mossy mountains, sae lofty and wide, ... 49
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, ... 55
Young Jockey was the blithest lad, ... 47
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, ... 40
You're welcome to despots, Dumourier, ... 58
You're welcome, Willie Stewart, ... 35
Your news and review, sir, I've read through and through, sir, ... 16
Yours this moment I unseal, ... 33

Printed in Great Britain by
Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd, Edinburgh

KR-558-040